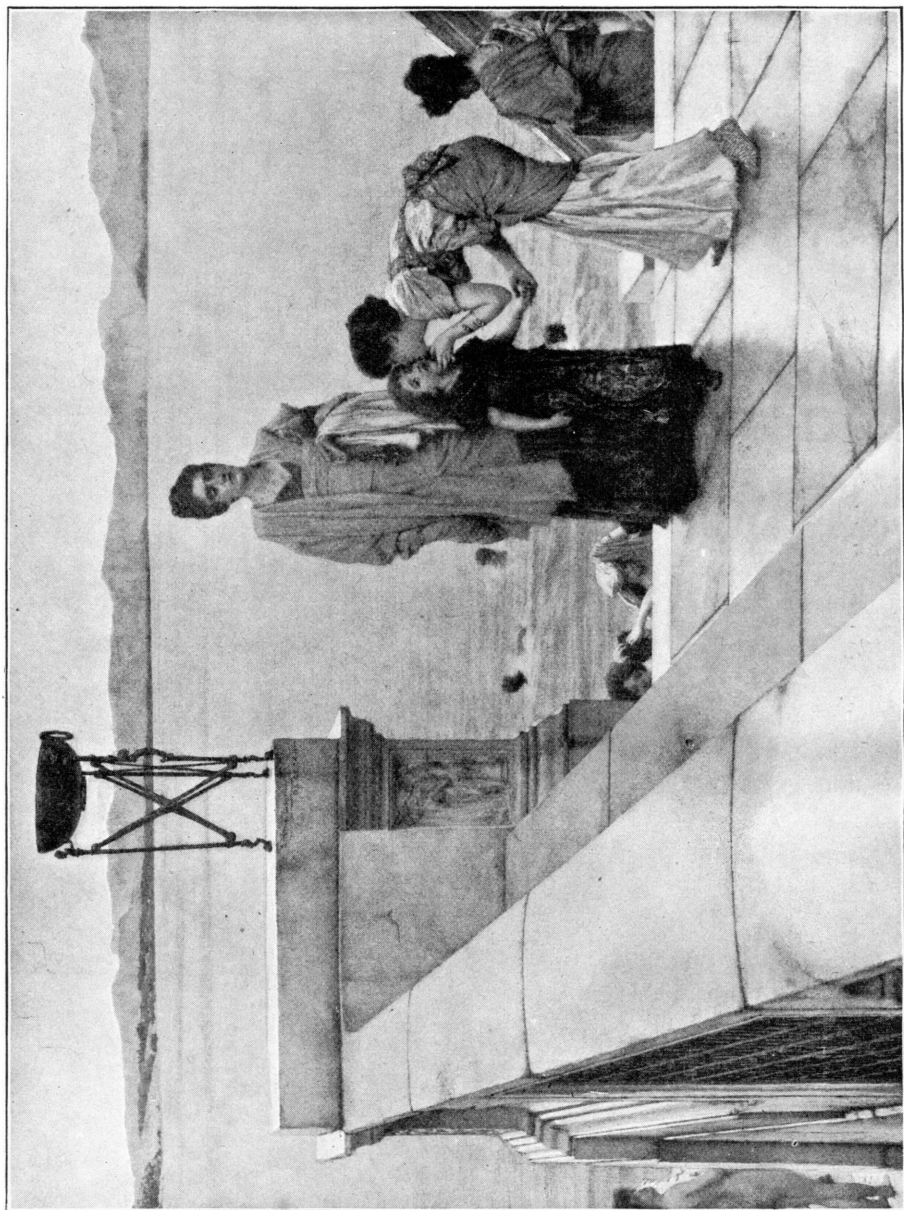




Painted by

"A KISS."

[Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.

(Reproduced by permission of Mr. Stephen T. Gooden, 57, Pall Mall, owner of the Copyright.)

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. XXII.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London :

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, & 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1901

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxii.

JULY, 1901.

No. 127.

Pictures Preferred by Their Painters.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



It is a moot point whether successful artists are good critics of their own pictures. They should certainly know when their own purpose has been well achieved ; but the public, of course, to say nothing of the professional critics, forms its judgment irrespective of the artist's purpose. To what extent does the personal predilection of the painter harmonize with the declared taste of the public ? With a view to obtain some answer to this interesting question I have interrogated a number of our leading artists as to the work of their brush which has pleased them most.

"If you ask me," said Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., as we chatted over a cigar, "which of my own pictures I *like* best, I shall possibly mention some trivial thing, with little intrinsic value, because of some pleasant associations which it may have for me personally. But if you ask me by which one picture I would soonest be represented I must reply, by my Academy picture of last year, 'The Baths of Caracalla.' But this choice, again, may be entirely due to my mental environment for the time being. If I were to ask which incident in English history you considered most interesting, you would probably mention some recent event which looms largely in your mind, because of the thoughts and feelings that are uppermost just now. Still, remembering this, it does seem to me that 'The Baths of Caracalla' does show the different sides to my art, does exhibit its best qualities at their best. I should like to have been represented by this picture at the Paris Exhibition instead of what I have there, but unfortunately this was not possible. The picture was bought by an American, and is now in the United States."

"Did you paint this picture after a recent visit to Rome, Sir Lawrence ?"

"No ; until my visit a short time ago I had not been in Rome for some years. I have seen the site of the Baths of Caracalla, but when I was there I had no idea of painting the picture. The picture, like much of my recent work, is a picture of ancient Rome as it was, and for this work of reconstruction I have had to get my information mainly from archæological drawings. I was occupied with the picture for two years, and when it came back to my studio from the Academy I found that it wanted some altering, and I worked at it again for some time with help of pencil-drawings and models."

Such alterations after the return of a picture from exhibition, Sir Lawrence explains *en passant*, are not very unusual with him. One of his pictures, as he relates, was radically altered as the result of a *Punch* caricature. This was "The Shrine of Venus"—or "the powder-and-puff picture," as Sir Lawrence calls it. As originally painted, a prominent feature on the canvas was a balustrade, and in the humour of *Punch* this became a switchback railway ! The distinguished artist saw that there was point in the criticism, though humorous, and re-painted the picture as it was recently reproduced in this Magazine (Vol. xviii., page 606).

"When in Rome, recently," said Sir Lawrence, reverting to the picture of his choice, "I took my daughter to see the site of the Baths of Caracalla. As soon as the ruin came into view she exclaimed that it recalled my picture perfectly. This was no little triumph for me, I can assure you."

As we found it impossible to obtain the consent of the owners of the copyright to the reproduction of "The Baths of Caracalla," Sir Lawrence kindly suggested "A Kiss" as "second-best" in his own estimation. This fine painting is here reproduced in the frontispiece opposite.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who received me by his London fireside in Melbury Road, Kensington, protested at the outset that he did not himself regard his pictures as works of art.

"I am a thinker," he declared, "who happens to use the brush instead of the pencil. The picture of my own, therefore, which I like best is that in which I believe I have been most successful in expressing my thought. This is, undoubtedly, 'Love and Life.' I have expressed my meaning, perhaps, best in this picture because this meaning is of the simplest—that love, by which, of course, I mean not physical passion, but altruism, tenderness, leads man to the highest life. I don't know whether this preference is shared by other people. I have never cared much for contemporary opinion, although of course I am always glad when I hear that any picture of mine has given pleasure."

"Love and Life," which was painted in 1884-85, when Mr. Watts was sixty-eight, is one of the number of pictures which the artist presented to the nation and are to be seen at the Tate Gallery. The picture is thus described in the catalogue of this gallery:—

"Love, strong in his immortal youth, leads Life, a slight female figure, along the steep

uphill path; with his broad wings he shelters her, that the winds of heaven may not velt her too roughly; violets spring where Love has trod, and as they ascend to the mountain-top the air becomes more and more golden. The implication is that, without the aid of Divine Love, fragile Human Life could not

have power to ascend the steep path upward."

It was the good fortune of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., to be able to send to the Paris Exhibition the picture by which he would have chosen to be represented at such a gathering of the world's art. This was "A Sailor's Sweetheart," exhibited at the Royal Academy five years ago.

"It was bought," said Mr. Stone, "by an Aberdeen gentleman, but the owner kindly allowed it to be shown in Paris. A few days ago I had a letter from a Parisian, who had seen it there, stating that he wished to buy the picture and would be glad to know my price. This rather surprised me, because I did not suppose that the work

would be much to the taste of the Parisians, although engravings of several of my pictures sell largely, I believe, in various parts of the Continent."

I asked Mr. Stone for the story of "A Sailor's Sweetheart." But he replied, in effect, that the circumstances under which all his



Painted by "LOVE AND LIFE." [G. F. Watts, R.A.
(By permission of F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington,
owner of the Copyright.)

pictures came into being were much the same.

"I never paint actual scenes nor actual people. As regards the scene, I may get hints from places as well as from books, but I have never yet come across an old garden, for instance, quite the same as I have painted. As regards the figures, for 'A Sailor's Sweetheart,' as for my other pictures, I had sittings from quite a number of different models. I would get one feature from the first, something else from the second, and so on. One girl sat to me for the colour of her hair, the second for the expression of the eyes, a third simply because the costume I

little original studies of nearly all his pictures, the memory of which the artist thus preserves. Looking at these I learn that "In Love" comes second in Mr. Stone's own estimation, whilst "Two's Company, Three's None," occupies the third place.

"'In Love,'" says Mr. Stone, "was an attempt to depict the old theme in what—for a picture—was rather a new phase, I fancy. I painted the lovers—or tried to do so—in what is perhaps the most interesting stage in the passion, the stage when both are fervid, but are neither quite sure of the other. 'In Love' was lately given by a Nottinghamshire gentleman—the original



Painted by]

"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART."

[Marcus Stone, R.A.]

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.
Copyright, 1895, by Photographische Gesellschaft).

had obtained for the picture fitted her best. In these respects I am quite different from such a painter as Stanhope Forbes, say, who paints graphic facts—and paints them admirably, let me add. In my method I am like a novelist who does not put portraits of his acquaintances into his books, but takes features from one or the other in making one character. But it is difficult to get people to understand this. If I looked about for living figures and real places to transfer bodily to my canvas I am afraid I should never find them. If I wanted to paint Don Quixote there would be sure to be a scarcity of thin models."

We talked in an ante-room overlooking Mr. Stone's pleasant garden in Melbury Road, Kensington, and on its walls were

purchaser—to the Nottingham Municipal Gallery, where I hope it will keep its colour as well as it has done hitherto."

I suppose nine people out of ten would associate the name of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., with "Derby Day" or "The Railway Station." But although engravings of both these famous pictures are to be seen in the drawing-room of Mr. Frith's house at Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, it is not of either of them that he speaks in reply to my inquiry.

"The picture of mine I like best is comparatively little known, having for its subject the Court of Charles II. It was suggested by a passage in Evelyn's 'Diary' describing the gaiety and dissipation which prevailed there till within a week of the King's death. It was



Printed by]

"CHARLES THE SECOND'S LAST SUNDAY."

(By permission of J. Griffith Dearden, Esq., Walcot Park, Stamford, owner of the Picture.)

[W. P. Frith, R.A.]

exhibited at the Academy in 1864, and at the time attracted a good deal of attention. It was at first sold for 3,000 guineas, but it changed hands a few years ago, at a time of commercial depression, for little more than half that sum. The picture measured 6ft. in length."

"Was it a work which cost you much effort, Mr. Frith?"

"No, less than most of my pictures. I had at the outset a clear idea of what I intended doing, and no occasion arose for changing my plan. I remember that the idea pleased me very much at the time, and I have since always felt that this picture is about the best thing I have done. Since its first sale the work has never been exhibited, and I haven't seen it for many years. But I have still my original sketch, and this will give you some idea what it is like."

In this sketch Mr. Frith pointed out some of the historical figures grouped around the King who had but a week more to live—his brother James, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Evelyn, and others. As he frankly avows, the introduction of two King Charles spaniels into the scene was a painter's licence, these dogs not coming into vogue until a long time after the Sovereigns whose name has been given to them.

"A remarkable incident," relates Mr. Frith, "happened in connection with this picture. I had some difficulty in getting a suitable model for the figure of Charles—none of the professional models who came to me was at all satisfactory. I was out walking one day near my studio when I passed a man who was extraordinarily like Charles II.: a broken-down gentleman he seemed to be, and he looked ill, just as I wanted the King in my picture to look. I entered into conversation with him, and he readily agreed to sit for my picture if I paid him to do so. The man gave me a good many sittings, until at last I told him that I should require him no longer. About a week later, in putting some finishing touches to the portrait of Charles, I thought I should like to have still another sitting, and so I went round to the address which the man had given me. 'Yes, you can see him,' said the landlady, 'but he is dead.' The poor fellow had died just a week after his last sitting."

"Charles the Second's Last Sunday" was painted in Mr. Frith's professional prime, during the period which produced also "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station." Mr. Frith is now on the retired list of the Royal Academy, like Mr. Watts, but, although

eighty-one, he has contributed a picture this year to Burlington House. In 1899 he was represented by a canvas also relating to the "Merry Monarch," Charles II. and Lady Castlemain being the subject.

I met Sir William B. Richmond, R.A., just after he had renewed his acquaintance with a picture of his, painted in 1890-92, which had been lent by its owners, the Liverpool Corporation, for the annual exhibition of last year in the London Guildhall. Sir William's visit to the City Art Gallery had confirmed him in an impression he had already formed that "Venus and Anchises" was the best work he had done.

"An artist," Sir William remarks, "is the best critic of his own work a year or so after its completion. He always hates the work he is engaged upon—its faults are then so painfully obvious to him. But in a year or two he can take a saner and juster view of it, remembering the ideas with which the picture was painted, and realizing to what extent he has succeeded in giving them form and colour."

"Like every man's best work, I fancy, 'Venus and Anchises' suggested itself to me as the idea of a moment. But if the conception was easy the work itself cost me a great deal of pains—I was about two years painting it. But in painting as in poetry—you remember the lines of Keats referring to this—a spontaneous conception is the great thing."

Sir William added that the suggestion for the picture came from reading, as might be inferred from the fact that with its catalogue-title he quotes these lines from Shelley's "Epipsychidion":—

Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flashed from her motion splendour like the morn's,
And from her presence life was radiated
Through the grey earth, and branches bare and dead;
So that her way was paved and roofed above
With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love.

As regards the legendary subject of the picture, probably few who see it will remember that Venus is supposed to have visited Anchises, whose handsomeness was celebrated far and wide, on Mount Ida; that, at the capture of Troy, Anchises, then old and feeble, was borne out on Æneas's shoulders and died on the voyage to Italy, his death being commemorated for many years by the Trojans.

Sir William Richmond now resides in a pleasant, old-fashioned house on the borders of Hammersmith and Chiswick; but "Venus and Anchises" was painted in a studio in Holland Park Road. It was exhibited at



Painted by

"VENUS AND ANCHISES."

(Reproduced, by permission, from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.)

[Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.]

the New Gallery in 1892, and was taken to Liverpool in the autumn of that year.

"I agree with the critics," said Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., to me in the drawing-room of his house in Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, "in regarding 'The First Communion' as my best work. It was painted shortly after my election as an Associate in 1877. The picture was 10ft. high, and before my election I had not felt justified in painting so large a picture. The subject suggested itself to me in Brittany on seeing a procession

London studio, which was then in St. John's Wood Road. It was sold before the opening of the Academy, and I renewed acquaintance with it recently at the Guildhall Loan Exhibition."

Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., I found, on calling at his residence in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, was not so certain which of his own pictures he preferred. He first mentioned "The Flight into Egypt," a big canvas measuring 12ft. in length, which, from want of room in his own house, had been



Painted by]

"THE FIRST COMMUNION."
(By permission of R. W. Butler, Esq.)

[Phil Morris, A.R.A.]

of maidens such as usually takes place at the 'first communion'—which corresponds, of course, to our confirmation service in England. Some time afterwards I saw a similar procession at Dieppe, on their way from the church to a Calvary close to the harbour, and it at once occurred to me that the subject could be much more effectively treated with the harbour and the sea as background."

"Was the picture itself painted at Dieppe?"

"Well, I made all my studies for it there. I went over to the fishing quarter of Le Pollet and got the girls to pose for me by giving them a few francs—a local *belle* of the name of Francine being, I remember, very useful to me in finding my models for me. I painted the picture from these sketches in my

Vol. xxii.—2.

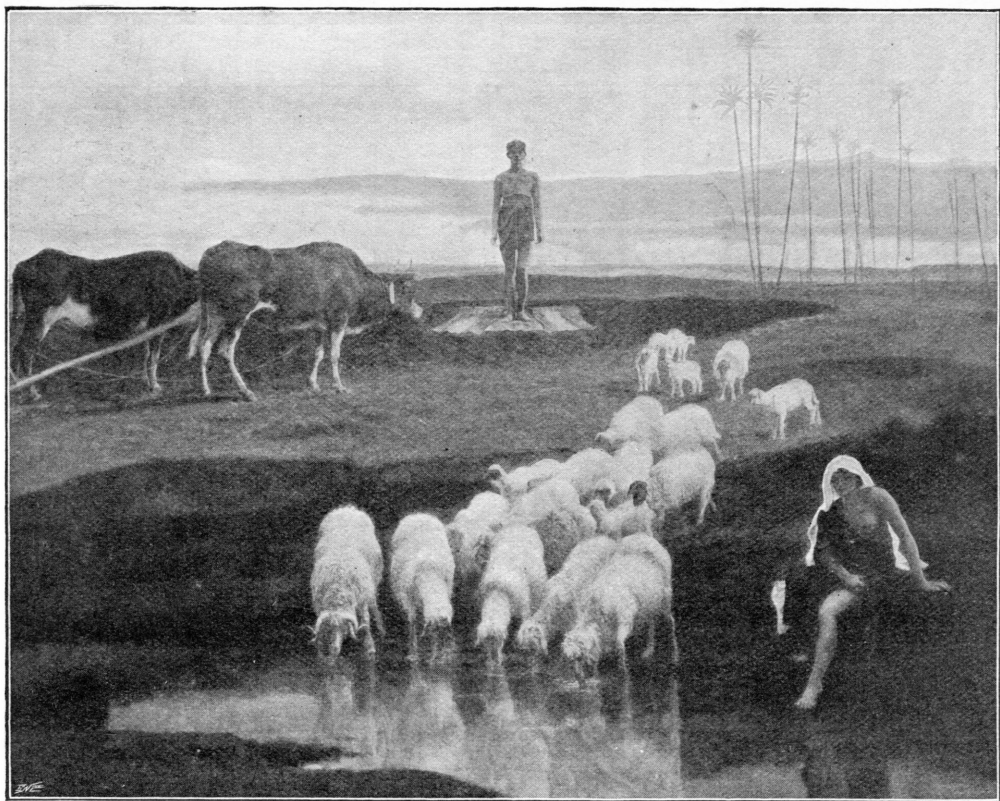
warehoused since its exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1884. But although he evidently regarded this as the supreme effort of his brush, two other pictures had pleased him as much in the painting, "David and Bathsheba" and "The Ploughman and Shepherdess." The subject of the first was suggested to the artist by the late Sir Moses Montefiore, the picture being purchased by him on its completion, and hung in his well-known residence at Ramsgate. The second picture represents Mr. Goodall in the Tate Gallery, being purchased at the Royal Academy and presented to the nation by a number of subscribers in 1897.

Finally, with Mrs. Goodall's kindly assistance, the artist's choice fell upon "The

Ploughman and Shepherdess," the subject of which he explained to me as follows :—

"It is a pastoral scene such as is common to Lower Egypt. The shepherdess has met the shepherd at the drinking-pool, but at the moment of the encounter he is standing upon his praying carpet engaged in evening prayer, and while he is so occupied she dare not even look at him, and is sitting patiently by with her face turned away. I have seen

which to work, as you will see if you look around the walls, and there is no difficulty in getting models who are sufficiently dark-skinned in London. But I believe I was the first English artist to paint the Bedouin Arabs in their native *habitat*. They had never seen paints or paintings when I first went among them more than twenty years ago. It was hard work at first to induce them to allow me to sketch them, more



Painted by]

• "THE PLOUGHMAN AND SHEPHERDESS."

[Frederick Goodall, R.A.

(By permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank.)

such an incident more than once in my Egyptian ramblings.

"The sheep, you will notice, are quite different from our European breeds. To make myself familiar with Egyptian sheep I imported a whole flock in 1884, and kept them on a farm at Harrow Weald, where I could constantly sketch them. But, unfortunately, with the greatest care they will not live long in our climate, and although a number lambed they have now all died off."

"What did you do for your models of the figures, Mr. Goodall?"

"Oh, I have any number of original sketches brought with me from Egypt from

especially the women. Of course, I had to ingratiate myself with plenty of *baksheesh*—presents of coffee, tobacco, and other things they most valued. After a time, when they were about to move their encampment, they would ask me to accompany them to their next halting-place, and I would consent on condition that I was allowed to paint any face I chose to pick out of the tribe."

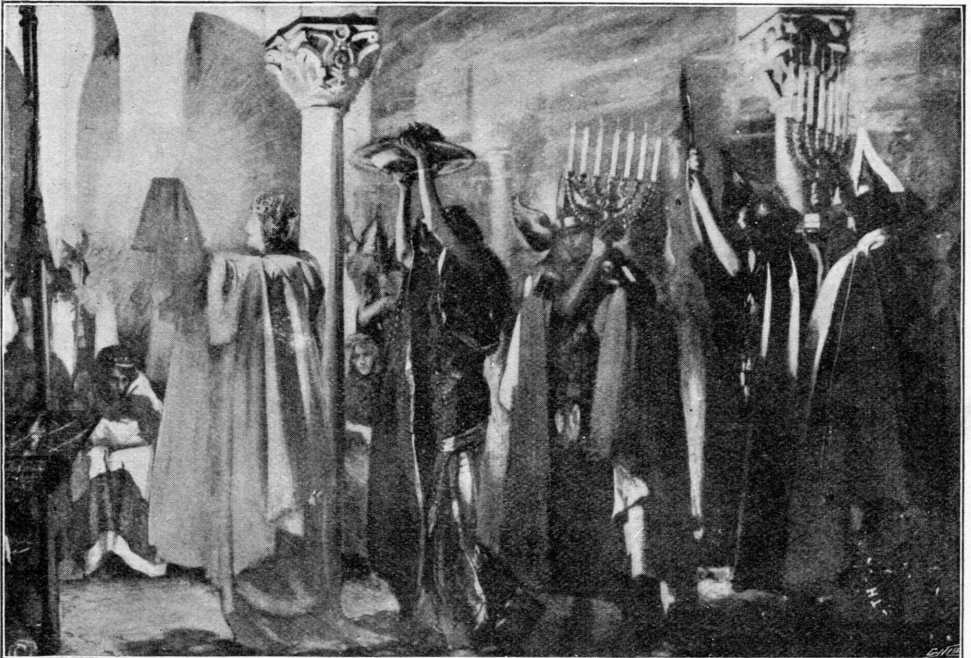
Mr. Goodall received 2,000 guineas for "The Ploughman and Shepherdess," which is 7 ft. in length. The fund for presenting it to the nation was started by Sir James Blyth, and several well-known South African millionaires were subscribers.

I found Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., one sunny Saturday afternoon hard at work in his London studio on his great scheme of mural decoration for the Public Library of Boston, U.S.A., painting from a fair model in costume, such as Tennyson might have described in "Idylls of the King." I was not surprised to hear that his preference was given to one of these pictures illustrating the "Quest of the Holy Grail."

"But I don't know how you can reproduce the picture," said Mr. Abbey, with a smile, "in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. It measures

width, about 8ft., being uniform throughout, and this mechanical limitation adding somewhat to the difficulty of my task. I have now finished about half this space, and I have been engaged upon the work on and off for the last nine years. But I am happy to think that I am more than half-way through the undertaking, the planning and arrangement of the whole series of frescoes taking a good deal of time at the outset. 'The Grail Castle' is the largest of the series."

The distinguished artist—American by birth and British by adoption—then told me



Painted by]

PORTION OF "THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL."

[E. A. Abbey, R.A.

(Painting Copyright, 1895, by E. A. Abbey: From a Copley print, Copyright, 1897, by Curtis & Cameron.)

33ft. on the wall of the Boston Library, and is about 8ft. high."

"It must represent a great amount of labour."

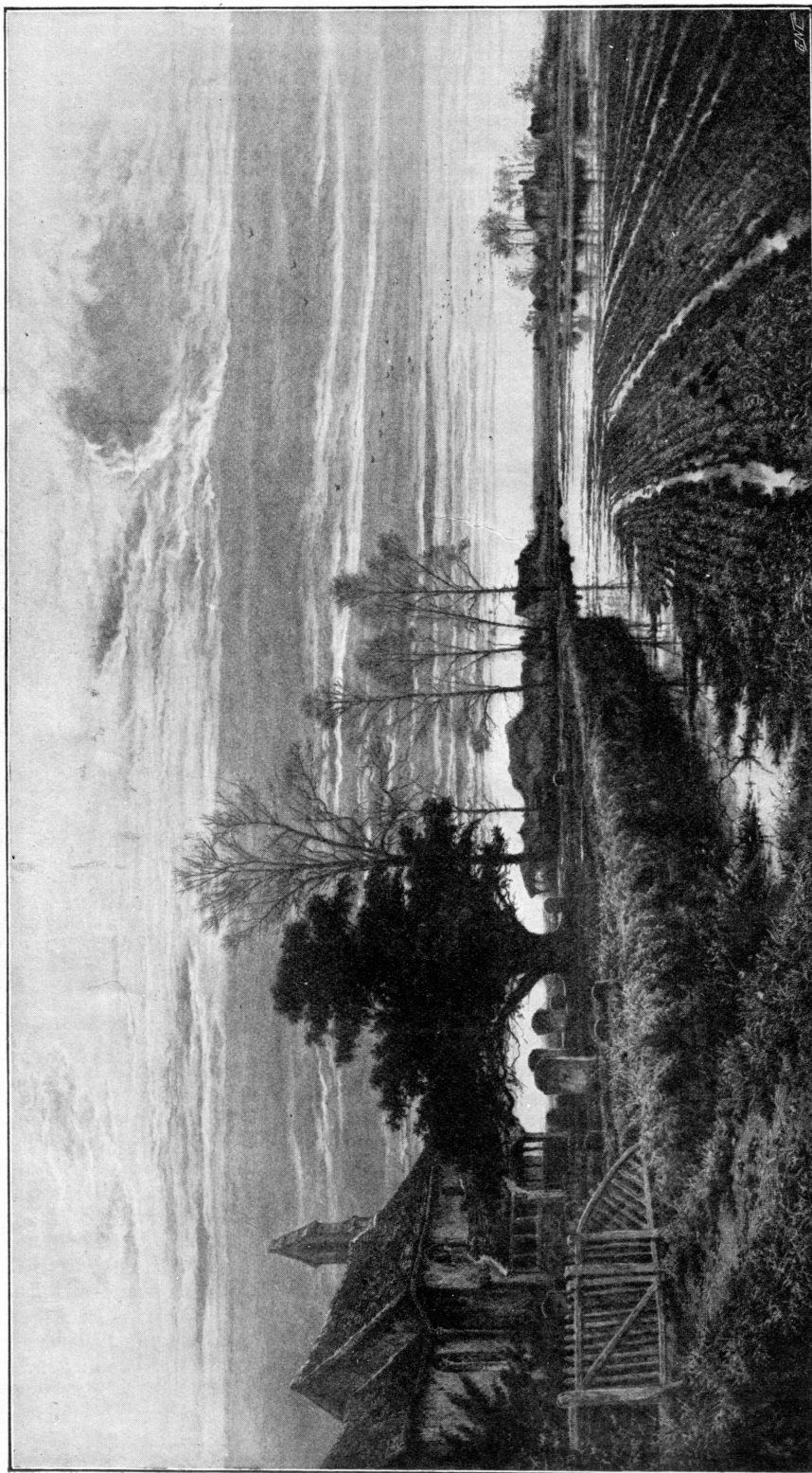
"Well, I believe it cost me more effort than anything else I have done; but, on the other hand, I have the satisfaction of thinking that in this picture I have best achieved my ideal. It was not exhibited at the Academy on account of its great size—they are crowded enough there for room already; but, as you may remember, it was shown at the Fine Art Society's rooms, in Conduit Street, just before being sent to Boston four or five years ago."

"What is the total size of the scheme of which this picture forms a part, Mr. Abbey?"

"I have to cover 180ft. altogether, the

something about the circumstances in which this great work of his life was undertaken. He and his fellow-countryman, Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., were in Boston at the time the new Public Library was projected, and it was the happy thought of the architect that they should unite in the decoration of the building. A series of Shakespearean pictures was at first suggested to the artist, whose reputation rests mainly upon the realistic way in which he has transferred Shakespeare to canvas.

"But I proposed instead the legend of the Holy Grail. It had always been a matter of surprise to me that no painter had attempted to make adequate use of this, the first great romance of Christendom—of



Painted by

"AT EVENING TIME THERE SHALL BE LIGHT."

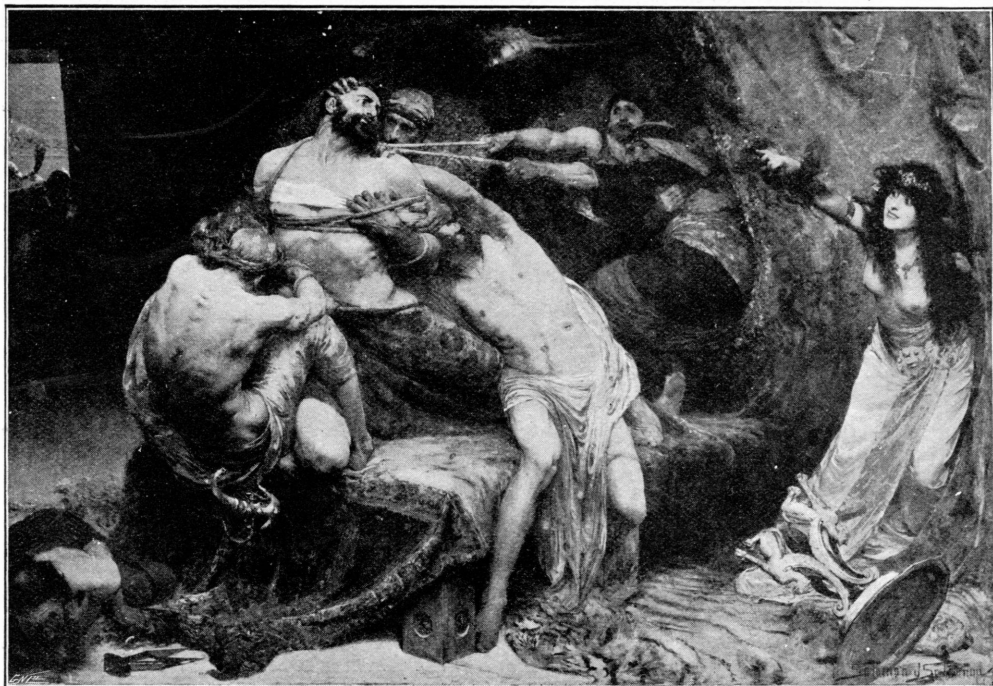
(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, 39 B, Old Bond Street, owners of the Copyright.)

[B. W. Leader, R.A.]

course, there have been numerous pictures of particular incidents, but no artistic treatment of the subject as a whole. Yet this legend, originating, I suppose, with the Welsh or Irish Celts, has spread in varying forms and phases to France, Germany, Scandinavia, and Spain. I have gone to all the different sources for my subjects, getting an idea from one author and a hint from the other, according to the way in which they lent themselves to artistic treatment. The library will be furnished with the whole story of the Holy Grail as it is told in my frescoes."

told me that his own favourite among his pictures was not a Surrey but a Worcestershire landscape, well known under the title "At Evening Time there shall be Light."

"As you know," said the famous landscape-painter, "Worcestershire is my native county, and the scene of this picture had been familiar to me since boyhood, a village called Whittington. The church has been much modernized, however, and I painted this with the assistance of a pencil sketch of the old church which was lent to me by a friend in the neighbourhood. Otherwise the picture is



Painted by]

"SAMSON AND DELILAH."
(Copyright.)

[Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.

"The Grail Castle" was painted, like most of Mr. Abbey's work, chiefly at his country house, Morgan Hall, in Gloucestershire. "I can work so much better in the country," he remarks, "free from interruption or distraction. I spend only about four months of the year in town, taking my canvases back to Gloucestershire before the summer is over. My only trouble there is in obtaining sufficient variety in my models—for such pictures as 'The Grail Castle,' of course, I want a good many models."

In the course of a chat at the Arts Club, Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., who had torn himself away from his beloved Surrey in June,

a fairly faithful presentment of the view from the back of Whittington Lodge, which was my residence until I came into Surrey about a dozen years ago. It was painted during the winter of 1882 and exhibited at the Academy that year."

"That picture has greatly pleased many people, Mr. Leader."

"Yes, I suppose it has been one of my most successful pictures as well as my own favourite. It led to my election as an A.R.A., and when exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1889 won for me a gold medal as well as the Legion of Honour. It was bought by Agnew before he had seen it, and when, on the break-up of Sir John Pender's collec-

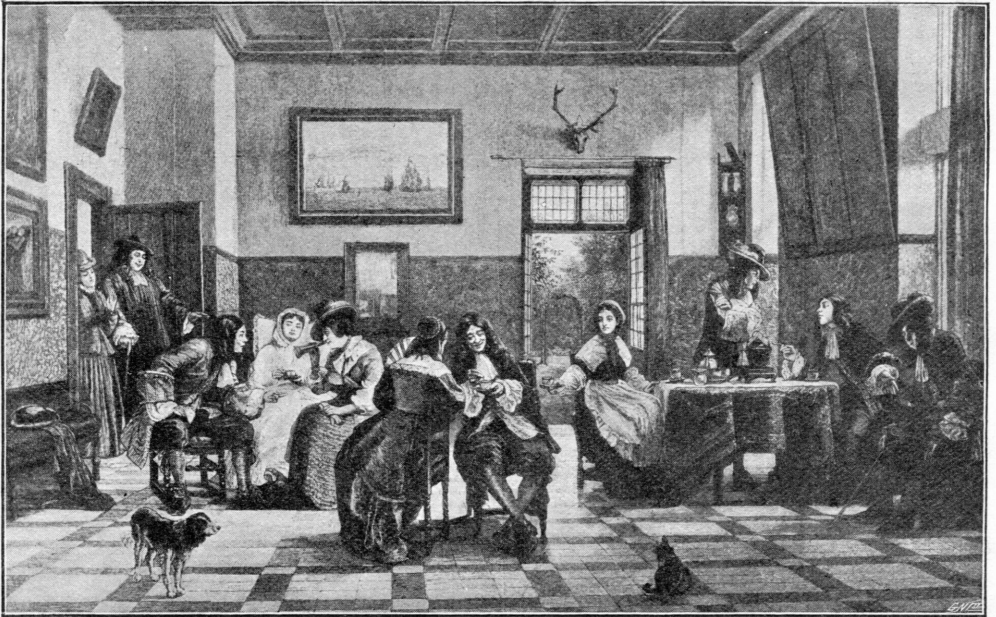
tion, the picture came into the market recently, Mr. Arnold Morley gave 1,200 guineas for it. It has also sold very largely, I am told, as an engraving. I remember that when I first spoke of making an important picture out of this scene my wife tried strongly to dissuade me. She said that a churchyard in winter-time would make such a dismal subject, and she held to this opinion all the time that I was making my sketches. But somehow or other I always had a strong faith in this subject, and painting it was really a labour of love."

By way of supplement to this little piece of autobiography I may add that Mr. Leader,

it, although it is my experience that you can devote any amount of hard work to a canvas without getting what you want."

"Samson and Delilah" was Mr. Solomon's second important picture, "Cassandra" being his first. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1887, when the artist was twenty-seven, and did a great deal for Mr. Solomon's reputation, although it was some years later before he became A.R.A.

"The picture I am about to begin," was the smiling reply of Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., when I asked him which of his own pictures he liked best. "I am disposed to agree



Painted by]

"SCANDAL."
(Copyright.)

[G. A. Storey, A.R.A.]

who is now in his seventieth year, exhibited his first picture, "Country Children Blowing Bubbles," at the Academy in 1854, and was delighted in selling it to an American visitor for £50.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., who had just returned to his house in Finchley Road from a round of country visits, had no hesitation in mentioning "Samson and Delilah" as the favourite child of his artistic imagination.

"The idea of the picture was with me for years. I made sketches for it even in my student days, and for a long time the picture was shaping itself in my mind. Yes, I put plenty of hard work, too, into the painting of

with that painter who said that the work he was about to start was the best, and the last he had finished was the worst picture in the world. Seriously, I have no reason for preferring any of my pictures except 'Scandal,' which led me to the Academy in 1876, although it was painted four years before."

"Where was 'Scandal' painted, Mr. Storey?"

"Oh, in my London studio. The picture is almost entirely imaginative. The only real thing about the scene is the little garden view, with the trellis arch, which was taken from the Star and Garter at Richmond. The picture itself was suggested to me by my mother, who, in her later years, became very deaf, and was delighted if a neighbour would

drop in and talk to her through her ear-trumpet, giving her the gossip of the day."

"The picture of my own," said Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., "which has pleased me most—although I am afraid it hasn't the public—is 'The Vision at the Martyr's Well, Brittany.' When it was exhibited at the Academy in 1895 some people objected to it because they thought it 'Roman Catholic in idea,' while others considered that the picture pandered to superstition.

"I need not tell you that I had no thought of theology from first to last. The subject of the picture came to me when I was staying in Brittany. In one of the villages—I have for the moment forgotten its name—I saw a well, the water of which passes over some curious reddish stones, the streaks of colour being due, I suppose, to some mineral element. According to the local tradition, a village maiden who went to the well at twilight saw in a vision one of the Christian martyrs—it was in Pagan times, I suppose—at the well, and as she looked she saw the blood from the martyr's wounds trickle on to the stones, where these blood-stains have remained ever since, giving the well a holy name. Of course, it is sheer



Painted by

"THE VISION AT THE MARTYR'S WELL, BRITTANY." [G. H. Boughton, R.A. (Copyright.)

superstition; but, then, if you abolished superstition altogether, you would lose a good deal of the poetry and art of the world."

"Where is this picture, Mr. Boughton?"

"Well, it is now away on what may be called a provincial tour. I have lent it for several municipal exhibitions, and just now it is in the Leeds Art Gallery."

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. WELLS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ASTONISHING COMMUNICATION OF MR. JULIUS WENDIGEE.



WHEN I had finished my account of my return to the earth at Littlestone I wrote "The End," made a flourish, and threw my pen aside, fully believing that the whole story of the First Men in the Moon was done. Not only had I done this, but I had placed my manuscript in the hands of a literary agent, had permitted it to be sold, had seen the greater portion of it appear in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, and was setting to work again upon the scenario of the play I had commenced at Lympe before I realized that the end was not yet. And then, following me from Amalfi to Algiers, there reached me (it is now about six weeks ago) one of the most astounding communications I have ever been fated to receive. Briefly, it informed me that Mr. Julius Wendigee, a Dutch electrician, who has been experimenting with certain apparatus akin to the apparatus used by Mr. Tesla in America, in the hope of discovering some method of communication with Mars, was receiving day by day a curiously fragmentary message in English, which was indisputably emanating from Mr. Cavor in the moon.

At first I thought the thing was an elaborate practical joke by someone who had seen the manuscript of my narrative. I answered Mr. Wendigee jestingly, but he replied in a manner that put such suspicion altogether aside, and in a state of inconceivable excitement I hurried from Algiers to the little observatory upon the St. Gothard in which he was working. In the presence of his record and his appliances—and above all of the messages from Mr. Cavor that were

coming to hand—my lingering doubts vanished. I decided at once to accept a proposal he made me to remain with him, assisting him to take down the record from day to day, and endeavouring with him to send a message back to the moon. Cavor, we learnt, was not only alive but free, in the midst of an almost inconceivable community of these ant-like beings, these ant-men, in the blue darkness of the lunar caves. He was lamed, it seemed, but otherwise in quite good health—in better health, he distinctly

said, than he usually enjoyed on earth. He had had a fever, but it had left no bad effects. But curiously enough he seemed to be labouring under a conviction that I was either dead in the moon crater or lost in the deep of space.

His message began to be received by Mr. Wendigee when that gentleman was engaged in quite a different investigation. The reader will no doubt recall the little excitement that began the century, arising out of an announcement by Mr. Nikola Tesla, the American electrical celebrity, that he had received a message from Mars. His announcement renewed attention to a fact that

had long been familiar to scientific people, namely: that from some unknown source in space, waves of electro-magnetic disturbance, entirely similar to those used by Signor Marconi for his wireless telegraphy, are constantly reaching the earth. Besides Mr. Tesla quite a number of other observers have been engaged in perfecting apparatus for receiving and recording these vibrations, though few would go so far as to consider them actual messages from some extra-terrestrial sender. Among that few, however, we must certainly count Mr. Wendigee. Ever since 1898 he had devoted himself almost entirely to this subject, and being a man of ample means he had erected an



"ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING COMMUNICATIONS."

observatory on the flanks of Monte Rosa, in a position singularly adapted in every way for such observations.

My scientific attainments, I must admit, are not great, but so far as they enable me to judge, Mr. Wendigee's contrivances for detecting and recording any disturbances in the electro-magnetic conditions of space are singularly original and ingenious. And by a happy combination of circumstances they were set up and in operation about two months' before Cavor made his first attempt to call up the earth. Consequently we have fragments of his communication even from the beginning. Unhappily, they are only fragments, and the most momentous of all the things that he had to tell humanity—the instructions, that is, for the making of Cavorite, if, indeed, he ever transmitted them—have throbbed themselves away unrecorded into space. We never succeeded in getting a response back to Cavor. He was unable to tell, therefore, what we had received or what we had missed; nor, indeed, did he certainly know that anyone on earth was really aware of his efforts to reach us. And the persistence he displayed in sending eighteen long descriptions of lunar affairs—as they would be if we had them complete—shows how much his mind must have turned back towards his native planet since he left it two years ago.

You can imagine how amazed Mr. Wendigee must have been when he discovered his record of electro-magnetic disturbances interlaced by Cavor's straightforward English. Mr. Wendigee knew nothing of our wild journey moonward, and suddenly—this English out of the void!

It is well the reader should understand the conditions under which it would seem these messages were sent. Somewhere within the moon Cavor certainly had access for a time to a considerable amount of electrical apparatus, and it would seem he rigged up—perhaps furtively—a transmitting arrangement of the Marconi type. This he was able to operate at irregular intervals: sometimes for only half an hour or so, sometimes for three or four hours at a stretch. At these times he transmitted his earthward message, regardless of the fact that the relative position of the moon and points upon the earth's surface is constantly altering. As a consequence of this and of the necessary imperfections of our recording instruments his communication comes and goes in our records in an extremely fitful manner; it becomes blurred; it "fades out" in a

mysterious and altogether exasperating way. And added to this is the fact that he was not an expert operator; he had partly forgotten, or never completely mastered, the code in general use, and as he became fatigued he dropped words and misspelt in a curious manner.

Altogether we have probably lost quite half of the communications he made, and much we have is damaged, broken, and partly effaced. In the abstract that follows the reader must be prepared therefore for a considerable amount of break, hiatus, and change of topic. Mr. Wendigee and I are collaborating in a complete and annotated edition of the Cavor record, which we hope to publish, together with a detailed account of the instruments employed, beginning with the first volume in January next. That will be the full and scientific report, of which this is only the popular first transcript. But here we give at least sufficient to complete the story I have told, and to give the broad outlines of the state of that other world so near, so kin, and yet so dissimilar to our own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE SIX MESSAGES FIRST RECEIVED FROM MR. CAVOR.

THE two earlier messages of Mr. Cavor may very well be reserved for that larger volume. They simply tell with greater brevity and with a difference in several details that is interesting, but not of any vital importance, the bare facts of the making of the sphere and our departure from the world. Throughout, Cavor speaks of me as a man who is dead, but with a curious change of temper as he approaches our landing on the moon. "Poor Bedford," he says of me, and "this poor young man," and he blames himself for inducing a young man, "by no means well equipped for such adventures," to leave a planet "on which he was indisputably fitted to succeed" on so precarious a mission. I think he underrates the part my energy and practical capacity played in bringing about the realization of his theoretical sphere. "We arrived," he says, with no more account of our passage through space than if we had made a journey of common occurrence in a railway train.

And then he becomes increasingly unfair to me. Unfair, indeed, to an extent I should not have expected in a man trained in the search for truth. Looking back over my previously written account of these things I must insist that I have been altogether juster to Cavor than he has been to me. I

have extenuated little and suppressed nothing. But his account is:—

“It speedily became apparent that the entire strangeness of our circumstances and surroundings—great loss of weight, attenuated but highly oxygenated air, consequent exaggeration of the results of muscular effort, rapid development of weird plants from obscure spores, lurid sky—was exciting my companion unduly. On the moon his character seemed to deteriorate. He became impulsive, rash, and quarrelsome. In a little while his folly in devouring some gigantic vesicles and his consequent intoxication led to our capture by the Selenites—before we had had the slightest opportunity of properly observing their ways. . . .”

(He says, you observe, nothing of his own concession to these same “vesicles.”)

And he goes on from that point to say that “We came to a difficult passage with them, and Bedford mistaking certain gestures of theirs”—pretty gestures they were!—“gave way to a panic violence. He ran amuck, killed three, and perforce I had to flee with him after the outrage. Subsequently we fought with a number who endeavoured to bar our way, and slew seven or eight more. It says much for the tolerance of these beings that on my recapture I was not instantly slain. We made our way to the exterior and separated in the crater of our arrival, to increase our chances of recovering our sphere. But presently I came upon a body of Selenites, led by two who were curiously different, even in form, from any of those we had seen hitherto, with larger heads and smaller bodies and much more elaborately wrapped about. And after evading them for some time I fell into a crevasse, cut my head rather badly and displaced my patella, and, finding crawling very painful, decided to surrender—if they would still permit me to do so. This they did, and, perceiving my helpless condition, carried me with them again into the moon. And of Bedford I have heard or seen nothing more, nor, so far as I can gather, has any Selenite. Either the night overtook him in the crater, or else, which is more probable, he found the sphere, and, desiring to steal a march upon me, made off with it—only, I fear, to find it uncontrollable, and to meet a more lingering fate in outer space.”

And with that Cavor dismisses me and goes on to more interesting topics. I dislike the idea of seeming to use my position as his editor to deflect his story in my own interest, but I am obliged to protest here

against the turn he gives these occurrences. He says nothing about that gasping message on the blood-stained paper in which he told, or attempted to tell, a very different story. The dignified self-surrender is an altogether new view of the affair that has come to him, I must insist, since he began to feel secure among the lunar people; and as for the “stealing a march” conception, I am quite willing to let the reader decide between us on what he has before him. I know I am not a model man—I have made no pretence to be. But am I *that*?

However, that is the sum of my wrongs. From this point I can edit Cavor with an untroubled mind, for he mentions me no more.

It would seem the Selenites who had come upon him carried him to some point in the interior down “a great shaft” by means of what he describes as “a sort of balloon.” We gather from the rather confused passage in which he describes this, and from a number of chance allusions and hints in other and subsequent messages, that this “great shaft” is one of an enormous system of artificial shafts that run, each from what is called a lunar “crater,” downwards for very nearly a hundred miles towards the central portion of our satellite. These shafts communicate by transverse tunnels, they throw out abyssmal caverns and expand into great globular places; the whole of the moon’s substance for a hundred miles inward, indeed, is a mere sponge of rock. “Partly,” says Cavor, “this sponginess is natural, but very largely it is due to the enormous industry of the Selenites in the past. The enormous circular mounds of the excavated rock and earth it is that form these great circles about the tunnels known to earthly astronomers (misled by a false analogy) as volcanoes.”

It was down this shaft they took him, in this “sort of balloon” he speaks of, at first into an inky blackness and then into a region of continually increasing phosphorescence. Cavor’s despatches show him to be curiously regardless of detail for a scientific man, but we gather that this light was due to the streams and cascades of water—“no doubt containing some phosphorescent organism”—that flowed ever more abundantly downward towards the Central Sea. And as he descended, he says, “The Selenites also became luminous.” And at last far below him he saw as it were a lake of heatless fire, the waters of the Central Sea, glowing and eddying in strange perturbation, “like luminous blue milk that is just on the boil.”

"This Lunar Sea," says Cavor, in a later passage, "is not a stagnant ocean; a solar tide sends it in a perpetual flow around the lunar axis, and strange storms and boilings and rushings of its waters occur, and at times cold winds and thunderings that ascend out of it into the busy ways of the great ant-hill above. It is only when the water is in motion that it gives out light; in its rare seasons of calm it is black. Commonly, when one sees it, its waters rise and fall in an oily swell, and flakes and big rafts of shining, bubbly foam drift with the sluggish, faintly-glowing current. The Selenites navigate its cavernous straits and lagoons in little shallow boats of a canoe-like shape; and even before my journey to the galleries about the Grand Lunar, who is Master of the Moon, I was permitted to make a brief excursion on its waters.

"The caverns and passages are naturally very tortuous. A large proportion of these ways are known only to expert pilots among the fishermen, and not infrequently Selenites are lost for ever in their labyrinths. In their remoter recesses, I am told, strange creatures lurk, some of them terrible and dangerous creatures that all the science of the moon has been unable to exterminate. There is particularly the *Rapha*, an inextricable mass of clutching tentacles that one hacks to pieces only to multiply; and the *Tzee*, a darting creature

that is never seen, so subtly and suddenly does it slay. . . ."

He gives us a gleam of description.

"I was reminded on this excursion of what I have read of the Mammoth Caves; if only I had had a yellow flambeau instead of the pervading blue light, and a solid-looking boatman with an oar instead of a scuttle-faced

Selenite working an engine at the back of the canoe, I could have imagined I had suddenly got back to earth. The rocks about us were very various, sometimes black, sometimes pale blue and veined, and once they flashed and glittered as though we had come into a mine of sapphires. And below one saw the ghostly phosphorescent fishes flash and vanish in the hardly less phosphorescent deep. Then, presently, a long ultramarine vista down the turgid stream of one of the channels of traffic, and a landing-stage, and then, perhaps, a glimpse up the enormous crowded shaft of one of the vertical ways.

"In one great place heavy with glistening stalac-

tites a number of boats were fishing. We went alongside one of these and watched the long-armed fishing Selenites winding in a net. They were little, hunchbacked insects with very strong arms, short, bandy legs, and crinkled face-masks. As they pulled at it that net seemed the heaviest thing I had come upon in the moon; it was loaded with weights—no doubt of gold—and it took a



"A LAKE OF HEATLESS FIRE."



"THE FISH IN THE NET CAME UP LIKE A BLUE MOONRISE."

long time to draw, for in those waters the larger and more edible fish lurk deep. The fish in the net came up like a blue moonrise—a blaze of darting, tossing blue.

"Among their catch was a many-tentaculate, evil-eyed black thing, ferociously active, whose appearance they greeted with shrieks and twitters, and which with quick, nervous movements they hacked to pieces by means of little hatchets. All its dis severed limbs continued to lash and writhe in a vicious manner. Afterwards when fever had hold of me I dreamt again and again of that bitter, furious creature rising so vigorous and active out of the unknown sea. It was the most active and malignant thing of all the living creatures I have yet seen in this world inside the moon

"The surface of this sea must be very nearly two hundred miles (if not more) below the level of the moon's exterior; all the cities of the moon lie, I learnt, immediately above this Central Sea, in such cavernous spaces and artificial galleries as I have described, and they communicate with the exterior by enormous vertical shafts which open invariably in what are called by earthly astronomers the 'craters' of the moon. The lid covering

one such aperture I had already seen during the wanderings that had preceded my capture.

"Upon the condition of the less central portion of the moon I have not yet arrived at very precise knowledge. There is an enormous system of caverns in which the mooncalves shelter during the night; and there are abattoirs and the like—in one of these it was that I and Bedford fought with the Selenite butchers—and I have since seen balloons laden with meat descending out of the upper dark. I have as yet scarcely learnt as much of these things as a Zulu in London would learn about the British corn supplies in the same time. It is clear, however, that these vertical shafts and the vegetation of the surface must play an essential rôle in ventilating and keeping fresh the atmosphere of the moon. At one time, and particularly on my first emergence from my prison, there was certainly a cold wind blowing *down* the shaft, and later there was a kind of sirocco upward that corresponded with my fever. For at the end of about three weeks I fell ill of an indefinable sort of fever, and in spite of sleep and the quinine tabloids that very fortunately I had brought in my pocket, I remained ill and fretting miserably, almost to

the time when I was taken into the palace of the Grand Lunar, who is Master of the Moon.

"I will not dilate on the wretchedness of my condition," he remarks, "during those days of ill-health." And he goes on with great amplitude with details I omit here. "My temperature," he concludes, "kept abnormally high for a long time, and I lost all desire for food. I had stagnant waking intervals, and sleep tormented by dreams, and at one phase I was, I remember, so weak as to be earth-sick and almost hysterical. I longed almost intolerably for colour to break the everlasting blue. . . ."

He reverts again presently to the topic of this sponge caught lunar atmosphere. I am told by astronomers and physicists that all he tells is in absolute accordance with what was already known of the moon's condition. Had earthly astronomers had the courage and imagination to push home a bold induction, says Mr. Wendigee, they might have foretold almost everything that Cavor has to say of the general structure of the moon. They know now pretty certainly that moon and earth are not so much satellite and primary as smaller and greater sisters, made out of one mass, and consequently made of the same material. And since the density of the moon is only three-fifths that of the earth, there can be nothing for it but that she is hollowed out by a great system of caverns. There was no necessity, said Sir Jabez Flap, F.R.S., that most entertaining exponent of the facetious side of the stars, that we should ever have gone to the moon to find out such easy inferences, and points the pun with an allusion to Gruyère, but he certainly might have announced his knowledge of the hollowness of the moon before. And if the moon is hollow, then the apparent absence of air and water is, of course, quite easily explained. The sea lies within at the bottom of the caverns, and the air travels through the great sponge of galleries, in accordance with simple physical laws. The caverns of the moon, on the whole, are very windy places. As the sunlight comes round the moon the air in the outer galleries on that side is heated, its pressure increases, some flows out on the exterior and mingles with the evaporating air of the craters (where the plants remove its carbonic acid), while the greater portion flows round through the galleries to replace the shrinking air of the cooling side that the sunlight has left. There is, therefore, a constant eastward breeze in the air of the outer galleries, and an up-flow during the lunar day up the shafts, compli-

cated, of course, very greatly by the varying shape of the galleries and the ingenious contrivances of the Selenite mind. . . .

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SELENITES. THE messages of Cavor from the sixth up to the sixteenth are for the most part so much broken, and they abound so in repetitions, that they scarcely form a consecutive narrative. They will be given in full, of course, in the scientific report, but here it will be far more convenient to continue simply to abstract and quote as in the former chapter. We have subjected every word to a keen critical scrutiny, and my own brief memories and impressions of lunar things have been of inestimable help in interpreting what would otherwise have been impenetrably dark. And, naturally, as living beings our interest centres far more upon the strange community of lunar insects in which he is living, it would seem, as an honoured guest than upon the mere physical condition of their world.

I have already made it clear, I think, that the Selenites I saw resembled man in maintaining the erect attitude and in having four limbs, and I have compared the general appearance of their heads and the jointing of their limbs to that of insects. I have mentioned, too, the peculiar consequence of the smaller gravitation of the moon on their fragile slowness. Cavor confirms me upon all these points. He calls them "animals," though of course they fall under no division of the classification of earthly creatures, and he points out "the insect type of anatomy had, fortunately for men, never exceeded a relatively very small size on earth." The largest terrestrial insects, living or extinct, do not, as a matter of fact, measure 6 in. in length; "but here, against the lesser gravitation of the moon, a creature certainly as much an insect as vertebrate seems to have been able to attain to human and ultra-human dimensions."

He does not mention the ant, but throughout his allusions the ant is continually being brought before my mind, in its sleepless activity, in its intelligence and social organization, in its structure, and more particularly in the fact that it displays, in addition to the two forms, the male and the female form, that almost all other animals possess, a number of other sexless creatures, workers, soldiers, and the like, differing from one another in structure, character, power, and use, and yet all members of the same species,

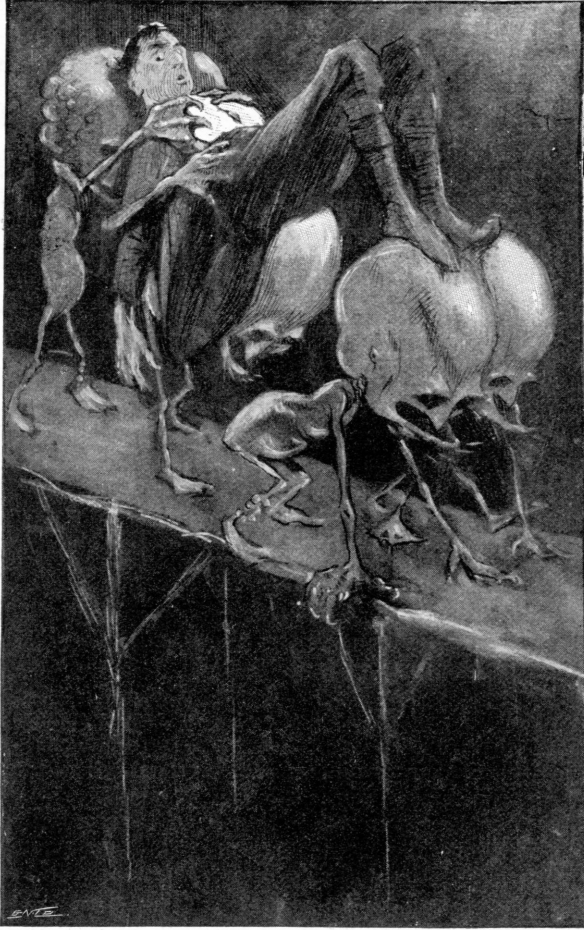
For these Selenites have a great variety of forms. Of course these Selenites are not only colossally greater in size than ants, but also, in Cavor's opinion, in respect to intelligence, morality, and social wisdom are they colossally greater than men. And instead of the four or five different forms of ant that are found there are almost innumerable different forms of Selenite. I have endeavoured to indicate the very considerable difference observable in such Selenites of the outer crust as I happened to encounter; the differences in size, hue, and shape were certainly as wide as the differences between the most widely-separated races of men. But such differences as I saw fade absolutely to nothing in comparison with the huge distinctions of which Cavor tells. It would seem the exterior Selenites I saw were, indeed, mostly of one colour and occupation — mooncalf herds, butchers, fleshers, and the like. But within the moon, practically unsuspected by me, there are, it seems, a number of other sorts of Selenite, differing in size, differing in form, differing in power and appearance, and yet not different species of creatures, but only different forms of one species. The moon is, indeed, a sort of vast ant-hill, only, instead of there being only four or five sorts of ant, worker, soldier, winged male, queen, and slave, there are many hundred different sorts of Selenite, and almost every gradation between one sort and another.

It would seem the discovery came upon

Cavor very speedily. I infer rather than learn from his narrative that he was captured by the mooncalf herds under the direction of those other Selenites who "have larger brain-cases (heads?) and very much shorter legs." Finding he would not walk even under the goad, they carried him into darkness, crossed a narrow, plank-like bridge that may have been the identical bridge I had refused, and put him down in something that must have

seemed at first to be some sort of lift. This was the balloon—it had certainly been absolutely invisible to us in the darkness—and what had seemed to me a mere plank-walking into the void was really, no doubt, the passage of the gangway. In this he descended towards constantly more luminous strata of the moon. At first they descended in silence—save for the twitterings of the Selenites—and then into a stir of windy movement. In a little while the profound blackness had made his eyes so sensitive that he began to see more and more of the things about him, and at last the vague took shape.

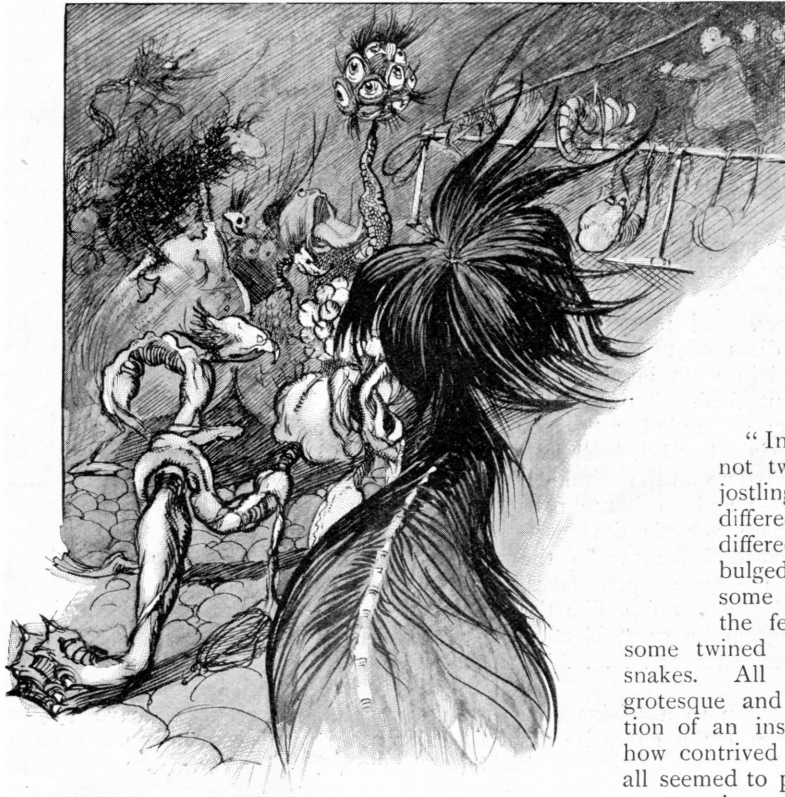
"Conceive an enormous cylindrical space," says Cavor in his seventh message, "a quarter of a mile across, perhaps; very dimly lit at first and then bright, with big platforms twisting down its sides in a spiral that vanishes at last below in a blue profundity; and lit even more brightly—one could not tell how or why. Think of the well of the very largest spiral staircase or lift-shaft that you have ever looked down, and magnify that by a hundred.



"THEY CARRIED HIM INTO DARKNESS."

Imagine it at twilight seen through blue glass. Imagine yourself looking down that; only imagine also that you feel extraordinarily light and have got rid of any giddy feeling you might have on earth, and you will have the first conditions of my impression. Round this enormous shaft imagine a broad gallery running in a much steeper spiral than would be credible on earth, and forming a steep road protected from the gulf only by a little parapet that vanishes at last in perspective a couple of miles below.

"Looking up, I saw the very fellow of the downward vision; it had, of course, the effect of looking into a very steep cone. A wind was blowing down the shaft, and far above I



"IT WAS AN INCREDIBLE CROWD."

fancy I heard, growing fainter and fainter, the bellowing of the mooncalves that were being driven down again from their evening pasturage on the exterior. And up and down the spiral galleries were scattered numerous moon people, pallid, faintly self-luminous insects, regarding our appearance or busied on unknown errands.

"Either I fancied it or a flake of snow came drifting swiftly down on the icy breeze. And then, falling like a snowflake, a little figure, a little man-insect clinging to a parachute, drove down very swiftly towards the central places of the moon.

"The big-headed Selenite sitting beside me, seeing me move my head with the gesture of one who saw, pointed with his trunk-like 'hand' and indicated a sort of jetty coming into sight very far below: a little landing-stage, as it were, hanging into the void. As it swept up towards us our pace diminished very rapidly, and in a few moments as it seemed we were abreast of it and at rest. A mooring-rope was flung and grasped, and I

found myself pulled down to a level with a great crowd of Selenites, who jostled to see me.

"It was an incredible crowd. Suddenly and violently there was forced upon my attention the vast amount of difference there is amongst these beings of the moon.

"Indeed, there seemed not two alike in all that jostling multitude. They differed in shape, they differed in size! Some bulged and overhung, some ran about among the feet of their fellows, some twined and interlaced like snakes. All of them had a grotesque and disquieting suggestion of an insect that has somehow contrived to mock humanity; all seemed to present an incredible exaggeration of some particular feature: one had a vast right fore-limb, an enormous antennal

arm, as it were; one seemed all leg, poised, as it were, on stilts; another protruded an enormous nose-like organ beside a sharply speculative eye that made him startlingly human until one saw his expressionless mouth. One has seen punchinello made of lobster claws—he was like that. The strange and (except for the want of mandibles and

papls) most insect-like head of the mooncalf-minders underwent astounding transformations: here it was broad and low, here high and narrow; here its vacuous brow was drawn out into horns and strange features; here it was whiskered and divided, and there with a grotesquely human profile. There were several brain-cases distended like bladders to a huge size. The eyes, too, were strangely varied, some quite elephantine in their small alertness, some huge pits of darkness. There were amazing forms with heads reduced to microscopic proportions and blobby bodies; and fantastic, flimsy things that existed it would seem only as a basis for vast, white-rimmed, glaring eyes. And oddest of all, as it seemed to me for the moment, two or three of these weird inhabitants of a subterranean world, a world sheltered by innumerable miles of rock from sun or rain, *carried umbrellas* in their tentaculate hands!—real terrestrial-looking umbrellas! And then I thought of the parachutist I had watched descend.

"These moon people behaved exactly as a human crowd might have done in similar circumstances: they jostled and thrust one another, they shoved one another aside, they even clambered upon one another to get a glimpse of me. Every moment they increased in numbers, and pressed more urgently upon the discs of my ushers"—Cavor does not explain what he means by this—"every moment fresh shapes forced themselves upon my astounded attention. And presently I was signed and helped into a sort of litter, and lifted up on the shoulders of strong-armed bearers and so borne over this seething nightmare towards the apartments that were provided for me in the moon. All about me were eyes, faces, masks, tentacles, a leathery noise like the rustling of beetle wings, and a great bleating and twittering of Selenite voices"

We gather he was taken to a "hexagonal apartment," and there for a space he was confined. Afterwards he was given a much more considerable liberty; indeed, almost as much freedom as one has in a civilized town on earth. And it would appear that the mysterious being who is the ruler and master of the moon appointed two Selenites "with large heads" to guard and study him, and to establish whatever mental communications were possible with him. And, amazing and incredible as it may seem, these two creatures, these fantastic men-insects, these beings of another world, were presently

communicating with Cavor by means of terrestrial speech.

Cavor speaks of them as Phi-oo and Tsi-puff. Phi-oo, he says, was about 5ft. high; he had small, slender legs about 18in. long, and slight feet of the common lunar pattern. On these balanced a little body, throbbing with the pulsations of his heart. He had long, soft, many-jointed arms ending in a tentacled grip, and his neck was many-jointed in the usual way, but exceptionally short and thick. His head, says Cavor—apparently alluding to some previous description that has gone astray in space—"is of the common lunar type, but strangely modified. The mouth has the usual expressionless gape, but it is unusually small and pointing downward, and the mask is reduced to the size of a large flat nose-flap. On either side are the little hen-like eyes.

The rest of the head is distended into a huge globe, and the chitinous leathery cuticle of the mooncalf herds thins out to a mere membrane, through which the pulsating brain movements are distinctly visible. He is a creature, indeed, with a tremendously hypertrophied brain, and with the rest of his organism both relatively and absolutely dwarfed."

In another passage Cavor compares the back view of him to Atlas supporting the world. Tsi-puff, it seems, was a very similar insect, but his "face" was drawn out to a considerable length, and, the brain hypertrophy being in different regions, his head was not round but pear-shaped, with the stalk downward. There were also litter-carriers, lop-sided beings with enormous shoulders, very spidery ushers, and a squat foot attendant in Cavor's retinue.

The manner in which Phi-oo and Tsi-puff attacked the problem of speech was fairly obvious. They came into this "hexagonal cell" in which Cavor was confined, and began imitating every sound he made, beginning with a cough. He seems to have grasped their intention with great quickness, and to have begun repeating words to them and pointing to indicate the application. The procedure was probably always the same. Phi-oo would attend to Cavor for a space, then point also and say the word he had heard.

The first word he mastered was "man," and the second "Mooney"—which Cavor on the spur of the moment seems to have used instead of "Selenite" for the moon race. As soon as Phi-oo was assured of the meaning of a word he repeated it to



"REPEATING WORDS TO THEM AND POINTING TO INDICATE THE APPLICATION."

Tsi-puff, who remembered it infallibly. They mastered over one hundred English nouns at their first session.

Subsequently it seems they brought an artist with them to assist the work of explanation with sketches and diagrams—Cavor's drawings being rather crude. He was, says Cavor, "a being with an active arm and an arresting eye," and he seemed to draw with incredible swiftness.

The eleventh message is undoubtedly only a fragment of a longer communication. After some broken sentences, the record of which is unintelligible, it goes on:—

"But it will interest only linguists, and delay me too long, to give the details of the series of intent parleys of which these were the beginning, and, indeed, I very much doubt if I could give in anything like the proper order all the twistings and turnings that we made in our pursuit of mutual comprehension. Verbs were soon plain sailing—at least, such active verbs as I could express by drawings; some adjectives were easy, but when it came to abstract nouns, to prepositions, and the sort of hackneyed figures of speech by means of which so much is expressed on earth, it was like dying in cork jackets. Indeed, these difficulties were insurmountable until to the sixth lesson

came a fourth assistant, a being with a huge, football-shaped head, whose *forte* was clearly the pursuit of intricate analogy. He entered in a preoccupied manner, stumbling against a stool, and the difficulties that arose had to be presented to him with a certain amount of clamour and hitting and pricking before they reached his apprehension. But once he was involved his penetration was amazing. Whenever there came a need of thinking beyond Phi-oo's by no means limited scope, this prolate-headed person was in request, but he invariably told the conclusion to Tsi-puff, in order that it might be remembered; Tsi-puff was ever the arsenal for facts. And so we advanced again.

"It seemed long and yet brief—a matter of days before I was positively talking with these insects of the moon. Of course, at first

it was an intercourse infinitely tedious and exasperating, but imperceptibly it has grown to comprehension. And my patience has grown to meet its limitations. Phi-oo it is who does all the talking. He does it with a vast amount of meditative provisional 'M'm—M'm,' and he has caught up one or two phrases, 'If I may say,' 'If you understand,' and beads all his speech with them.

"Thus he would discourse. Imagine him explaining his artist.

"'M'm—M'm—he—if I may say—draw. Eat little—drink little—draw. Love draw. No other thing. Hate all who not draw like him. Angry. Hate all who draw like him better. Hate most people. Hate all who not think all world for to draw. Angry. M'm. All things mean nothing to him—only draw. He like you. . . . if you understand. . . . New thing to draw. Ugly—striking. Eh?

"'He'—turning to Tsi-puff—'love remember words. Remember wonderful more than any. Think no, draw no—remember. Say'—here he referred to his gifted assistant for a word—'histories—all things. He hear once—say ever.'

"It is more wonderful to me than I ever dreamt that anything ever could be again to hear these extraordinary creatures—for even

familiarity fails to weaken the inhuman effect of their appearance—continually piping a nearer approach to coherent earthly speech, asking questions, giving answers. I feel that I am casting back to the fable-hearing period of childhood again when the ant and the grasshopper talked together and the bee judged between them. . . .”

And while these linguistic exercises were going on Cavor seems to have experienced a considerable relaxation of his confinement. The first dread and distrust our unfortunate conflict aroused was being, he says, “continually effaced by the deliberate rationality of all I do.” . . . “I am now able to come and go as I please, or I am restricted only for my own good. So it is I have been able to get at this apparatus, and, assisted by a happy find among the material that is littered in this enormous store-cave, I have contrived to dispatch these messages. So far not the slightest attempt has been made to interfere with me in this, though I have made it quite clear to Phi-oo that I am signalling to the earth.

“‘You talk to other?’ he asked, watching me.

“‘Others,’ said I.

“‘Others,’ he said. ‘Oh, yes. Men?’

“And I went on transmitting.”

Cavor was continually making corrections in his previous accounts of the Selenites as fresh facts flowed in upon him to modify his conclusions, and accordingly one gives the quotations that follow with a certain amount of reservation. They are quoted from the ninth, thirteenth, and sixteenth messages, and, altogether vague and fragmentary as they are, they probably give as complete a picture of the social life of this strange community as mankind can now hope to have for many generations.

“In the moon,” says Cavor, “every citizen knows his place. He is born to that place, and the elaborate discipline of training and education and surgery he undergoes fits him at last so completely to it that he has neither ideas nor organs for any purpose beyond it. ‘Why should he?’ Phi-oo would ask. If, for example, a Selenite is destined to be a mathematician, his teachers and trainers set out at once to that end. They check any incipient disposition to other pursuits, they encourage his mathematical bias with a perfect psychological skill. His brain grows, or at least the mathematical faculties of his brain grow, and the rest of him only so much

as is necessary to sustain this essential part of him. At last, save for rest and food, his one delight lies in the exercise and display of his faculty, his one interest in its application, his sole society with other specialists in his own line. His brain grows continually larger, at least so far as the portions engaging in mathematics are concerned; they bulge ever larger and seem to suck all life and vigour from the rest of his frame. His limbs shrivel, his heart and digestive organs diminish, his insect face is hidden under its bulging contours. His voice becomes a mere squeak for the stating of formulæ; he seems deaf to all but properly enunciated problems. The faculty of laughter, save for the sudden discovery of some paradox, is lost to him; his deepest emotion is the evolution of a novel computation. And so he attains his end.

“Or, again, a Selenite appointed to be a minder of mooncalves is from his earliest years induced to think and live mooncalf, to find his pleasure in mooncalf lore, his exercise in their tending and pursuit. He is trained to become wiry and active, his eye is indurated to the tight wrappings, the angular contours that constitute a ‘smart mooncalfishness.’ He takes at last no interest in the deeper part of the moon; he regards all Selenites not equally versed in mooncalves with indifference, derision, or hostility. His thoughts are of mooncalf pastures, and his dialect an accomplished mooncalf technique. So also he loves his work, and discharges in perfect happiness the duty that justifies his being. And so it is with all sorts and conditions of Selenites—each is a perfect unit in a world machine . . .

“These beings with big heads, to whom the intellectual labours fall, form a sort of aristocracy in this strange society, and at the head of them, quintessential of the moon, is that marvellous gigantic ganglion the Grand Lunar, into whose presence I am finally to come. The unlimited development of the minds of the intellectual class is rendered possible by the absence of any bony skull in the lunar anatomy, that strange box of bone that clamps about the developing brain of man, imperiously insisting ‘thus far and no farther’ to all his possibilities. They fall into three main classes differing greatly in influence and respect. There are the administrators of whom Phi-oo was one, Selenites of considerable initiative and versatility, responsible each for a certain cubic content of the moon’s bulk; the experts like the football-headed thinker who are trained to

perform certain special operations; and the erudite who are the repositories of all knowledge. To this latter class belongs Tsi-puff, the first lunar professor of terrestrial languages. With regard to these latter it is a curious little thing to note that the unlimited growth of the lunar brain has rendered unnecessary the invention of all those mechanical aids to brain work which have distinguished the career of man. There are no books, no records of any sort, no libraries or inscriptions. All knowledge is stored in distended brains much as the honey-ants of Texas store honey in their distended abdomens. The lunar Somerset House and the lunar British Museum Library are collections of living brains. . . .

"The less specialized administrators, I note, do for the most part take a very lively interest in me whenever they encounter me. They will come out of the way and stare at me and ask questions to which Phi-oo will reply. I see them going hither and thither with a retinue of bearers, attendants, shouters, parachute-carriers, and so forth—queer groups to see. The experts for the most part ignore me completely, even as they ignore each other, or notice me only to begin a clamorous exhibition of their distinctive skill. The erudite for the most part are rapt in an impervious and apoplectic complacency from which only a denial of their erudition can rouse them. Usually they are led about by little watchers and attendants, and often there are small and active-looking creatures, small females usually, that I am inclined to think are a sort of wife to them; but some of the profounder scholars are altogether too great for locomotion, and are carried from place to place in a sort of sedan tub, wabbling jellies of knowledge that enlist my respectful astonishment. I have just passed one in coming to this place where I am permitted to amuse myself with these electrical toys, a vast, shaven, shaky head, bald and thin-skinned, carried on his grotesque stretcher. In front and behind came his bearers, and curious, almost trumpet-faced, news disseminators shrieked his fame.

"I have already mentioned the retinues that accompanied most of the intellectuals: ushers, bearers, valets, extraneous tentacles and muscles as it were, to replace the abortive physical powers of these hypertrophied minds. Porters almost invariably accompany them. There are also extremely swift messengers with spider-like legs, and 'hands' for grasping parachutes, and attendants with vocal organs that could well-nigh wake the dead. Apart



"WABBLING JELLIES OF KNOWLEDGE."

from their controlling intelligence these subordinates are as inert and helpless as umbrellas in a stand. They exist only in relation to the orders they have to obey, the duties they have to perform.

"The bulk of these insects, however, who go to and fro upon the spiral ways, who fill the ascending balloons and drop past me clinging to flimsy parachutes, are, I gather, of the operative class. 'Machine hands,' indeed, some of these are in actual nature—it is no figure of speech, the single tentacle of the mooncalf herd is replaced by huge single or paired bunches of three, or five, or seven digits for clawing, lifting, guiding, the rest of them no more than necessary subordinate appendages to these important parts. Some, who I suppose deal with bell-striking

mechanisms, have enormous, rabbit-like ears just behind the eyes; some whose work lies in delicate chemical operations project a vast olfactory organ; others again have flat feet for treadles with anchylosed joints; and others—who I have been told are glass-blowers—seem mere lung-bellows. But every one of these common Selenites I have seen at work is exquisitely adapted to the social need it meets. Fine work is done by fined-down workers amazingly dwarfed and neat. Some I could hold on the palm of my hand. There is even a sort of turnspit Selenite, very common, whose duty and only delight it is to supply the motive power for various small appliances. And to rule over these things and order any erring tendency there might be in some aberrant nature are the finest muscular beings I have seen in the moon, a sort of lunar police, who must have been trained from their earliest years to give a perfect respect and obedience to the swollen heads.

"The making of these various sorts of operative must be a very curious and interesting process. I am still very much in the dark about it, but quite recently I came upon a number of young Selenites confined in jars from which only the fore-limbs protruded, who were being compressed to become machine-minders of a special sort. The extended 'hand' in this highly developed system of technical education is stimulated by irritants and nourished by injection while the rest of the body is starved. Phi-oo, unless I misunderstood him, explained that in the earlier stages these queer little creatures are apt to display signs of suffering in their various cramped situations, but they easily become indurated to their lot; and he took me on to where a number of flexible-limbed messengers were being drawn out and broken in. It is quite unreasonable, I know, but these glimpses of the educational methods of these beings has affected me disagreeably. I hope, however, that may pass off and I may be able to see more of this aspect of this wonderful social order. That wretched-looking hand sticking out of its jar seemed to have a sort of limp appeal for lost possibilities; it haunts me still, although, of course, it is really in the end a far more humane proceeding than our earthly method of leaving children to grow into human beings, and then making machines of them.

"Quite recently, too—I think it was on the eleventh or twelfth visit I made to this apparatus—I had a curious light upon the lives of these operatives. I was being guided

through a short cut hither instead of going down the spiral and by the quays of the Central Sea. From the devious windings of a long, dark gallery we emerged into a vast, low cavern, pervaded by an earthy smell, and rather brightly lit. The light came from a tumultuous growth of livid fungoid shapes—some indeed singularly like our terrestrial mushrooms, but standing as high or higher than a man.

"'Mooneys eat these?' said I to Phi-oo.

"'Yes, food.'

"'Goodness me!' I cried, 'what's that?'

"My eye had just caught the figure of an exceptionally big and ungainly Selenite lying motionless among the stems, face downward. We stopped.

"'Dead?' I asked. (For as yet I have seen no dead in the moon, and I have grown curious.)

"'No!' exclaimed Phi-oo. 'Him—worker—no work to do. Get little drink then—make sleep—till we him want. What good him wake, eh? No want him walking about.'

"'There's another!' cried I.

"And indeed all that huge extent of mushroom ground was, I found, peppered with these prostrate figures sleeping under an opiate until the moon had need of them. There were scores of them of all sorts, and we were able to turn over some of them, and examine them more precisely than I had been able to do previously. They breathed noisily at my doing so, but did not wake. One I remember very distinctly: he left a strong impression, I think, because some trick of the light and of his attitude was strongly suggestive of a drawn-up human figure. His fore-limbs were long, delicate tentacles—he was some kind of refined manipulator—and the pose of his slumber suggested a submissive suffering. No doubt it was quite a mistake for me to interpret his expression in that way, but I did. And as Phi-oo rolled him over into the darkness among the livid fleshiness again I felt a distinctly unpleasant sensation, although as he rolled the insect in him was confessed.

"It simply illustrates the unthinking way in which one acquires habits of thought and feeling. To drug the worker one does not want and toss him aside is surely far better than to expel him from his factory to wander starving in the streets. In every complicated social community there is necessarily a certain intermittency in the occupation of all specialized labour, and in this way the trouble of an unemployed problem is altogether anticipated. And yet, so unreasonable

are even scientifically trained minds, I still do not like the memory of those prostrate forms amidst those quiet, luminous arcades of fleshy growth, and I avoid that short cut in spite of the inconveniences of its longer, more noisy, and more crowded alternative.

"My alternative route takes me round by a huge, shadowy cavern, very crowded and clamorous, and here it is I see peering out of the hexagonal openings of a sort of honeycomb wall, or parading a large open space behind, or selecting the toys and amulets made to please them by the acephalic dainty-fingered jewellers who work in kennels below, the mothers of the moon-world—the queen bees, as it were, of the hive. They are noble-looking beings, fantastically and sometimes quite beautifully adorned, with a proud carriage and, save for their mouths, almost microscopic heads.

"Of the condition of the moon sexes, marrying and giving in marriage, and of birth and so forth among the Selenites, I have as yet been able to learn very little. With the steady progress of Phi-oo in English, however, my ignorance will no doubt as steadily disappear. I am of opinion that as with the ants and bees there is a large majority of the members in this community of the neuter sex. Of course on earth in our cities there are now many who never live that life of parentage which is the natural life of man. Here, as with the ants, this thing has become a normal condition of the race, and the

whole of such replacement as is necessary falls upon this special and by no means numerous class of matrons, the mothers of the moon-world, large and stately beings beautifully fitted to bear the larval Selenite. Unless I misunderstand an explanation of Phi-oo's, they are absolutely incapable of cherishing the young they bring into the moon; periods of foolish indulgence alternate with moods of aggressive violence, and

as soon as possible the little creatures, who are quite soft and flabby and pale coloured, are transferred to the charge of a variety of celibate females, women "workers" as it were, who in some cases possess brains of almost masculine dimensions."

Just at this point, unhappily, this message broke off. Fragmentary and tantalizing as the matter constituting this chapter is, it does nevertheless give a vague, broad impression of an altogether strange and wonderful world—a world with which our own must now prepare to reckon very speedily. This intermittent trickle of messages, this whispering of a record



"HIS ATTITUDE WAS STRONGLY SUGGESTIVE OF A DRAWN-UP HUMAN FIGURE."

needle in the darkness of the mountain slopes, is the first warning of such a change in human conditions as mankind has scarcely imagined heretofore. In that planet there are new elements, new appliances, new traditions, an overwhelming avalanche of new ideas, a strange race with whom we must inevitably struggle for mastery—gold as common as iron or wood. . . .

(To be concluded.)

His Majesty's Patent Office.

By JOHN MILLS.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new.
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.—TENNYSON.



HANCERY LANE, that lively thoroughfare between High Holborn and Fleet Street, is about equally divided between students and practitioners of the law on the one hand and patent agents on the other.

Here come the great army of inventors from the four corners of the earth, who hover about His Majesty's Patent Office like vultures over a dead carcass; and the patent specification, till recently clothed in blue, is the one thing ever present in most offices round about Chancery Lane. I fancy many of those constantly engaged in poring over and trying to unravel the mysteries contained in these blue-books will sometimes themselves feel blue.

As you enter the hall the inevitable sentry, with his peaked cap and blue frock-coat labelled "Patent Office," bars the way. This good old retainer knows every man in the building, and refers you at once to Room No. X Y Z, and the floor where the person sought may be found. If you happen to be lucky, the object of search may turn up quickly; but likely enough you will ramble for a while on a wild-goose chase along the wrong corridor and jump a time or two, like an escaped lunatic, out of the frying-pan into the fire. There is an air of bustling activity about the place. Decently clad, cheerful, and well-nourished officials, agents, or inventors constantly traverse the corridors, ascend and descend the great staircase, and pass in and out at the hall door; as often as not they carry in their hands the blue-clad specification which, in effect, they have individually married, so to speak, taken it for better and for worse with all its imperfections; for it is to them the way to wealth, whether

the path be long or short, straight or crooked, pleasant or nauseating.

Evelyn, in his diary, August 6th, 1657, says: "I went to see Colonel Blount, who showed me the application of the 'way-wiser' to a coach, exactly measuring the miles, and showing them by an index as we went on. It had three circles, one pointing to the number of rods, another to the miles, by ten to 1,000, with all the subdivisions of quarters; very pretty and useful."

I cannot here trace fully the many stages by means of which the present system of granting patents grew, as the result of efforts to eliminate the unjust monopolies granted in past times to favourites of the King for services rendered in connection with the Royal cause. A manuscript calendar of patents used to be kept at the old Patent Office in Quality Court, and it contained a record of grants from the year 1617 down to 1851; these have been printed at a cost of £90,000, and copies from 1617 to date may be had in the sales department. In 1884 the *Illustrated Journal of Patents* was founded; it contains only brief descriptions of the essential features of inventions with just enough illustration to elucidate the text, so that when a

person wishes to know if an idea is novel, he can find out by searching this journal in about one-tenth the time it would take if the full specifications were individually consulted.

All applications for patents must be made in English, and no models are required to demonstrate that the invention is workable. Provisional protection can be obtained for nine months at a cost of £1, and at the end of that time the complete specification will require a stamp, value £3. Every patent is granted for the term of fourteen years from the date of application, subject to the



MR. C. N. DALTON, COMPTROLLER OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

From a Photo. by J. Russell & Sons.

payment of the prescribed annual fees, which, for the ten instalments, amount to £95, but the annual fee gives an inventor a chance, at reasonable cost, of experimenting as to whether his novelty will succeed. Any person who represents that an article sold by him is a patented article when no patent has been granted for it is liable for every offence on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £5. The Patent Office does not undertake to give legal advice or opinions on any subject connected with patent law, which, like other laws, is left to the interpretation of professional men. The patent laws of this country make no provision for an official search as regards novelty, and, consequently, British patents are taken out at the risk of applicants, who are expected to cause a search to be made as to the novelty of their inventions either before they make, or before they complete, their applications. It is left to every person to protect his rights by opposition or otherwise. A patent is granted upon an application which passes the prescribed stages and is unopposed, whether the invention be novel or not.

Every application for a patent passes through known hands, and its progress is always capable of being followed, so that it could be traced at any instant to the care of the particular official attending to it. Inventors who come to the Patent Office are generally ignorant of what has gone before, and are often quite unfamiliar with the subject they are trying to improve. Sometimes by referring applicants to the illustrated abridgments they are obliged to go sadly away, though possibly still unconvinced that their ideas are old. Ladies, too, often worry the officials over patent ornaments or dress attachments.

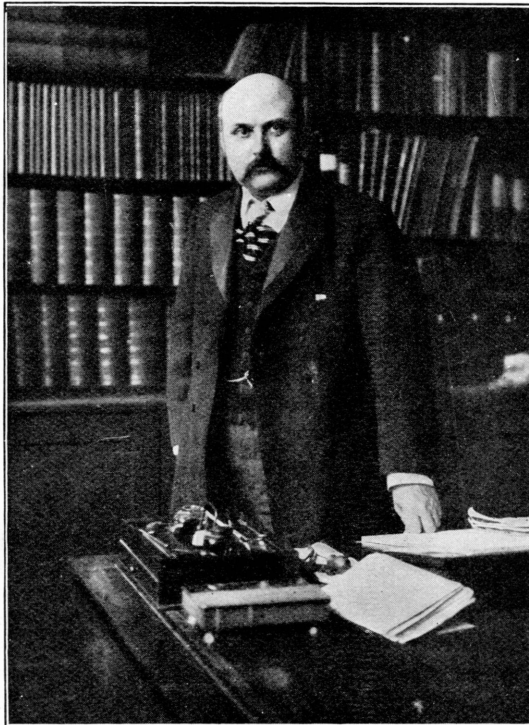
Mr. Cornelius Neale Dalton, C.B., the Comptroller, frequently holds a court within the office to hear oppositions to the grants of patents. He sits on a rostrum, and the opposing parties are disposed on opposite sides with a barrier between them! Kick my idea, kick me, is a point on which the inventor is rather sensitive, and the barrier is sometimes useful for preventing too close an embrace when the discussions become somewhat lively and the prospects bid fair to afford a prize-ring display where cool arbitration only is intended. This court is a most useful institution, and saves large

sums which might be otherwise wasted in litigation. Where a case at law might cost £300, the Comptroller, with his wide experience and the staff of experts in the office to assist him, can decide a case for as many pence, and so avoid a suit at law.

I do not regard the Patent Office as a perfect national institution as it exists at present, but it is infinitely better than it was twenty years ago, and there is a never-flagging zeal among its chiefs to approximate nearer and nearer the ideal stage. Compared with what Dickens called the "Circumlocution Office," it is changed indeed.

In his "Poor

Man's Tale of a Patent," Dickens gives us a vivid picture of the time and trouble and expense involved in getting a patent through. He says: "Look at the Home Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Patent Office, the Engrossing Clerk, the Lord Chancellor, the Privy Seal, the Clerk of the Patents, the Lord Chancellor's Purse-Bearer, the Clerk of the Hanaper, the Deputy Clerk of the Hanaper, the Deputy Sealer, and the Deputy Chaff-Wax. No man in England could get a patent for an india-rubber band, or an iron hoop, without feeling all of them. Some of



MR. HATFIELD, CHIEF EXAMINER OF PATENTS.

From a Photo. by George Neuenes, Ltd.

them, over and over again. I went through thirty-five stages. I began with the Queen upon the Throne. I ended with the Deputy Chaff-Wax. Note. I should like to see the Deputy Chaff-Wax. Is it a man, or what is it? What I had to tell, I have told. I have wrote it down. I hope it's plain. Not so much in the handwriting (though nothing to boast of there) as in the sense of it. I will now conclude with Thomas Joy. Thomas said to me, when we parted, 'John, if the laws of this country were as honest as they ought to be, you would have come to London, registered an exact description and drawing of your invention, paid half a crown or so for doing of it, and therein and thereby have got your patent.' My opinion is the same as Thomas Joy. Further, in William Butcher's delivering 'that the whole gang of Hanapers and Chaff-Waxes must be done away with, and that England has been chaffed and waxed sufficient,' I agree." At that time the officials were rather indifferent. Mr. Barnacle, junior, found those young gentlemen singeing their knees and gaping their weary way on to four o'clock. Inquirers were met with the answer: "Look here. Upon my soul, you mustn't come into the place saying 'you want to know, you know.'"

Applications for patents contrary to general law are refused; as, for example, those relating to gambling and to adulteration for purposes of deception, such as making milk to look like cream, or making the automatic machine give back the coin as well as the goods at certain intervals unknown to the purchaser. An inventor may take out a patent for almost any purpose imaginable, and it is therefore a great problem to classify such a higgledy-piggledy collection of subjects, so as to be convenient for reference, coming in as they do at the rate of about 30,000 annually, or 100 per day. The kernel, however, is taken out of each specification by the

abridger, and they are roughly divided into 146 classes of illustrated volumes handy for searching rapidly, as they are as nearly as practicable kept up to date. It has been suggested to further subdivide these classified volumes into 7 multiplied by 146, or 1,022! At the end of last year there were about 340,000 British specifications of patents, ranging from the year 1617 to 1900. The number of applications for patents during the year 1897 was 30,936, as compared with 30,194 in 1896 and 25,065 in 1895.

Although the number of patents applied

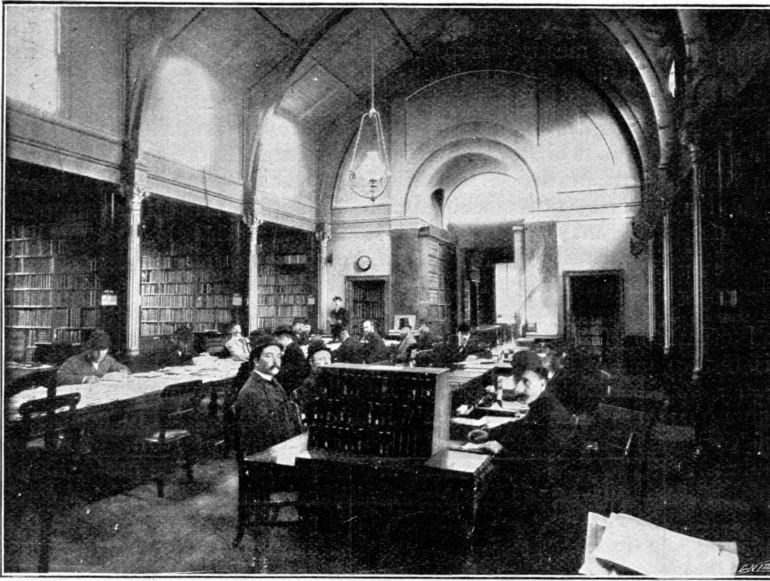
for illustrates the progress of inventive activity, it does not afford any reliable criterion as to the number which arrive at maturity. Out of the 30,194 in 1896, for example, only 13,360 were completed, the rest being allowed to lapse after the nine months' protection. In one hundred years 650,123 patents were granted in the United States. France comes next with 308,558; England, 278,000; Belgium, 154,155; Germany, 126,114; Austria-Hungary, 82,933; Canada, 65,510; Italy, 49,990. Thomas A. Edison, with 727 patents, is, perhaps, the most prolific of inventors. There are about forty other inventors each of whom has upwards of one hundred patents to his credit. Of 25,786 applications for patents in this country in 1899, 15,340 were from England and Wales, 3,022 the United States, 2,921 Ger-

many, 1,116 Scotland, 1,031 France, 431 Austria, 396 Ireland, 208 Belgium, 163 Canada, 137 Switzerland, 125 Russia, and 112 Italy. No other country contributed as many as one hundred.

The staff of skilled examiners of patent specifications includes men with special knowledge of almost every branch of applied science, so that inventions upon being filed are relegated for attention to persons having the necessary competence for dealing with particular cases. There are also several



THE OLD PATENT OFFICE LIBRARY—NICKNAMED
From a "THE DRAIN-PIPE." [Caricature.]



From a

THE PRESENT PATENT OFFICE LIBRARY.

[Photograph.]

barristers in the office, and to one of these I am indebted for much friendly assistance in preparing this article.

For a study in the evolution of libraries the Patent Office affords an interesting object-lesson. This most useful auxiliary to the numerous searchers after novelty began its career in a sort of tunnel in the old building which was pulled down a couple of years ago to make room for the fine new library buildings now approaching completion. A long table, ran down the middle of the tunnel, and it was a rather comical scene to see the readers in varied attitudes rummaging about after knowledge under difficulties in the artificial light which illuminated that peculiar structure called by courtesy the library, but which some person, name not recorded, tickled by the peculiar phenomenon, christened the "drain-pipe." At present the library is temporarily at Bishop's Court, about half-way up Chancery Lane, on the left, and as a working library for applied science and all that concerns invention there is nothing in London to compare with it. All departments of technical science and industry are represented; text-books and periodicals and

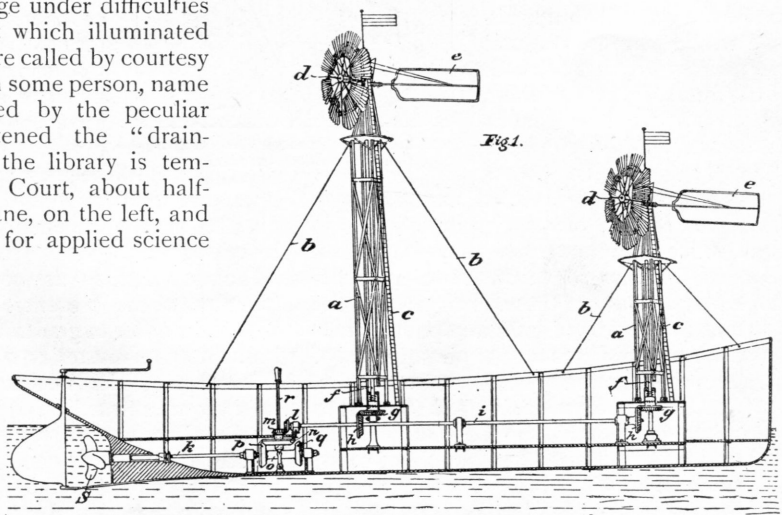
proceedings of learned societies for each subject are arranged so that the reader can locate himself near the literature he wishes to study, and open access is granted to practically all the library contains. Pens, ink, blotting-paper, and note-paper are supplied free and without stint, so that a reader may enter the library empty-handed and leave it with a complete essay in his possession, and then go to

the A.B.C. or B.T.T. round the corner for a refreshing cup of tea, feeling that he can afford it.

"An age is known by its inventions," says an old writer. If he meant by this that an age is great in proportion as its inventions are numerous, then he would have reckoned the present one great indeed. The variety of patents is endless, ranging from pins to flying machines and Keeley motors.

Some of the specifications are very curious.

There is a machine for washing and peeling potatoes, a workman's dinner-can with a never-cooling food-warmer, a pie-funnel, and



A BOAT DRIVEN BY WINDMILLS.

crust supporter combined; and all kinds of domestic appliances.

A patent for propelling boats by means of windmills embodies a good idea if it could only be made to work. A pair of windmills is arranged upon a vessel with hollow masts through which vertical shafts drive a horizontal shaft in the hull by bevel gearing, and motion is communicated to gearing wheels which may be connected by a sliding clutch for propelling in either direction, and should one windmill rotate faster than the other, and make the boat spin round instead of moving forward, the second windmill is thrown out of gear. The preceding illustration will make this plain. Considering that a battleship takes such a tremendous amount of coal to keep it alive, the Admiralty might take a hint from this; or, if they cannot maintain equilibrium by thus placing the prime mover at the top, they might succeed better by putting the fleet on telescopic stilts adjustable as to depth of sea, and let them wade.

Lecturers, clergymen, and lawyers whose memory may sometimes be rather treacherous will appreciate the genius of the inventor of the microphotoscope, of which we reproduce his own plans. It consists of a pair of spectacles, or eye-glasses, with one or a number of minute photographs arranged in or along the rim. The minute photographs are placed behind suitable magnifying glasses, and are so arranged that the eyes of the wearer may see either one or all the photographs without moving the spectacles. They may be photographs of written or printed matter, maps, views, landscapes, or any group of objects from which a photograph may be taken. Some of the uses to which the microphotoscope may be put are the following: For the student, the series of minute photographs along the rim might consist of photographs of an epitomized grammar, history, geography, etc. As the rims can be changed so often as new microphotographs can be obtained, the student would be spared the trouble of carrying books about with him. A lecturer might have lecture notes photographed and placed

in the rims of his spectacles; a lawyer his briefs, a clergyman his sermons, a tourist maps and views of the country he is travelling through, a shop-keeper a ready-reckoner, a doctor formulæ, a musician whole pieces of music, and a detective criminals wanted.

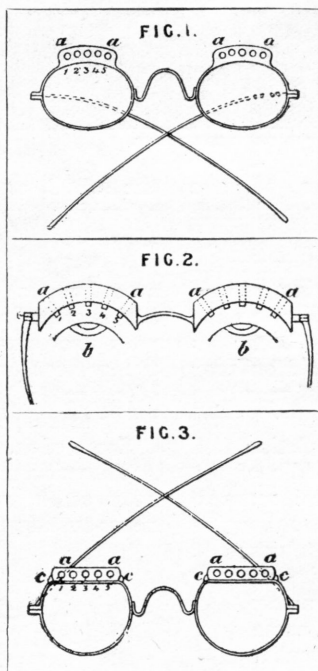
Acrobats are invited to use a patent shoe, soled with iron, which will enable the wearers, with the aid of powerful electro-magnets, to walk head downwards along a metallic ceiling like so many overgrown insects. A Paris invention is for making imitation damask by coating the linen or cotton fabric with celluloid and impressing patterns upon it. From Vienna comes the idea of a coffin-cover made of a material to prevent crushing by the weight of the earth, and to accelerate

decomposition. Another patent is for the protection of colouring matters by a compound which rejoices in the name of Nitro-alphylide-anthraquinone. In the year 1599 a grant was made to Captain Thomas Hayes for making of instruments of war for ten years. It was a military "hold-all" to contain a spade, a mattock, a hatchet, a saw, and not omitting an anvil and fourteen days' victuals. There is a proviso that the requirements of the Crown shall be supplied. In 1604 the patentee notified his intention to present the above invention to the Crown, offering the Master of the Ordnance £2,000 if he could get the invention introduced into the southern counties.

During the Civil War an inventor applied for a patent for a plough and cannon combined. The handles were to be guns, so that if the plough-

man were attacked he wheeled about, fired his gun, and, if the enemy fled, went on with his ploughing.

Tommy Atkins is not ignored by the inventor of the present time, who comes to his aid in order to gradually and easily initiate him into the mysteries of military art. For this purpose the necessary instructions to infantry are printed on a pocket-handkerchief so that the attention of the user may be constantly directed to the details of the rifle printed thereon; the trumpet-calls are musically represented, and drawings illustra-



THE MICROPHOTOSCOPE, OR READY-REFERENCE SPECTACLES.



FIG. 1.—WALKING ON THE BOTTOM.



FIG. 2.—PADDLING.

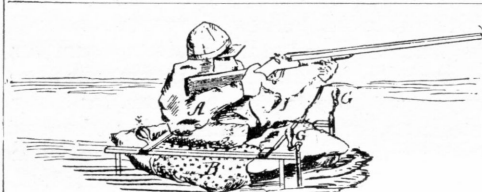


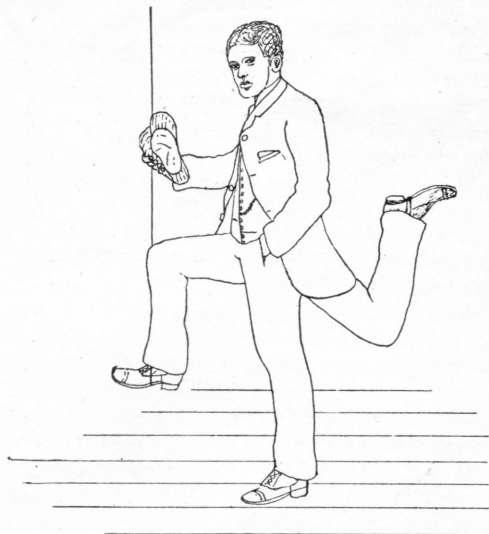
FIG. 3.—DUCK-SHOOTING.

AN INGENIOUS DRESS FOR DUCK-SHOOTING.

for protection in case of collision and to maintain steadiness in the water as in the case of a boat. The body, floated waist-high, can be urged forward by a screw propeller, and on the float is fitted an apparatus like enlarged duck-feet for working like a small pair of oars or paddles. Four persons, as well as the operator, can be supported on the float without overbalancing it. "For duck-shooting, where the use of a boat would disturb the birds, the dress or apparatus would enable the sportsman to approach almost insensibly, carrying his gun horizontally fixed on to the float by suitable fittings which protect the gun. This dress or apparatus is also adapted for use in deep-sea fishing, crossing rivers, navigating, and exploring purposes."

One of the most curious ideas I have come across is that of an inventor of "hair-scent extract." The scent or smell of the hair of healthy females possessing good digestion is said to possess energizing and animating influences, and is advantageous to the health. He makes an extract from human hair by means of milk and sugar and adds a small quantity of the purest alcohol. The resulting liquid is added in drops to water used in the preparation of viands, etc.

Another queer invention (here depicted) is designed to enable a person photographed to resemble the arms of the Isle of Man (three legs), by fixing to the person a third artificial leg



A DEVICE TO ENABLE THE USER TO RESEMBLE THE MANX ARMS.

tive of the attitude to be taken up or precautions to be observed by the soldier when left to his own resources are presented with printed instructions around the outer margin of the handkerchief. Getting gold from wheat by exchange at so many sovereigns per ton is plausible enough, but one inventor cuts up the wheat straw into fine square snips, and puts them in a jar of ordinary cold water. Allowing the steep to remain quiet for ten hours at a temperature of 59deg. Fah., he then strains off the liquor into a shallow pan, allows it to stand for twenty-four hours, and afterwards catches up the skim, allows it to dry, "so getting some results of films of gold."

A rather jolly and exhilarating contrivance for sportsmen consists of a waterproof dress with a buoy or float to encircle the waist of the wearer. As will be seen from the annexed drawings, within the buoy are fitted two separate tight chambers of india-rubber cloth

behind. It is either strapped to the person, hooked on by hooks or springs, or supported independently as a separate article of furniture, against which the "sitter" rests or presses. "This photographic studio appliance will be found to have a limited use in acting, and possibly other trades and professions besides photography—in fact, anywhere where the human figure can be advantageously made to mimic the Manx arms."

Volcanoes, those ulcerations of the earth's crust which vomit liquid fire, are, according to one inventor, to be harnessed and applied to useful purposes. The volcanic heat is to be drawn into receptacles provided with tubes for distribution to public and private buildings, even to great distances; the invention may be applied to heating baths, drying-rooms, and for distilling water. The water of marshes is to be purified by distillation, and "to condense it more quickly, ice-houses may be added to the centres." Really!

Children come in for a treat by way of what the inventor calls "Confectionery Jewellery." The object is to prevent all such mischiefs as the swallowing of hard materials used in the manufacture of jewellery by discarding such substances as coral, jet, glass, and metal, and replacing them by confectionery. Necklaces, brooches, earrings, and bracelets in the young wearer's untiring fingers and accommodating mouth will reduce the chances of harmful accidents, "and besides this, the pleasure derived from the wearing a pretty ornament will be supplemented by the satisfaction of enjoying a sweetmeat afterwards."

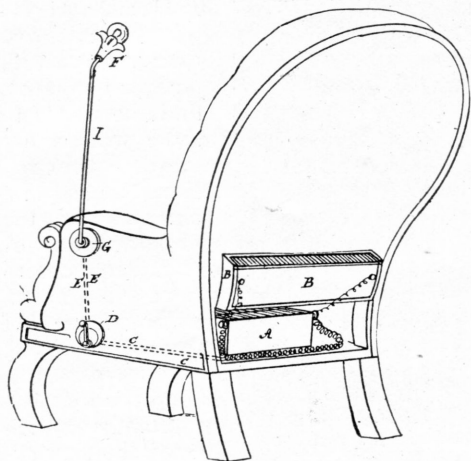
To devise an instrument able to record automatically not only the distance travelled by a bicycle or other vehicle, but also the various directions followed during the journey and the hills ascended or descended, would be by many people pronounced impossible. However, a little piece of apparatus called the "pathometer" has been invented which claims to do all these things. The record of distance travelled, of course, presents no difficulties. The record of directions is not so simple, but, as might be expected, it is obtained by means of a compass. As to ascents and declines, the problem is solved by a pendulum. The pathometer is fixed to the frame of the vehicle in such a way that this pendulum is free to move to and fro in the line of travel. Against the recording tape, which is carried on a drum that is rotated as the bicycle moves by the action of a "kicker" as in an ordi-

nary cyclometer, there presses a wheel with sharp teeth, able to cut into the paper. This wheel is controlled from the pendulum in such a way that when the latter is hanging in its middle position—as it does when the road is quite level—the line cut in the tape is straight and parallel to the edges of the strip, but when the pendulum is swung forwards or backwards the line is diagonal, its obliquity being proportional to the steepness of the road traversed. Hence with a knowledge of the constants of the instrument the gradients over which the vehicle has passed can be easily calculated.

Lamp-posts come in for a fair share of attention. In one case the inventor seeks to connect them with drains. Over the cage containing the light there are trays filled with disinfectants, so that as the sewage gas ascends through the lamp-post into the warm chamber chemical action with the disinfectants is facilitated, and the previously contaminated air escapes purified. The combination lamp-post and hydrant consists of a lamp-post carrying the usual lantern for gas or electric lighting, upon the glass of which the word "Fire" shows out in bold red letters. The usual fire-alarm drum for either electric or telegraphic communication, coupling-up hose for fire purposes, for filling water-carts, and for street-flushing, draw-off tap for use on cab-ranks, or for domestic water supply in time of frost are attached.

An artificial leg and foot which will enable a mutilated person to walk is a desideratum. The novelty consists in the foot being mainly a hollow india-rubber chamber which is inflated in the same way as is a bicycle tyre. The skeleton of the foot, so to speak, is of wood, and contains within it a rubber-faced joint which permits movements like those which take place at the ankle. A pair of rubber pneumatic pads surround the stump itself, so that no undue pressure is exerted on the tissues. It is said that a person who had undergone amputation of both legs below the knee, and who was wearing two of these limbs, although having little or no command over the knee-joint, was yet able to walk fairly well, and to go up and down stairs safely.

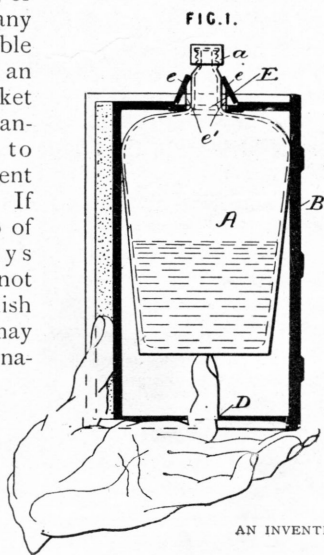
A mechanical duck that does everything except lay eggs has been invented by a Frenchman. The bird goes waddling in search of food and picks up seeds. These pass into its stomach through a series of triturations, and accomplish a process of digestion. It is said to be impossible to distinguish this duck from a living one. It



A CHAIR WHICH GENERATES ITS OWN ELECTRIC LIGHT.

splashes about in the water, flaps its wings, and quacks most realistically. The amphibious tricycle is also of French origin. It is constructed entirely of aluminium, with the exception of the chain and certain other parts, which require the use of steel. The wheels have enormous inflated rubber tyres, which make each wheel a watertight float, buoying up the machine on the water. The tricycle can be used indiscriminately on land or sea, and, although it does not run very rapidly, it may be of considerable use in special cases. It weighs but 66lb., and sinks, when fully loaded, to a depth of only 1ft.

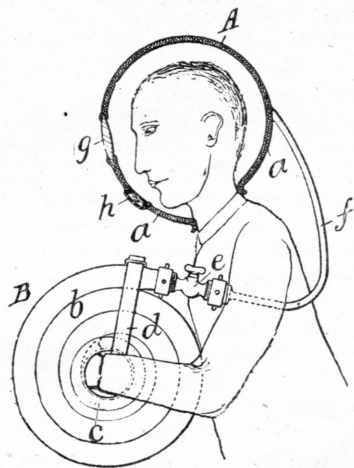
You may have incandescent lamps combined with your easy chair, sofa, and bed. A secondary or primary battery is arranged under, or within, or at the back of any piece of movable furniture, and an adjustable bracket supports the incandescent lamp, to which the current is led by wires. If you like a drop of whisky always handy and do not desire to publish the fact, you may have it in an ornamental covering made so as to entirely conceal the flask from observation, and at the same time



AN INVENTION FOR RENDERING THE LAW LESS DRY.

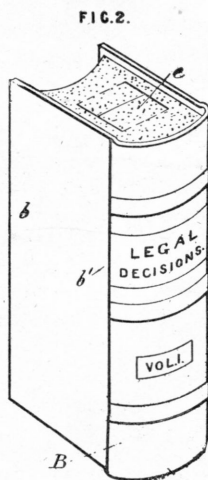
admit of ready access to its contents. For example, you can keep it on your shelves or desk in the form of a book labelled "Legal Decisions, Vol. I." There are trap-doors at the top to let out the neck of the flask, when raised by the finger through an aperture at the bottom. We give illustrations of both these ingenious devices.

For the use of miners, more especially, one inventor makes a coiled tube containing com-



A MUFF WHICH SUPPLIES FRESH AIR.

pressed air and carried like a lady's muff, handy for regulating a supply of fresh air to persons in a poisoned atmosphere. The idea will be easily understood from the illustration. A hood which fits over the head is connected with this reservoir, and thus



only pure air is breathed. Means are adopted for letting out the impure air, and also a window for seeing through the hood.

The largest specification of an invention ever presented at the Patent Office is next shown side by side with an ordinary specification. There are 104 large sheets of most elaborate drawings, and enough descriptive letterpress to fill an ordinary book. I have selected one

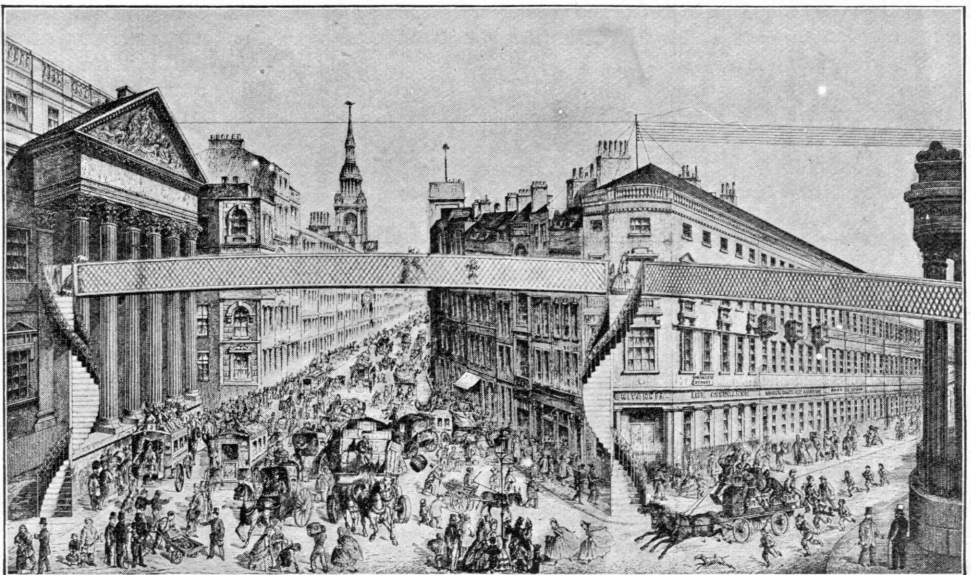


THE LARGEST SPECIFICATION EVER PRESENTED, SIDE BY SIDE WITH AN ORDINARY SPECIFICATION.

sheet as a sample of the industry of the inventor. It is a foot-bridge representing a means of crossing from the Mansion House to the Bank of England, but it is, of course, intended to apply equally well to any other crowded thoroughfare.

Kant, the philosopher, said that probably no really new idea ever occurs to anyone. It is more than likely that among all the millions upon millions of untold ages every conceivable idea has presented itself to someone or another, and Macaulay says: "Truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and

advance of science, and although we may smile at those writers who would endow mechanism with consciousness, "there are machines that have stomachs of their own, and consume the food themselves." I will close this article with a quotation from George Eliot in "Theophrastus Such": "What I would ask you is, to show me why . . . there should not at length be a machine of such high mechanical and chemical powers that it would find and assimilate the material to supply its own waste, and then, by a further evolution of internal molecular movements, reproduce itself by some process of fission or budding." And so the speculative thinker shoots ahead of the workaday inventor.



ONE OF THE DRAWINGS FROM THE LARGEST SPECIFICATION—A FOOTBRIDGE FROM THE MANSION HOUSE TO THE BANK.

reflect a light which, without their assistance, must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them." Nevertheless, invention and the development of machinery constitute the most striking feature of the century just closed. Imagination, it is true, has constantly anticipated the slow ad-



BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.

I CAME to England to marry an earl, if not a duke," said Sybil Fleetwood, "and I hope you won't try to dissuade me." The girl looked at Lancaster over her fan, and her grey eyes lighted with fun. "All my friends—that is, my rich friends—have married Englishmen with titles, and Poppa says he supposes I had better do the same. Not that he loves your English aristocracy; he likes men who do something for themselves in the world instead of living on their ancestors; but it's the thing for an American girl to annex a peer and——"

"I'd given you credit for more originality," said Lancaster.

"Oh, I've plenty of the aboriginal savage in me, I assure you," the girl laughed. "I wish sometimes that we could go back to the days of marriage by capture. I should like a man to do something to win me: something that other men couldn't do!"

The young man was looking at her piquant profile, and she, glancing up, could not fail to understand the message in his eyes. Miss Fleetwood blushed, although she was not ignorant of his feelings. She and Brooke Lancaster, the brilliant young inventor and man of science, were very good friends, and he would cheerfully have been a great

deal more if the girl could but be induced to listen to him seriously. Since the American heiress and her father came to London a few months before they had moved in much the same set. Attracted at first by her beauty, amused by her American frankness, these feelings had quickly developed into others much deeper and stronger, and Lancaster was fathoms deep in love for the first time in his busy, strenuous life.

"You see," Sybil went on, with a little embarrassment, and playing with a diamond bangle, "it's one's duty to make oneself envied at home. Ah! Here's Lord Weybridge"; and with a nod and a smile she walked away with the new-comer.

There was a cloud on Brooke Lancaster's clever face as he looked after the couple, who took a few turns in the waltz that was being played by the Blue Hungarians, and then strolled off together to the conservatory. To believe that the girl was heartless would be to give up his belief in life and goodness; he was certain that she was only masking her finer qualities under an affectation of frivolity; but he recognised at the same time the real temptation that stood behind the girl's laughing words, and he knew the Earl of Weybridge too well not to grudge him a wife less sweet than Sybil. "She lets *that* fellow

put his arm round her waist! If she only knew him as we men know him!" was his bitter thought as he moved away to the smoking-room.

He had lighted a cigarette and was watching the blue rings float upwards, when a hand was laid upon his sleeve, and turning, he saw the shrewd, wrinkled face of Mr. Fleetwood looking into his. "Not quite up to the mark to-night?" suggested the American. "Nothing wrong with that motor of yours, eh?"

"Oh, the motor's all right," answered Lancaster, with a smile; "the best motor in the world, though maybe it's not the best taste for me to say so. It's not the motor that worries me."

Brooke Lancaster's new motor, the latest child of his versatile brain, had more than once formed the subject of discussion with the American, who was himself the president of a company recently floated to introduce a new motor which, the Yankees declared, was to beat every other out of the field. "My hated rival," the elder man had jokingly dubbed the young Englishman, and they had had many good-humoured arguments as to the merits of their respective inventions.

"Look here," said the American, suddenly, after a moment's silence. "You want to marry my daughter, don't you?"

"I want her more than anything in the world," was the quiet answer.

"And you haven't much hope of her, eh?"

"Not as much as I should like to have," Lancaster gave him back with the elder man's own coolness, wondering what he was leading up to in this abrupt way.

"Well, she likes you. If you had a handle to your name she'd take you like a shot. Or, if you could pull off some big thing, and 'win her by capture,' as she'd put it. Well, you haven't the handle; but I'll give you a straight tip and a chance for the other thing. You say your motor-car is going to be the fastest thing on wheels, and if it is, why, the inventor's bound to be a big man before long, and a mighty rich one. Prove that you can do what you boast you can, and you shall have my girl. I'll guarantee that she'll go in for that test, and give herself as the prize if she's fairly won."

"What do you mean?" asked Lancaster, flushing a little.

"Syb and I are going to Paris to-morrow," said old Fleetwood, "and Lord Weybridge is going with us. I shouldn't wonder if he meant to propose for the seventh time—and that's supposed to be lucky, eh? We travel

by Newhaven and Dieppe, as Syb hates the dull journey from Calais. See us off at Victoria, go to Newhaven on your motor, get across the Channel with it as you can, and be on the station to welcome us in Paris. It's a race between the railways and your motor. If you come out on top I'll believe in you, and I'll believe in your motor. What's more, if Syb don't love you already, she's the sort of girl to adore a man who makes such a dash to get her, and succeeds."

"Thank you," said Lancaster, shortly. "Yes, I'll try it. But that means I must be off now."

They shook hands, and Brooke walked away. He scarcely saw the crowd of dancers in the ball-room, but he lingered a moment looking wistfully towards the conservatory, then turned and sought his hostess. He wanted to be alone to think. He murmured "Delightful evening," added something about "Going on somewhere," and passed from the brilliantly lighted house to the quiet of Grosvenor Square. He walked a very few yards slowly, then quickened his steps and went in the direction of Piccadilly, where he stopped at the door of an exclusive club and sent in his name to his rich friend, Lionel Dacre. By good luck Dacre was in, and a few moments later the two were in a snug corner of the smoking-room, where Lancaster poured out his remarkable story of old Fleetwood's eccentric offer.

Dacre gave a low whistle. "Can you do it?" he asked.

"I've said I will, but I don't know. You see, I finished the motor only a week ago and I can't tell what it will do, because I've not yet been able to put it to a thorough test. The stupid restrictions on speed in this country have prevented me getting the best out of her. I meant to go to France this week and test the car on the good roads there; now I shall have an opportunity. But to beat express trains on a long run when they are on level rails and have no trouble about steering, while I have to contend with gradients and traffic, and with such a prize as the reward—it's enough to break a man's nerve. I'll have a good try though, for I believe it would catch Sybil's fancy; and she does like me. In one thing, Dacre, you can help me; in fact, without you I'm done. I want the loan of your turbine yacht. You know they won't carry a motor-car across the Channel on the ordinary day passenger-boats; you have to send them by cargo-boat, and that puts me

out of the running at once. But if you can take me over in your yacht——”

“My dear fellow, I’m only too happy. Don’t call it *my* yacht.”

“You’ve bought it; but for your encouragement I should never have got through the worry of designing and building it.”

“What was my money against your brains? I believe that in the *Whim* you’ve struck as original an idea as you have in your new motor. You know the yacht’s engines have not been fully tested either since you built them for me. But to-morrow we’ll put to the test your two latest inventions—the turbine and the motor. Lucky the yacht’s at Newhaven. I’ll go to Charing Cross to-night and wire to them to have steam up to-morrow; and I’ll run down by an early train myself to have her alongside and ready when you come.”

“Dacre, you’re a brick!” Lancaster grasped his friend’s hand. “Now I must go, for I want to be up with the sun to overhaul the car and get everything ready. *Au revoir*, then, till Newhaven quay, with the steam up, ready to slip off the moment I arrive—say about 11.30.”

“Count on me,” was Dacre’s answer. Lancaster walked sharply towards his lodgings in South Audley Street. In crossing the road a brougham, rapidly driven, nearly ran over him. He leaped aside; and the glare of a street lamp, shining into the carriage, showed him the sulky eyes and the heavy chin of Lord Weybridge.

“Now, why on earth has *he* left the dance so early?” pondered Lancaster. “Half an hour ago he was with *her* in the conservatory; there are at least ten more dances; yet here he is, tearing home at half-past one in the morning. Can she have refused him?” His heart beat fast at the thought; and when the earliest rays of the sun waked him soon after five he was dreaming confusedly of a party in mid-Channel, with a turbine grinding out music while Sybil and Lord Weybridge danced on the waves.

The famous young inventor was above all a practical man, and to that he owed much

of his success. Jumping briskly out of bed he tubbed and walked to his workshop in a neighbouring street. He was in a state of high excitement as he thought of all that this day might hold; but the tension of his nerves only made him more energetic and resolute. He let himself into the silent workshop, where the duties of the day did not begin until nine o’clock. He went to the partitioned space where stood the car propelled by his new rotary motor, and patted the pneumatic tyres of the wooden wheels. He felt for the motor-car that was to carry him in the race for his love much as the rider feels for his horse; and he whispered to it, urging it to do its best for him; then, reddening at his own sentimentality, he flung off his coat, got into his overalls, and began a systematic examination of the car.

It was but a rough wooden box on wheels, splashed with the mud of the last trip, with common leather cushions and no attempts at decoration or upholstery. The carriage did not matter; it was the motor which was important. It revolutionized all ideas of motor construction. By a flash of genius the inventor had overcome one of the greatest difficulties in the building of internal explosion motors—the water-cooling. His design was on a



“WHEELING SHARPLY, HE FACED BLAIR.”

totally new plan—a motor that turned as it propelled the car, and in turning kept itself cool. No more water-tanks; no more leaking pipes, cumbersome radiators, and pumps that failed to act just when they were most wanted. The idea was audacious; he had worked at it for two years; now it was perfect, and the great test was to be made to-day.

He lifted out the bottom boards of the car, exposing to view the engine. Then he went over every part; unscrewing pieces, cleaning them with petrol, oiling them with specially selected oil. He lay on the top of the car, he crawled under it; he felt the bearings, examined the gear-wheels, tested the voltage of the electric accumulators, and adjusted the trembler of the magnetic coil. He took out and cleaned each one of the four sparking-plugs, and noted the length and "fatness" of the spark. Finally, he filled the petrol reservoir from an iron tank, straining the volatile liquid through a fine wire sieve, that no grit might get in to clog the carburettor; filled the self-acting oil-cups with the finest lubricating oil, and wiped every part of the mechanism with a piece of dry cotton waste. Then he took the starting-handle, gave a turn or two, and the motor leaped into active, impetuous life, buzzing with a rhythmical hum like the purring of a great dynamo. Lancaster hung over his invention with somewhat the pride of a mother who hangs over the cradle of her first-born. He listened to the beat of the pistons, watched the lifting and falling of the valves, noted the gentle "puff, puff" of the exhaust. All was well and he stopped the engine. Then, as he fell back to take a more comprehensive glance at the car, he cannoned against someone who had just turned the corner of the partition. Wheeling sharply, he faced Blair, his favourite mechanic, the man who knew more about the new rotary motor than anyone except its inventor.

Blair had been coming in like a cat. He went white and red as his master looked at him. "You're early this morning," remarked Lancaster.

"Yes, sir," said Blair. "Fact is, sir, I had a bad dream, and thought I'd come to the workshop and have a look round. Never thought I should find you here, sir."

"I daresay not. I didn't sleep well, either." Then quickly he told Blair of the expedition that was planned for the day, said that his services would be required on the trip, and, bidding him get his breakfast and return in an hour, Lancaster locked the workshop door and went back to his rooms.

The boat-train for Newhaven leaves Victoria Station at ten in the morning. Ten minutes before that hour Lancaster guided his car into the station-yard and drew up by the departure platform, leaving his mechanic in the car. At the door of a first-class compartment he found Mr. Fleetwood and his daughter.

"So good of you to turn up to see us off," said Sybil. "We meet at St. Lazare again to-night, don't we?" There was no hint in her voice that the occasion was an exceptional one; no suggestion that the appointment for that evening in Paris was not as sure as if he were travelling by the same train. Lancaster looked in her baffling eyes and smiled. "I hope to be there in time to see your train arrive," said he, calmly. At this instant Lord Weybridge bustled up with an armful of papers, acknowledging, with a chilly nod, the presence of his rival. The guard blew his whistle, the engine screamed, old Fleetwood gave his whimsical challenging look, Miss Fleetwood smiled, with brilliant eyes and flushed cheeks, and the train was slipping out of the station.

Lancaster turned and walked out to the motor-car. His lips were set in a straight line, his chin advanced a little, which was a trick of his when there was important business afoot. He took his place at the steering-wheel, and started the car on the lowest speed—five miles an hour. A crowd had gathered round the odd-looking carriage, with its unfinished body; and as it glided into the street some chaffing cries went after it. But Lancaster did not hear; his eyes were on the road. To put the car at high speed through the traffic of London was impossible. He had to wind in and out among cabs, waggons, bicycles; he had to be on the look-out for officious policemen ready to swear he was going eighteen miles an hour when he was going eight. But in Vauxhall Bridge Road he slipped in the second speed, and the car darted forward at fifteen miles an hour. Already he was crossing the Thames, with a long run through the suburbs of Brixton and Streatham before anything like a free road was to be had. Sixty miles lay before him, accomplished by the train in an hour and a half. With a clear road he would have backed himself against the train; but while he dodged in and out among the traffic, shaving tram-cars, slipping in front of vehicles when he could, falling behind when a collision would be the result of pushing on, he realized with bitterness that he must surely be beaten

in this the first stage of the race. Could he pick up on the second? He dared not think of that now; but with a firm hand on the steering-wheel, and a ready foot controlling the friction clutch and brake, he rushed on through Brixton, and once past it, and in the clearer road by Streatham, he slipped in the third speed. Like a greyhound the car leaped forward, increasing in a few yards from fifteen to thirty miles an hour. It was risky. People stopped to stare after him, and some shouted. On reaching Croydon he had to slow down to the "legal limit," a sedate twelve miles an hour, but beyond he quickened the pace again. By Purley he swung to the left, quitting the main Brighton road, and running for the steep ascent to Caterham. At last he was leaving London behind and the open country lay beyond.

The car took the Caterham Hill on the third speed, and on the more level ground he applied the fourth. Like a horse answering to the spur the car quickened with a rush to its full normal speed of forty-five miles an hour; but, as the cunning jockey keeps a little in reserve, so Lancaster could call on his engine for a still greater effort by advancing the "sparking" of the motor. He and Blair crammed their caps close down on their heads, as the air swept by their ears like a cataract. Lancaster was reckless now. He meant to make up for the time lost in the streets of London. No one could check him. If a constable saw him flying lightning-like through the country and telegraphed on to have him stopped at a farther point, who was going to carry out the order? So he pushed over a little lever on the steering-post and the four pistons throbbed a yet quicker beat. It was nearly sixty miles an hour, faster than the boat-train ran at any part of its journey. A pillar of dust swirled behind him; farms and fields shot by like pictures in a cinematograph. Down the long

slope to East Grinstead the pace was nearer seventy than sixty miles an hour, but he had to slow down to go through the streets of the town. Then on again, over open, undulating country, through Maresfield and Uckfield to sleepy Lewes, where caution was necessary, and he had to slow down to twelve miles, after the wild rush from Caterham. Quitting Lewes, there was a winding road, with rough,



"PEOPLE STOPPED TO STARE AFTER HIM."

uneven surface to Newhaven Harbour, and here it was not safe to travel at anything higher than thirty miles an hour.

As Lancaster brought the car to a stop alongside the quay at Newhaven he looked at his watch. He had been exactly two hours from Victoria Station, and the boat had left for Dieppe half an hour ago! He had come at an average speed of thirty miles an hour. It was a feat, considering that for mile after mile, through London and its long suburbs, through towns and villages, he had had to slow down to the legal limit. He saw Dacre's yacht lying alongside the quay, and next moment the owner himself was coming to meet him.

"Grand!" ejaculated Dacre, seizing his hand; "the boat left just on time; she's been gone only half an hour. We can overtake her yet, and be in Dieppe before her. I've had a sling arranged to lift the car on board, and steam's up."

"Don't trouble about the sling," replied Lancaster; "there's no time for that. I'll drive the car on board."

"But, my dear fellow, the tide's low, and the descent's so steep that it will not be safe."

"That's all right, old fellow. I have brakes that will hold the car on any incline. Tell them to lay some planks on board, will you?"

Hastily Dacre gave directions to the men who were waiting to work the derrick. Broad planks were laid down sloping to the deck of the yacht below. Lancaster mounted into the car and drove her to the edge of the quay, Blair following. The descent looked perilously steep, and the spectators held their breath as the dusty car began to go slowly downwards. It seemed impossible that the brakes could hold her on that fearful gradient, but she crept down like a living thing, and when she came to rest on the deck a cheer went up in recognition of the pluck of the performance. Five minutes later the yacht had cast off and was steaming for the harbour mouth.

The *Whim* was the only pleasure craft in the world fitted with Lancaster's new turbine engines. It had been Dacre's pride to further his friend's ambitions, and when the Admiralty, with their usual caution, had declined to adopt the young inventor's design, Dacre had begged him to fit the engines into a new yacht of his own, declaring that they would astonish the world. When the motor-car had been secured on deck the two went below to look at the turbines. One of Lancaster's men, trained by him, was in charge, and grinned appreciatively as he pointed to the dial marking the number of revolutions. "Fastest craft afloat, sir," he called into the inventor's ear. She cut the water with the swiftness of a torpedo-catcher, throwing up behind her a great curving wave. In front of them, when the friends went on deck again, they could see the *Arundel*, the fast boat of the Brighton line, steaming full speed to France; but her pace was sluggish compared with that of her pursuer. The engineers had orders to get all they could out of the motors, and it was clear that the Channel greyhound was being rapidly overhauled.

With their glasses Dacre and Lancaster, standing on the bridge of the *Whim*, could see that everyone on the *Arundel* had turned to look at the strange craft that came flying after them. With every revolution of her propellers the *Whim* gained many yards, and within the hour of starting from Newhaven they were within hailing distance. All the passengers were crowding to the gunwale to examine the craft that could so easily out-steam one of the swiftest of the Channel boats. Now the two ships

were abreast, scarce fifty yards of green water separating them; and, standing out from the crowd of faces, the only one that Lancaster saw was the fair face of Sybil Fleetwood.

"Do you see them?" asked Dacre. "She's there, with old Fleetwood on one side of her and Weybridge on the other. They seem to be looking at us. Yes, by Jove; she's waving a handkerchief. I almost think I can see her blushing, and I'm certain that Weybridge is green."

But the lover had seen the girl before his friend had, and kept his eyes fixed on hers until they faded with the rapidly-increasing distance. The time he had lost on the run from London to Newhaven was being gloriously made up now, and his heart beat with hope that he might yet win the race. The *Whim* was steaming at least half as fast again as the *Arundel*, and it was little more than a momentary glimpse that Lancaster had of the face that was all the world to him; but that one look, the sight of the girl's excitement, was like wine in his veins. At luncheon he could hardly eat, though his friend pressed him to keep up his strength for the ordeal before him; and he was restless until he could get on deck again and look for the chalk cliffs of Dieppe. All that was to be seen of the *Arundel* was a long flag of smoke lying along the horizon.

Dieppe Harbour was made by the *Whim* in two and a half hours from Newhaven; they had therefore gained a full hour and a half upon the other ship. The tide was low, and when the yacht was berthed alongside the quay Lancaster called again for planks to be put in position that he might drive the car up the improvised gangway and on to French soil. He strode over to the car to superintend the unlash of it, and his quick eye saw a thing that turned him pale. He stooped, snatched a pair of pliers from the tool-box, and seized something that projected from the smooth surface of the huge tyre on one of the driving-wheels. With a wrench he drew out a long nail; a whistle of air followed, and the huge tyre slowly deflated.

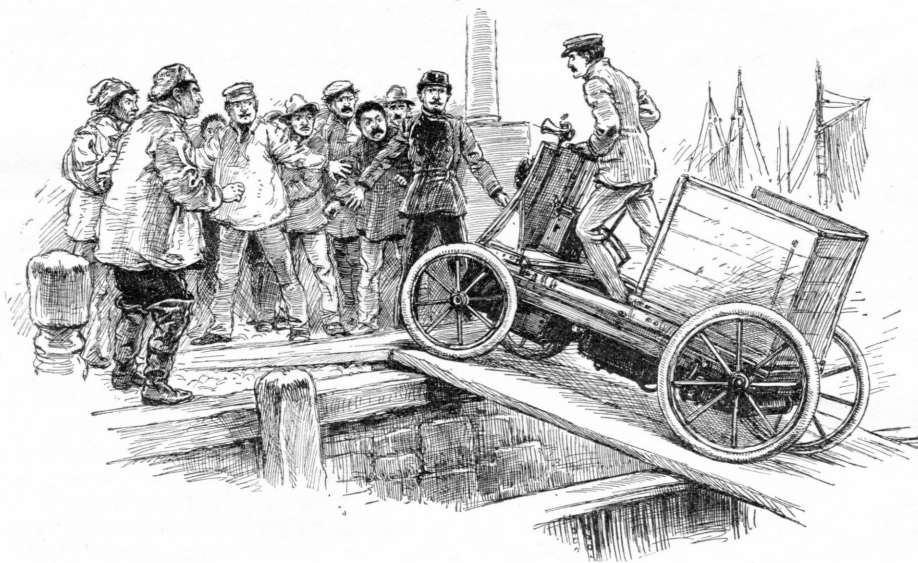
The moment the yacht had touched the quay Blair had been sent on shore to buy a good supply of "benzo-moteur," a special French preparation of petrol, of an extremely volatile character. With this Lancaster intended to refill his petrol-tank for the journey to Paris; and as he stood frowning at the nail which he had just pulled out Blair appeared on the edge of the quay above.

His face went grey, and he hastened on board with a tin of "essence" under each arm. "Good gracious, sir," he cried when he saw the nail, "it must have been lying on the ground at Newhaven. What a mercy it didn't happen on the road, when we was going sixty miles an hour, and how fortunate that you found it now, sir, before we started!"

Lancaster called for the lifting-jack, had the car raised, the tyre taken off, and a spare one that he carried for such an emergency put into its place, and blown up with the foot-pump. It was a delay of a quarter of an hour; but every instant was precious now, with a run of a hundred miles to Paris.

"Shall I fill up with the new stuff, sir?" asked Blair, beginning to unscrew the tap of the petrol-tank; but his master told him to wait until they got on land, saying he could do that while the Customs formalities were being settled; and then, to the amazement of the *douaniers* and loafers on the quay, he drove the car ashore up the steep incline, as he had driven it down at Newhaven.

were drawn out and handed to him. All was ready. Dacre grasped his friend's hand and wished him luck; Lancaster was in his place in the car, and Blair was wielding the starting-handle. But the motor would not start. Again and again Blair gave the necessary initial impetus; but there was no explosion in the cylinders; the motor remained inert. Lancaster jumped down and examined the taps and valves. Five minutes had been wasted, and he could find nothing wrong. This time he took the starting-handle himself, but with no better result. What could be the cause of this unexpected *contretemps*? Carefully he followed every inch of the electric wire, in case the insulating material might be worn away by friction and "short-circuiting" be taking place. But all was in perfect order. Perhaps the valves, or one of them, was foul. Yet that could hardly be, as they had been right that morning in London, and the run since had been comparatively short. A quarter of an hour was gone. At this rate he should lose the advantage he had



"HE DROVE THE CAR ASHORE UP THE STEEP INCLINE."

Lancaster was ready for the Custom-house. He supplied in an instant the weight of the car, with its distinguishing marks, and had ready in his pocket-book the precise sum that was payable as duty for bringing the car into France. He whispered to the clerk of the *douane* that he wished to start at the earliest possible moment for Paris, and pressed a *louis* into his hand. This expedited matters; in less than ten minutes the papers

gained over the *Arundel*, and should have to start on equal terms with the express train to Paris. He began to feel a sinking of the heart. Blair made all kinds of suggestions, and recommended that each valve should be examined. He had already begun to unscrew one of the inlet valves, when Lancaster told him to stop. He could not believe that anything was wrong with the motor which he had himself put in order that

morning. Therefore, the non-starting must be due to something that had happened later. Perhaps the "essence." No sooner did the thought frame itself than he opened the tap and smelt at the spirit. Then he seized a small measure which he carried with him, let some of the spirit fall into it, and held it up to the light. It gave off scarcely any appreciable vapour.

"Is this the stuff I told you to get?" he demanded of Blair.

"The same, sir."

"Then it's been adulterated." Lancaster took the densimeter from its case and let it float in the spirit. Dacre and the *douaniers* had gathered round. Everyone felt that some game was being played to which they had no clue; so fierce did the Englishman look, so shame-faced the mechanic. The instrument showed that the spirit was largely mixed with water; for driving a motor-car it was worthless. But for the course of reasoning that led Lancaster to think of the "essence," but for his complete confidence in his own work of the morning, he might have wasted an hour and more in taking to pieces the eight valves of the four cylinders. Now he had fathomed the mischief. He called for a bucket, opened the tap, and let all the stuff run out of the petrol-tank. Then he examined the spare tins of the "benzo-moteur" that he was going to carry with him; saw that the orifices were properly sealed; tested the contents of each tin, nevertheless, with his densimeter, and not till then filled up the tank again with his own hands. With one turn of the starting-handle the motor now leaped into activity. Dacre breathed a great sigh of relief. He was very fond of Lancaster, and could not bear to see him fail. With a wave of the hand Lancaster steered for the gates that led from the quay into the town of Dieppe, Blair leaped to his place beside him, and the third part of the race was begun. But nearly three-quarters of an hour had been lost of the advantage the *Whim* had gained.

Lancaster knew well the shortest road to Paris, knew what turns to take to avoid the terrible *pavé* which is heart-breaking to the automobilist. With a wind whistling about his ears he drove the car smartly through the streets of Dieppe away to the country beyond. The roads were broad and gently undulating; and once clear of the town he increased the speed to its full extent. The car flew over the smooth surfaces of the French roads. He met few vehicles, and was able to keep to his break-neck

pace for one kilomètre after another. He sped through endless apple-orchards, shot out suddenly on to the edge of a plateau with a great view below him, and found himself rushing down a long, winding hill to the embowered town of Neufchâtel. Then up a hill and on with the speed of an express, slacking only to pass through villages lying far apart, to Forges les Eaux. Again the lover's hopes were high.

To Gournay he made splendid time and rattled on to Gisors, where came his first mistake. Instead of turning to the left before the railway crossing he kept straight on, only realizing his error when he saw stretch before him in a long, undulating line that disappeared at the horizon a terrible extent of *pavé*. To attempt to traverse it meant delay, if not accident; to lose time by retracing his steps to Gisors, and there get on the right road, was maddening. Perhaps there might be some by-road on which, by a *détour*, he might avoid the *pavé*. He saw a man working in a field—the only living figure in the whole wide landscape. Stopping the car and jumping down he ran to talk to the peasant. No; there was nothing for it, he was told, but to return to Gisors. He was striding back to the car when he heard an exclamation from Blair, who, leaning out, stared down at the near wheels. The man turned a frightened face on his master, and to his dismay the inventor saw a great rent in the tyre of one of the steering-wheels.

"It was that sharp stone there, sir, that cut it," said the man. Lancaster looked gloomily at the tyre, noted the clean cut of the gash, picked up the stone that Blair had pointed out, and felt its edge. Then a terrible suspicion flashed into his mind. He fixed his eyes on the face of the mechanic, and read guilt there.

"Get down," commanded the master, grimly. The man obeyed, standing before him in the road. "Farther away; clear of the car," he ordered again; then the inventor set desperately to work alone, lifted the automobile, took off the tyre, and put on the only remaining spare one. Now, if there were to be another puncture, it would be more serious—a case of repairing, not replacing. When he had finished he started the motor and turned the car. He had not looked at Blair, but the mechanic came running forward.

"Oh, sir, forgive me!" he cried. "I was tempted! I'm sorry now. You have always been good to me."

Lancaster's heart was hot within him; yet



"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT, HE WAS TOLD, BUT TO RETURN TO GISORS."

he looked coldly at his favourite workman. The very meanness of the fellow forbade that he should explode in anger.

"How much were you to get?" he asked, quietly.

"A hundred pounds," was the low answer.

Lancaster started the car, and Blair came running after, calling out to him to stop, saying that he would tell everything, begging not to be left behind. His master did not listen. He put on the second speed, then the third and fourth, and was racing back to Gisors. As he flashed through the landscape more than one mystery grew clear: Blair's early visit to the workshop, the nail in the tyre, the watered essence. The traitor had been bribed to prevent the winning of the race, it was not difficult to guess by whom.

At Gisors there was a delay of five minutes because the railway-gate was shut; then there was a long sweep to the right to Meru, necessary to avoid the *pavé*. For the first time since he left Dieppe Lancaster looked at his watch and made a calculation. Fate favouring him, he might yet be in Paris in time; but a storm was blowing up, with black clouds that meant rain and greasy roads, and side-slip—greatest peril of all to a quick-

travelling automobile. He drove with one glance on the road, the next at the sky.

Presently the storm broke, with lashing rain that nearly blinded him. The dust was turned to mud. Lancaster had not abated speed; and shortly, without an instant's warning, the car skidded, sliding bodily, broadside on, across the road. With a jerk of the steering-wheel the driver managed to right it before it ran into a ditch; but it was a warning that he dared not disobey, and he dropped to a lower speed.

Unless he could keep up his pace the contest was over. With tense muscles and eyes searching the roadway he sped on south towards Pontoise and the Seine. In a village a policeman leaped into the road and signalled him to stop; but Lancaster was blind and deaf.

At last, the suburbs of Paris; and the road lay

through Maisons Lafitte to the barrier at Porte Maillot. If the policeman had telegraphed on to have him stopped he might be robbed of victory just as it was in his grasp. So, as he approached the great iron gates which mark the limits of Paris he slowed down almost to walking pace. A long line of country carts and other vehicles was moving through, stopping to submit to the examination of the *octroi* officers. But another gate was half open, and Lancaster took the desperate resolve to dash through it. A delay here would mean defeat, and, even if the police were not on the look-out, the measuring of the "essence" he carried in his tank, the formality of paying duty and getting a receipt, would cost him the quarter-hour which meant the difference between success and failure. Suddenly he turned out of the line of vehicles, put on speed, and steered for the gate. A policeman saw and made a rush, but the car shot through as the gate clanged. There was a flutter among the clustering officials; somebody shouted an order; then a glance over his shoulder told Lancaster that a policeman had mounted a bicycle and started in pursuit.

To the Englishman Paris was as familiar

as London, and he steered straight for St. Lazare Station, his face grim and set. The traffic was thick, the roads greasy, and more than once the car went waltzing out of its course in a way that threatened collision or upset. Policemen held up their white bâtons in signal to stop; people cried after him; while one courageous *gendarme* made as though he would leap into the car and effect an arrest; but his heart must have failed at the last moment, for he sprang aside as the car swept by. No time now to look at clock or watch. It was a question of moments. As to what might happen after-

for a coin and thrust it into the man's hand. It was a sovereign. He was allowed to push his way through. The train was slowing down now, the passengers beginning to descend. Lancaster's eyes were strained in their eager search.

At this instant the door of a first-class compartment almost in front of him was thrown open, though the train was not yet stationary. Lord Weybridge, more active than ever before in his forty-five years, sprang out hopefully, surveying the platform. "Not here!" Lancaster heard him exclaim.

But Sybil Fleetwood was standing in the open door, her father looking out over her shoulder; and her eyes were not for Weybridge. With an exclamation that sounded like

joy she pointed to a tall figure in a leather coat, grey with rain-streaked dust. The train had stopped and Lancaster hurried forward, his peaked cap in his hand.

There was a sensation of choking in his throat, yet he managed to speak as quietly as if they were in a ball-room and he was asking for a dance.

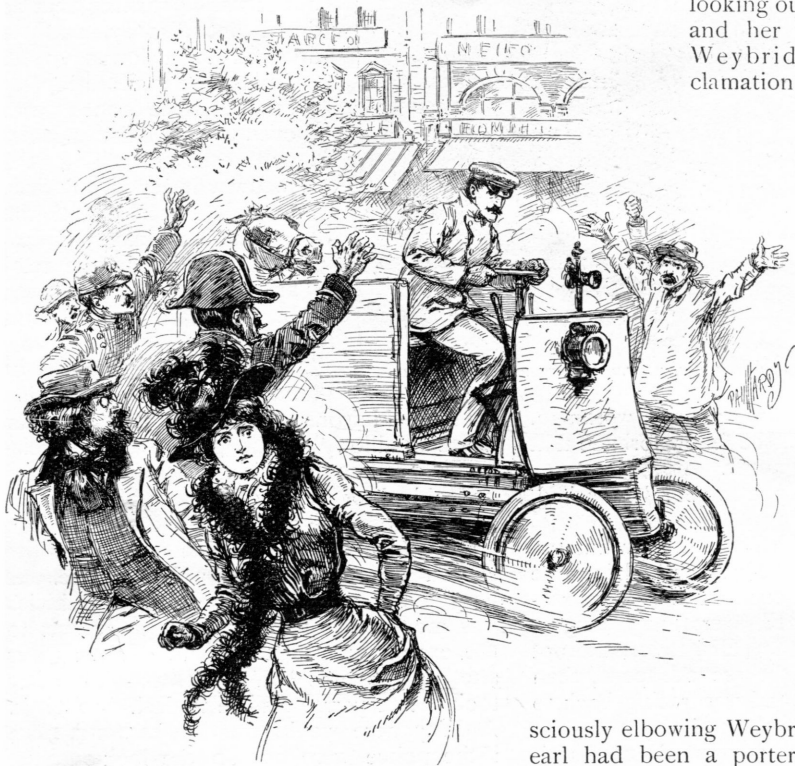
"How do you do?" he asked, uncon-

sciously elbowing Weybridge aside, as if the earl had been a porter. "So glad to see you; so glad to be able to welcome you."

Sybil gave him her hand and let him help her to descend. "And I'm glad to see you," she said, with emphasis meant for him to understand. He pressed the gloved fingers, and they answered the pressure. Eyes spoke what lips could not say; and then a *gendarme* laid a heavy hand on Lancaster's shoulder.

"I arrest you for evading the *octroi* and for furious driving," he announced in French.

The Englishman turned upon him. "That's all right, my dear fellow," said he, with a beaming smile.



"IT WAS A QUESTION OF MOMENTS."

wards Lancaster did not care, so that he won the prize. Followed by a shouting crowd the Englishman steered his car into the courtyard of the station, leaped from it, and darted upstairs, his heart pounding in his ears, a mist before his eyes.

A train was just puffing up. What train? That was the question. Had the boat-train come and gone? or— As he pushed on the ticket-collector would have stopped him at the barrier. Mechanically Lancaster felt

Lord Rosebery's Turf Successes.

BY ARTHUR F. MEYRICK.



F Lord Rosebery's many biographers few have ever dealt at any great length with his remarkable turf successes. Most of us know that his mother, Lady Stanhope, married the Duke of Cleveland; but it may not be generally known that as a sportsman he inherits his love for horse-racing from the Clevelandlands. But one has to only turn up the pages of an old "Weatherby's" to find that, among many victories, one of his lordship's relatives won the St. Leger of 1831 with a colt called Chorister, which beat two dozen starters.

Lord Rosebery's love of sport early developed itself; indeed, apart from his strong liking for horse-racing, his Eton companions soon saw his keenness for all manly pastimes. Lord Rosebery was at Eton in 1864 and the two following years, and I am indebted to his lordship for the accompanying photographs of his college days and turf career.

Oxford to his lordship was a sort of "go as you please." There was a smart sporting set there during the three years "he was up," and racing seemed more in his line than real study. To quote the words of one intimately acquainted with him at Christ Church: "Oxford in Lord Rosebery's days was not the Oxford of the present time. There is now no Bullingdon sports or running to Aylesbury or Moreton chases; indeed, so far as district horse-racing is concerned, not only have the Port Meadow races long since been done away with,

but the last has also been seen of those pleasant 'grinds.'" The "Bullingdon" referred to was a sporting club, and I am here allowed to reproduce a most interesting photograph of a group of its members at that date. Of Lord Rosebery's Oxford

companions there were in the hard riding division Mr. C. S. Newton, Lord Melgund, who used to take the assumed name of "Mr. Rolly," and Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir William Milner, Earl of Ilchester, Sir George Chetwynd, Lord Lansdowne, Major L. Rolleston (wounded in South Africa, but since appointed on the Yeomanry Commission), and Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, who, like Mr. Newton, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Sir George Chetwynd, is at the present day a prominent member of the National Hunt Committee. Apart from those with keen interests in hunting and racing, the "key" to the photo-

graph of the Bullingdon Club further shows many eminent names of Lord Rosebery's contemporaries at Oxford.

It will be seen that Lord Rosebery forms a conspicuous figure of the Bullingdon group, the photograph of which was taken at Christ Church; but their club ground, where its members used "to sport," was a little way out of Oxford—in fact, was held on the same ground upon which the barracks now stand. One who knew it well tells me that all the men of highest social standing belonged to the club, and they used to dine about three times a year in a barn,



LORD ROSEBERY AT ETON.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.



LORD ROSEBERY AT OXFORD.
From a Photo. by Mayall.
(By permission of the Proprietors of *Baily's Magazine*.)



From a Photo. by]

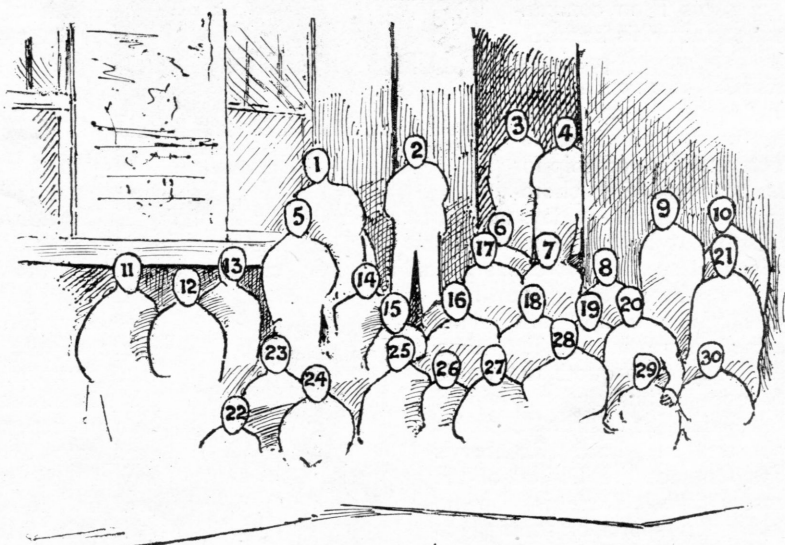
A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE BULLINGDON CLUB IN 1869.

[Hills & Saunders.

lent by the owner of the ground. Festive cricket (although many good cricketers played) and horse races were the chief amusements, and it was here that the "Dark Blues"

got fit for their battles at Aylesbury with Cambridge. Oxford riders were more numerous than those of Cambridge, but the latter was not far behind Oxford, for Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, a sort of Dick Christian, came over to Aylesbury in that era. It is true that Lord Rosebery never "sporting silk" himself, but he took more than ordinary interest in these competitions; in fact, he ran several steeple-

chasers with varied success. It was at Aylesbury, one of the finest natural steeplechase courses in the kingdom, that the two Universities had most of their



A KEY TO THE BULLINGDON CLUB GROUP.

1 H. Tollemache, 2 Lord Rosebery, 3 A. Wilson, 4 J. H. Mossop, 5 Lord R. Churchill, 6 Sir A. W. Neeld, 7 Sir G. Chetwynd, 8 R. S. Fellowes, 9 H. T. Stourton, 10 R. Towneley, 11 C. C. Cotes, 12 L. Rolleston, 13 C. S. Edwards, 14 Hon. G. C. Dawney, 15 L. Micklem, 16 Earl of Ilchester, 17 A. H. Edwards, 18 F. G. Vyner, 19 Sir W. Milner, 20 W. A. Cardwell, 21 Lord Robartes, 22 Col. Kenyon-Slaney, 23 Hon. R. C. Grosvenor, 24 C. H. Poole, 25 A. H. Gordon, 26 Hon. W. T. Kenyon, 27 I. St. J. Frederick, 28 R. F. Maitland, 29 General Pole-Carew, 30 Hon. H. E. Butler.

fun. Mr. C. S. Newton was the first man to ride and win for his lordship. He had the honour of wearing the delicate racing livery, and no more appropriate set of colours are registered at Old Burlington Street. The rose and primrose hoops are a pretty combination, as compared with the pink and black stripe and cap of the Marquis of Cleveland. The rose and primrose is an amalgamation of Lord Rosebery's family names, and it was in 1869 that Mr. C. S. Newton first put them on to ride in a steeplechase confined to Oxford undergraduates, decided at Moreton in the Marsh. It was, too, a lucky start for Lord Rosebery. His horse, Tipperary Boy, and Mr. Newton, came in second; but Reveller, the winner, was subsequently found not qualified to run, and thus did Lord Rosebery win his first race.

It has often been asked whether his lordship ever presented otherwise than his present clean-shaven and studious appearance; but *Baily* of 1870, as will be seen from the photographs on page 49, decides the point.

The Moreton contest took place in February, 1869, but on the 18th of March of the same year a match was run, which excited considerable interest, between the late Sir William Milner and Lord Rosebery over two miles and a half of the Aylesbury country for £25 a side. Lord Rosebery was represented by The Fawn, the mount of Mr. Newton, and Mr. Richardson rode Cora Pearl for Sir William. Odds of 6 to 4 were freely betted on Lord Rosebery's mare, and the match, Mr. Newton tells me, was made overnight and strengthened the second day's card. I well recollect Mr. "Dick" Fowler, of Broughton, weighing out the two undergraduates. Few could then have anticipated that Mr. Richardson would subsequently turn out the rider of two Grand National winners, or that Mr. Newton would eventually take so prominent a part in the welfare of the National Hunt. The only thing that marred the affair was the rain. Mr. Richardson recollects this, too. He writes: "What a drenching Charlie Newton and myself got riding as fine a run race as you could wish to see, and I just won by a neck." Mr. Newton,

also trusting to memory for over thirty years, says: "Mr. Richardson and myself lay close together all the way, and Sir William Milner's mare just stayed the longer and won by three parts of a length. The going was very deep." It was a most sportsmanlike affair, and perhaps inspired Lord Rosebery a few years later to indulge in so many similar contests on the flat, for in the autumn of the same year (1869) as The Fawn was beaten at Aylesbury, in a match for £200 a side at Newmarket he successfully engaged a horse called Ladas against Badsworth. This was perhaps more memorable than the said steeplechase, for at Newmarket the betting was even between the pair, the verdict was a head, and it was won by the first horse Lord Rosebery ever ran in the Derby. Subsequently his lordship was most successful in single-handed contests with Controversy, Touchet, Mars, and others.

Before leaving Oxford Lord Rosebery sold his steeplechasers and took a trip abroad with the late Marquis of Bute, but he was soon home again and began to race under the Jockey Club rules. He was very much in earnest. He had purchased the Lambton colt, Ladas, with a view to Epsom. The

horse had not been beaten as a two-year-old, and expectation ran high during the spring that the colt would carry out one of his lordship's much-talked-of Eton wishes and win the Derby. But Pretender won for Sir Robert Jardine, and Ladas was unplaced.

Eagerly as he started flat racing, it may not be generally known that his lordship soon afterward very nearly gave up the pursuit. This was owing to a horse he owned called Mavela. At Stockton (1869) in a small race Mavela started a warm favourite, but he cut up so badly that a writer in the sporting Press, making comment on the event, touched the proud spirit and dignity of his lordship. Indeed, he took the matter as an insult, and at once declared he would "sell off," and it was common talk that Lord Rosebery's turf career had early ended. Eventually, however, the newspaper retracted the uncalled-for remarks, but it was some months before he could be persuaded by his friends to reconsider his determination.



MR. J. M. RICHARDSON.
From a Painting.



MR. C. S. NEWTON.
From a Photo. by Guzenheim.

The first Ladas having failed, Lord Rosebery was again making an effort at Epsom in 1876. In this year he held three original Derby nominations of his own. Neither, however, ran, but Lord Rosebery relied on All Heart, a half-brother to Doncaster, which had cost a good deal of money as a yearling. Kisber won the race; All Heart was last, except three others who walked in with the crowd. But previous to All Heart, Lord Rosebery nearly won his first Derby with Couronne de Fer, a colt he purchased from the late Mr. Padwick. He was second to George Frederick. In 1879, a moderate year, in which Sir Bevys won, "the rose and primrose" was placed on Visconti.

Then, two years later, Town Moor, another yearling purchase, was third to Iroquois and Peregrine. It was just at this period that his lordship owned the smartest filly that ever carried his colours, called Kermesse.

Before the second Ladas had achieved the height of Lord Rosebery's ambition the subject of this memoir had not been idle in other races of interest. Harking back to 1873, he had won the Gimcrack Stakes at York with Padoroshna, the City and Suburban with Aldrich and Roysterer, the July Stakes with Levant, the Lincolnshire Handicap first with Controversy and then with Touchet, the Cambridgeshire with La Merveille, the Chester Cup with Prudhomme, the Ascot Stakes with Ridotto, and the Northumberland Plate with Snail, who also won the Liverpool Cup after a desperate finish with Petrarch. Controversy also won this event; again, too, there was Vista in the Great Metropolitan at Epsom the same week as Roysterer won "the City," and she also won the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster in 1883, the year Lord Rosebery won his first classic race, the Oaks, with Bonny Jean. Then came a blank of about ten years, caused by a most

regrettable family loss and a spell of politics which led up to his lordship's office of Prime Minister. But Markham and Griffiths had kept the stud up at Mentmore, and Illuminata in the meantime had produced the great Ladas. As a two-year-old he was never beaten, and, with the exception of the afternoon when Persimmon won the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, his first Derby, such a scene on Epsom Downs never

occurred as when Lord Rosebery, as Prime Minister, walked to the weighing-room door at the side of the hero who had just won for him the ambition of his Eton days. It is still green in my memory, that pale face by the side of Hampton's third Derby winner as he entered the little

saddling inclosure; what a volley of cheers; what a raising of hats; what excitement beyond words! It was, I venture to say, the proudest moment of his lordship's life. But as the old adage says, "It never rains but it pours." Sir Visto did the same thing the very next season to Ladas. Expectations of success were great in 1897 with Velasquez and Chelandry, for if the latter won the One Thousand Guineas, Limasol stopped the way in the Oaks and Galtee More beat her in the St. Leger. It was

Mr. Gubbins's colt that also prevented Velasquez from winning both the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. In 1899 Tom Cringle's Ascot Stakes victory was the chief event won for Lord Rosebery, and a worse season was that of 1900, for the popular jacket on only one

occasion first caught the judge's eye.

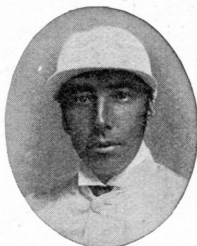
In a career extending over some thirty-three years Lord Rosebery in attaining so many successes may be said to have employed the best of talent. In his many chops and changes he has had some seven or eight trainers, and I am unable to count the number of jockeys who have assisted him in his efforts. When he purchased



MR. JAMES DOVER.
From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., Brighton.



MR. ROBERT PECK.
From a Photo. by Kingham, Bedford.



ROBERT I'ANSON.
From a Photo. by J. Robinson & Sons.



H. CONSTABLE.
From a Photograph.

the first Ladas—he bred the second—the late James Dover became his lordship's trainer, and held the post from 1868 to 1876, when the horses were removed from that quaintly-built village of East Ilsley to Russley. The late Mr. Dover was in the zenith of his fame when he took charge of Lord Rosebery's racers, Lord Lyon and Achievement having earned a great reputation for the Ilsley stable. But Dover did very little for Lord Rosebery until 1874, when Aldrich won the City and Suburban. Controversy was also one of Dover's best early cards; the horse could stay fairly well, and he was most useful in the matches already referred to. Controversy won three, but the one over which Dover became more delighted was that run at Ascot. Well do I recollect the excitement it caused. It was one of those old-fashioned affairs, that arose out of a runaway victory of Lowlander on the first day of the meeting. The wagering between the pair was very heavy, and Lowlander, who was giving weight away to Controversy, was the favourite at 6 to 4 on. A close contest had been eagerly anticipated, but such did not prove to be the case; the mile and a quarter was too far for Lowlander, and he was beaten a couple of lengths.

After Lord Rosebery's horses left East Ilsley, Dover had many good racers under his charge, and of these Bruce was the unluckiest horse to have been beaten at Epsom in Shotover's Derby. Bruce's picture hangs on the walls of the Ilsley home, where also are pictures of Achievement and Lord Lyon; but when once paying Dover a visit there I have no recollection of having seen any souvenir to commemorate Lord Rosebery's connection with the stable. The late Mr. James Dover died some years ago, and a granite monument in the little churchyard on the hill above his late home and stables marks the career of a genial trainer and one of the old school.

Lord Rosebery's horses in training were in the same county when in 1877, 1878, and 1879 they were with Mr. Robert Peck,

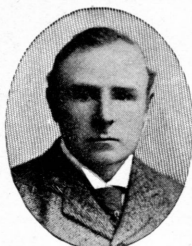
who rendered Russley famous with such as Bend Or and his sire Doncaster, and it cannot be said that he did badly in large handicaps during the three years he trained for Lord Rosebery. In 1877 the first important races he won for his lordship were the New Stakes at Ascot and the victory of Snail over Petrarch at Liverpool already referred to, but the next year was not an important one. Attached to it there was a deal of ill-luck, and particularly so in the autumn, when Lord Rosebery respectively ran second and third for the Cambridgeshire with Touchet and La Merveille, the pair falling against one of the horses of the century in Isonomy. The

money lost here was however recovered in the spring and autumn of 1879, for Touchet won the Lincoln Handicap, La Merveille the Cambridgeshire, and Ridotto the Ascot Stakes. The end here came between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Peck, and Robert I'Anson at Epsom took charge of

the horses; Constable, as at Ilsley and Russley, being first jockey to the stable. Constable was a quiet, unassuming, and good-natured man, and a special favourite of both Lord and Lady Rosebery; indeed, during his illness, which terminated fatally, her ladyship was a frequent visitor at Constable's home hard by The Durdans. Constable was a bright-eyed, intelligent jockey, and although he always finished with

a slack rein and in a style different to that of Archer or the Cannons, he could always keep a horse straight. Constable's name is to be found enrolled among many of the earlier of Lord Rosebery's turf victories.

While Mr. Peck trained some of his lordship's horses at Russley, Robert I'Anson had others at Epsom, and when at The Durdans Lord Rosebery often used to take his morning breather to the Downs to see the horses at work. I'Anson had many good racers and jumpers under his care besides those of Lord Rosebery, and it is not a little curious that he trained both Hampton and Illuminata, the sire and dam of Ladas, the Derby winner. Besides Illuminata, who only won one race for Lord



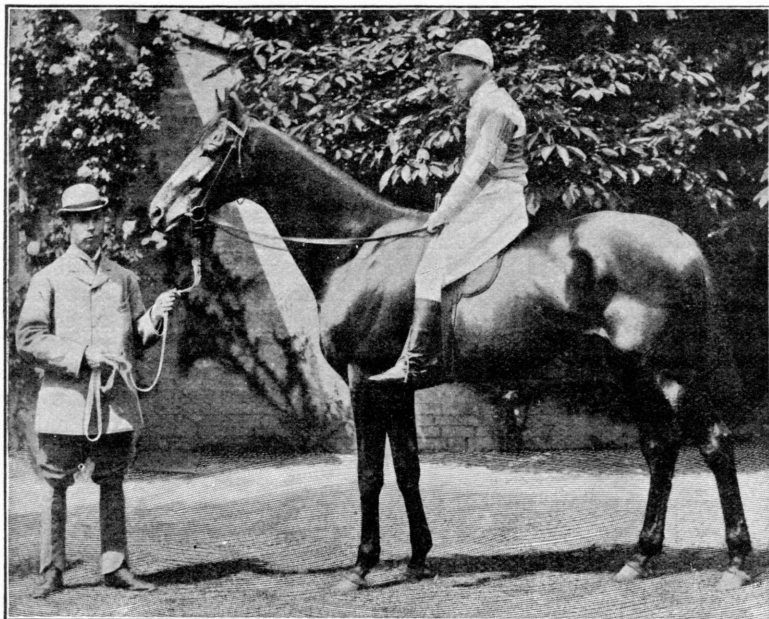
JOSEPH CANNON.
From a Photo. by H. R. Sherborn,
Newmarket.



TOM CANNON.
From a Photo. by Debenham
& Gould, Bournemouth.



S. LOATES.
From a Photo. by Hailey,
Newmarket.



From a Photo. by]

JOHN WATTS (ON LADAS) AND MR. FELIX LEACH.

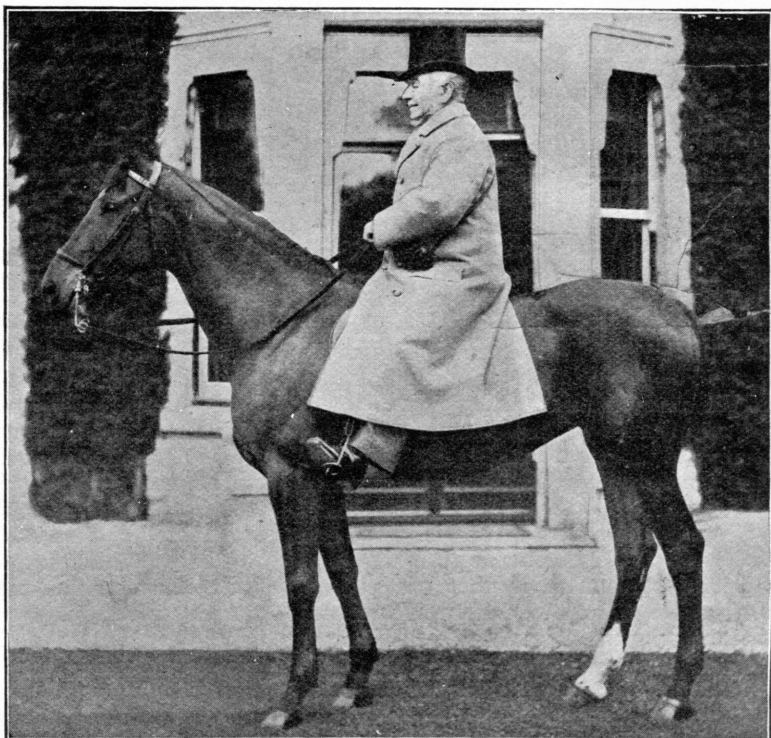
[Hailey, Newmarket.

Rosebery, and Hampton, who then belonged to Mr. Harvey, I'Anson had also noted horses like the National winner, Austerlitz, Touchet, Charles I., and Bacchus under his care. He gave up training after his severe accident at Sandown Park in 1881. It may not be generally known that I'Anson was born on the Marquis of Waterford's estate, at Waterford, in 1850, had his first ride in 1861, and his first win three years later at the now defunct Harrow meeting. As a jockey over fences and hurdles he had few if any equals, and now he is one of the chief officials at Sandown. His second son, born May 12th, 1879, I may mention, was named

Archibald Philip after Lord Rosebery, who stood as his godfather.

From Epsom his lordship, as a training quarter, tried Newmarket, where he engaged Joseph Cannon as his private trainer, and from 1881 to 1883 he had great success. Constable's health failing him, Tom Cannon was in possession of the riding, and he achieved feats upon Kermesse for the stable. Both the Cannons were born in Eton town, and it is the opinion of brother Tom that Ker-

messe was the best racer of Lord Rosebery's he ever crossed. This good filly was not bred at Mentmore, but at Blankney, and Lord



From a Photo. by]

MR. MATTHEW DAWSON.

[Hailey, Newmarket.

Rosebery purchased her as a yearling. She won all the chief two-year-old races in 1881. Other good racers which Cannon prepared for Lord Rosebery were Prudhomme, Vista, the dam of Sir Visto, Roysterer, and the Oaks victress Bonny Jean. A clever and able trainer is Joseph Cannon, and a fine horseman was Tom. But Danebury has always been the home of good jockeys. Besides young Tom, there are Mornington, Kempton, and a still younger brother, and we have had riders like Watts, S. Loates, Brown, and others emanating from the Hampshire stable; and of this party Watts won Lord Rosebery his first classic race—the Oaks—on Bonny Jean. The only Derby winner Tom Cannon ever rode was Shotover, and if you ask “Joe” his greatest feat he will probably tell you it occurred in 1876, when on Regal, after an exciting contest, he defeated Congress in the National by a neck.

During the ten years' retirement of Lord Rosebery, Matthew Dawson had given up training, and had gone to live at Exning, but on his lordship's return to turf affairs he persuaded Mr. Dawson to take a few of the Mentmore bred ones, and he was at once rewarded by having Ladas. Mr. Dawson naturally came in for a host of congratulations from his lordship and his many friends. Ladas as a two-year-old, in the hands of A. White, won all his four races; but Watts was engaged for the three-year-old contests, and won the Guineas and the Derby on him. The praises of Mr. Dawson have too often been sung to need enumerating here, and it requires no words from my pen to eulogize the feats of a man who had trained twenty-eight classic winners, this number including eight Derbies, five Oaks, and half-a-dozen St. Legers. Matthew Dawson's four years with Lord Rosebery saw a second Derby and a St. Leger winner in Sir Visto, and ill-health compelled Mr. Dawson to seek assistance, first from Mr. Felix Leach and then from Mr. Walters, jun.

Mr. Leach's association with Derby winners is somewhat remarkable. He looked after Melton; he broke in Ayrshire and Sir Visto; he took Ladas to Epsom, and was with Richard Marsh at Egerton Lodge when Persimmon scored his great victory for our present King Edward VII. Mr. Leach, who is standing at the head of Ladas, with Watts in the saddle, in the portrait I reproduce, has, to use his own words, been among horses all his life, and he is, at the time of writing, preparing Orchid, a son of Orme, one of the winter fancies for the recent Derby. Mr. Leach

was in partnership with Mr. Dawson at the time of the veteran's death.

It was in 1896 that Mr. Walters, jun., took charge of the horses, and he had a real good time that year with Velasquez and Chelandy. When Velasquez made his first and victorious *début* in the New Stakes at Ascot, Lord Rosebery, I recollect, narrowly eyeing the colt after his success, turned to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and made some remarks suggestive that he might turn out better than Ladas. But both Velasquez and Chelandy were unlucky to have been born in the same year as Galtee More, for Mr. Gubbins's colt defeated the

former in the Middle Park Plate, Guineas, and Derby, while the Irishman also disposed of Chelandy for the St. Leger. The expectations formed of Velasquez were not realized, but he did better next season, when Charles Wood became jockey to Lord Rosebery's stable, and at the end of 1898 the horses were transferred to that well-known rider, who has established a nice house and stables at Jevington, in Sussex.

Velasquez, Wood tells me, was the best horse he has ever ridden for Lord Rosebery, and he seems a bit disheartened that the stock of Ladas has not turned out so well as anticipated. But, then, there is plenty of time for an improvement in matters, for I do not believe in the report that Lord Rosebery intends to altogether retire from a sport which so long has afforded him so much enjoyment.



CHARLES WOOD.
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins
& Co., Brighton.



H. CUSTANCE.
From a Photo. by W. H.
Mason, Brighton.



TOM CHALONER.
From a Photograph.
(By permission of the Proprietors
of *Baily's Magazine*.)



GEORGE FORDHAM.
From a Photo. by
W. H. Mason,
Brighton.

Again looking back over Lord Rosebery's racing career, it will be seen that most of our best jockeys, besides those already named, have had the honour of wearing the rose and primrose jacket. It was Custance who rode the unplaced Ladas in Pretender's Derby; it was the late Tom Chaloner, the rider of Macaroni, who steered the horse in his match with Badsworth; again he piloted Padoroshna in the Gimcrack Stakes of 1876. Then I recollect among other events Fordham wearing the colours on Levant in the July Stakes at Newmarket. These jockeys whose portraits are here reproduced from photographs when at their best all earned Derby honours. Fordham is in the colours of the late Mr. Drewitt, to whom he served his apprenticeship; Custance in the puce and lilac sleeves; and Tom Chaloner in the late Mr. R. C. Naylor's livery, which he wore on Macaroni. For the latter's portrait I am indebted to his widow, and mother of the brothers training now at Newmarket. Mrs. Chaloner is very keen on the now much-discussed subject of race-riding. In a letter to me she says: "I ill compare the new school to the old," and as regards her husband, she thinks for judgment of pace, patience, hands, coolness of head, and conduct of a race he had no superiors, and boldly asserts in her postscript: "No American would have beaten him."

As a portrait and autograph of the late Fred Archer so recently appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE in an article on the Prince of Wales and his jockeys, it is not necessary to repeat it here, but he often rode for Lord Rosebery and won him the only important cup he was ever successful in—that was on Controversy at York in 1876. Finally I may mention that, of other riders, C. Morbey for his lordship carried off the City and Suburban on Aldrich in 1874 and the Northumberland Plate on Snail in 1876; Luke the Shrewsbury Handicap of 1879 on Rhidorroch; Lemaire the Chester Cup of 1882 on Prudhomme; Gallon the City and Suburban of 1883 on Roysterer; Fagan the Royal Hunt Cup, 1896, on Quarrel; and S. Loates, besides

the Derby and St. Leger on Sir Visto, steered Vista, the latter's dam, to victory both in the Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom and the Great Yorkshire Handicap at York. Watts is here depicted on Ladas, taken shortly after the Derby. He is the only jockey who can boast of having won the Derby for a King and a Premier. T. Loates's best successes in Lord Rosebery's colours were on Chelandry in the Woodcote and Velasquez in the New Stakes. As a two-year-old A. White steered Ladas in four victorious races. He rode the horse in his trial, which took place in the presence of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Dawson, and White

was engaged by his lordship to ride for the season. His lordship in making presents to his racing employés mostly forwards cheques, and White received over £400 in presents for his services in 1893.

In a great and honourable career like that of Lord Rosebery a trainer and

jockey mostly come in for all the praise bestowed when the horses are running, and especially so when they are winning; but it is very few folks who turn a thought to the man who has reared and weaned the stock on which hundreds and hundreds of pounds depend. In the early days the anxiety of the stud groom is as great as that of the trainer later on, the jockey coming in, perhaps, for the least liability. Mr. Griffiths at Mentmore,

the home of Lord Rosebery's young stock, no doubt has his times of trouble, but he is a man of much experience and enjoys the fullest confidence of Lord Rosebery. Mr. Griffiths was born in 1846, and went to The Durdans as stud groom in 1878, but on the death of Mr. Markham he took charge of the Mentmore stud. Mr. Griffiths is of opinion that Ladas is the best race-horse ever owned by Lord Rosebery.

As I have already stated, Lord Rosebery's career has been an extended one, starting in 1868; but, not including hurdle races and steeplechases, his successes on the flat have been very marked; the best year being 1896, when eighteen races ran to the value of £20,592.



A. WHITE.
From a Photo. by H. R.
Sherborn, Newmarket.



T. LOATES.
From a Photo. by H. R.
Sherborn, Newmarket.



MR. GRIFFITHS.
From a Photo. by W. F.
Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. JACOBS.

CHAPTER IV.



FOR the next month or two Master Hardy's existence was brightened by the efforts of an elderly steward who made no secret of his intentions of putting an end to it. Mr. Wilks at first placed great reliance on the saw that "it is the early bird that catches the worm," but lost faith in it when he found that it made no provision for cases in which the worm leaning from its bedroom window addressed spirited remonstrances to the bird on the subject of its personal appearance.

To the anxious inquiries of Miss Nugent, Mr. Wilks replied that he was biding his time. Every delay, he hinted, made it worse for Master Hardy when the day of retribution should dawn, and although she pleaded earnestly for a little on account he was unable to meet her wishes. Before that day came, however, Captain Nugent heard of the proceedings, and after a painful interview with the steward, during which the latter's failings by no means escaped attention, confined him to the house.

An excellent reason for absenting himself from school was thus denied to Master Hardy; but it has been well said that when one door closes another opens, and to his great satisfaction the old servant, who had been in poor health for some time, suddenly

took to her bed and required his undivided attention.

He treated her at first with patent medicines purchased at the chemist's, a doctor being regarded by both of them as a piece of unnecessary extravagance; but in spite of four infallible remedies she got steadily worse. Then a doctor was called in, and by the time Captain Hardy returned home she had made a partial recovery, but was clearly incapable of further work. She left in a cab to accept a home with a niece, leaving the captain confronted with a problem which he had seen growing for some time past.

"I can't make up my mind what to do with you," he observed, regarding his son.

"I'm very comfortable," was the reply.

"You're too comfortable," said his father. "You're running wild. It's just as well poor old Martha has gone; it has brought things to a head."

"We could have somebody else," suggested his son.

The captain shook his head. "I'll give up the house and send you to London to

your Aunt Mary," he said, slowly; "she doesn't know you, and once I'm at sea and the house given up, she won't be able to send you back."

Master Hardy, who was much averse to leaving Sunwich and had heard accounts of the lady in question which referred principally to her strength of mind, made tender inquiries concerning his father's comfort while ashore.



"MR. WILKS REPLIED THAT HE WAS BIDDING HIS TIME."

"I'll take rooms," was the reply, "and I shall spend as much time as I can with you in London. You want looking after, my son; I've heard all about you."

His son, without inquiring as to the nature of the information, denied it at once upon principle; he also alluded darkly to his education, and shook his head over the effects of a change at such a critical period of his existence.

"And you talk too much for your age," was his father's comment when he had finished. "A year or two with your aunt ought to make a nice boy of you; there's plenty of room for improvement."

He put his plans in hand at once, and a week before he sailed again had disposed of the house. Some of the furniture he kept for himself; but the bulk of it went to his sister as conscience-money.

Master Hardy, in very low spirits, watched it taken away. Big men in hob-nailed boots ran noisily up the bare stairs, and came down slowly, steering large pieces of furniture through narrow passages, and using much vain repetition when they found their hands acting as fenders. The wardrobe, a piece of furniture which had been built for larger premises, was a particularly hard nut to crack, but they succeeded at last—in three places.

A few of his intimates came down to see the last of him, and Miss Nugent, who in some feminine fashion regarded the move as a triumph for her family, passed by several times. It might have been chance, it might have been design, but the boy could not help noticing that when the piano, the wardrobe, and other fine pieces were being placed in the van, she was at the other end of the road,

a position from which such curios as a broken washstand or a two-legged chair never failed to entice her.

It was over at last. The second van had disappeared, and nothing was left but a litter of straw and paper. The front door stood open and revealed desolation. Miss Nugent came to the gate and stared in superciliously.

"I'm glad you're going," she said, frankly.

Master Hardy scarcely noticed her. One of his friends who concealed strong business instincts beneath a sentimental exterior had suggested souvenirs and given him a spectacle-glass said to have belonged to Henry VIII.,

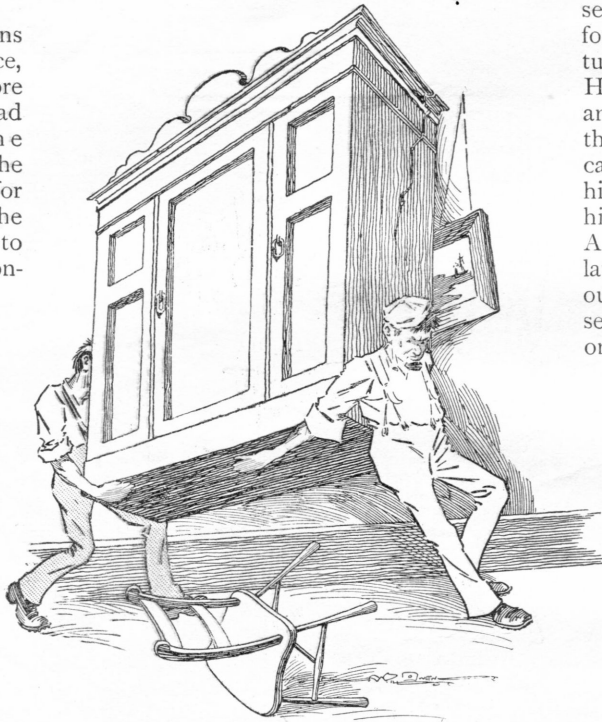
and he was busy searching his pockets for an adequate return. Then Captain Hardy came up, and first going over the empty house, came out and bade his son accompany him to the station. A minute or two later and they were out of sight; the sentimentalist stood on the curb gloating

over a newly-acquired penknife, and Miss Nugent, after being strongly reprovved by him for curiosity, paced slowly home with her head in the air.

Sunwich made no stir over the departure of one of its youthful

citizens. Indeed, it lacked not those who would have cheerfully parted with two or three hundred more. The boy was quite chilled by the tameness of his exit, and for years afterwards the desolate appearance of the platform as the train steamed out occurred to him with an odd sense of discomfort. In all Sunwich there was only one person who grieved over his departure, and he, after keeping his memory green for two years, wrote off fivepence as a bad debt and dismissed him from his thoughts.

Two months after the *Conqueror* had



"A PARTICULARLY HARD NUT."

sailed again Captain Nugent obtained command of a steamer sailing between London and the Chinese ports. From the gratified lips of Mr. Wilks Sunwich heard of this new craft, the particular glory of which appeared to be the luxurious appointments of the steward's quarters. Language indeed failed Mr. Wilks in describing it, and, pressed for details, he could only murmur disjointedly of satin-wood, polished brass, and crimson velvet.

Jack Nugent hailed his father's departure with joy. They had seen a great deal of each other during the latter's prolonged stay ashore, and neither had risen in the other's estimation in consequence. He became enthusiastic over the sea as a profession for fathers, and gave himself some airs over acquaintances less fortunately placed. In the first flush of liberty he took to staying away from school, the education thus lost being only partially atoned for by a grown-up style of composition engendered by dictating excuses to the easy-going Mrs. Kingdom.

At seventeen he learnt, somewhat to his surprise, that his education was finished. His father provided the information and, simply as a matter of form, consulted him as to his views for the future. It was an important thing to decide upon at short notice, but he was equal to it, and, having suggested gold-digging as the only profession he cared for, was promptly provided by the incensed captain with a stool in the local bank.

He occupied it for three weeks, a period of time which coincided to a day with his father's leave ashore. He left behind him his initials cut deeply in the lid of his desk, a miscellaneous collection of cheap fiction, and a few experiments in book-keeping which the manager ultimately solved with red ink and a ruler.

A slight uneasiness as to the wisdom of his proceedings occurred to him just before his father's return, but he comforted himself and Kate with the undeniable truth that after all the captain couldn't eat him. He was afraid, however, that the latter would be displeased, and, with a constitutional objection to unpleasantness, he contrived to be out when he returned, leaving to Mrs. Kingdom the task of breaking the news.

The captain's reply was brief and to the point. He asked his son whether he would like to go to sea, and upon receiving a decided answer in the negative, at once took steps to send him there. In two days he had procured him an outfit, and within a week Jack Nugent, greatly to his own surprise, was on the way to Melbourne as apprentice on the barque *Silver Stream*.

He liked it even less than the bank. The monotony of the sea was appalling to a youth of his tastes, and the fact that the skipper, a man who never spoke except to find fault, was almost loquacious with him failed to afford him any satisfaction. He liked the mates no better than the skipper, and having said as much one day to the second officer, had no reason afterwards to modify his opinions. He lived a

life apart, and except for the cook, another martyr to fault-finding, had no society.

In these uncongenial circumstances the new apprentice worked for four months as he had never believed it possible he could work. He was annoyed both at the extent and the variety of his tasks, the work of an A.B. being gratuitously included in his curriculum. The end of the voyage found him desperate, and after a hasty consultation with the cook they deserted together and went up-country.

Letters, dealing mainly with the ideas and adventures of the cook, reached Sunwich at



"A STOOL IN THE LOCAL BANK."

irregular intervals, and were eagerly perused by Mrs. Kingdom and Kate, but the captain forbade all mention of him. Then they ceased altogether, and after a year or two of unbroken silence Mrs. Kingdom asserted herself, and a photograph in her possession, the only one extant, exposing the missing Jack in petticoats and sash, suddenly appeared on the drawing-room mantelpiece.

The captain stared, but made no comment. Disappointed in his son, he turned for consolation to his daughter, noting with some concern the unaccountable changes which that young lady underwent during his absences. He noticed a difference after every voyage. He left behind him on one occasion a nice trim little girl, and returned to find a creature all legs and arms. He returned again and found the arms less obnoxious and the legs hidden by a long skirt; and as he complained in secret astonishment to his sister, she had developed a motherly manner in her dealings with him which was almost unbearable.

"She'll grow out of it soon," said Mrs. Kingdom; "you wait and see."

The captain growled and waited, and found his sister's prognostications partly fulfilled. The exuberance of Miss Nugent's manner was certainly modified by time, but she developed instead a quiet, unassuming habit of authority which he liked as little.

"She gets made such a fuss of, it's no wonder," said Mrs. Kingdom, with a satisfied smile. "I never heard of a girl getting as much attention as she does; it's a wonder her head isn't turned."

"Eh!" said the startled captain; "she'd better not let me see anything of it."

"Just so," said Mrs. Kingdom.

The captain dwelt on these words and kept his eyes open, and, owing to his daughter's benevolent efforts on his behalf, had them fully occupied. He went to sea firmly convinced that she would do something foolish in the matrimonial line, the glowing terms in which he had overheard her describing the charms of the new postman to Mrs. Kingdom filling him with the direst forebodings.

It was his last voyage. An unexpected windfall from an almost forgotten uncle and his own investments had placed him in a position of modest comfort, and just before Miss Nugent reached her twentieth birthday he resolved to spend his declining days ashore and give her those advantages of parental attention from which she had been so long debarred.

Mr. Wilks, to the inconsolable grief of his shipmates, left with him. He had been for nearly a couple of years in receipt of an annuity purchased for him under the will of his mother, and his defection left a gap never to be filled among comrades who had for some time regarded him in the light of an improved drinking fountain.

CHAPTER V.

ON a fine afternoon, some two months after his release from the toils of the sea, Captain Nugent sat in the special parlour of the Goblets. The old inn offers hospitality to all, but one parlour has by ancient tradition and the exercise of self-restraint and proper feeling been from time immemorial reserved for the *élite* of the town.

The captain, confident in the security of these unwritten regulations, conversed freely with his peers. He had been moved to speech by the utter absence of discipline ashore, and from that had wandered to the growing evil of revolutionary ideas at sea. His remarks were much applauded, and two brother-captains listened with grave respect to a disquisition on the wrongs of shipmasters ensuing on the fancied rights of sailor-men, the only discordant note being struck by the harbour-master, a man whose ideas had probably been insidiously sapped by a long residence ashore.

"A man before the mast," said the latter, fortifying his moral courage with whisky, "is a human being."

"Nobody denies it," said Captain Nugent, looking round.

One captain agreed with him.

"Why don't they act like it, then?" demanded the other.

Nugent and the first captain, struck by the remark, thought they had perhaps been too hasty in their admission, and waited for number two to continue. They eyed him with silent encouragement.

"Why don't they act like it, then?" repeated number two, who, being a man of few ideas, was not disposed to waste them.

Captain Nugent and his friend turned to the harbour-master to see how he would meet this poser.

"They mostly do," he replied, sturdily. "Treat a seaman well, and he'll treat you well."

This was rank heresy, and moreover seemed to imply something. Captain Nugent wondered dismally whether life ashore would infect him with the same opinions.

"What about that man of mine who threw a belaying-pin at me?" he demanded.

The harbour-master quailed at the challenge. The obvious retort was offensive.

"I shall carry the mark with me to my grave," added the captain, as a further inducement to him to reply.

"I hope that you'll carry it a long time," said the harbour-master, gracefully.

"Here, look here, Hall!" expostulated captain number two, starting up.

"It's all right, Cooper," said Nugent.

clothes. In the midst of an impressive silence he set his glass upon the table and, taking a chair, drew a small clay pipe from his pocket.

Aghast at the intrusion, the quartette conferred with their eyes, a language which is perhaps only successful in love. Captain Cooper, who was usually moved to speech by externals, was the first to speak.

"You've got a sty coming on your eye, Hall," he remarked.

"I daresay."



"A DIVERSION WAS CREATED BY THE ENTRANCE OF A NEW ARRIVAL."

"It's all right," said captain number one, and in a rash moment undertook to explain. In five minutes he had clouded Captain Cooper's intellect for the afternoon.

He was still busy with his self-imposed task when a diversion was created by the entrance of a new arrival. A short, stout man stood for a moment with the handle of the door in his hand, and then came in, carefully bearing before him a glass of gin and water. It was the first time he had set foot there, and all understood that by this intrusion Mr. Daniel Kybird sought to place sea-captains and other dignitaries on a footing with the keepers of slop-shops and dealers in old

"If anybody's got a needle——" said the captain, who loved minor operations.

Nobody heeded him except the harbour-master, and he muttered something about beams and motes, which the captain failed to understand. The others were glaring darkly at Mr. Kybird, who had taken up a newspaper and was busy perusing it.

"Are you looking for anybody?" demanded Captain Nugent, at last.

"No," said Mr. Kybird, looking at him over the top of his paper.

"What have you come here for, then?" inquired the captain.

"I come 'ere to drink two o' gin cold,"

returned Mr. Kybird, with a dignity befitting occupation.

"Well, suppose you drink it somewhere else," suggested the captain.

Mr. Kybird had another supposition to offer. "Suppose I don't?" he remarked. "I'm a respectable British tradesman, and my money is as good as yours. I've as much right to be here as you 'ave. I've never done anything I'm ashamed of!"

"And you never will," said Captain Cooper's friend, grimly, "not if you live to be a hundred."

Mr. Kybird looked surprised at the tribute. "Thankee," he said, gratefully.

"Well, we don't want you here," said Captain Nugent. "We prefer your room to your company."

Mr. Kybird leaned back in his chair and twisted his blunt features into an expression of withering contempt. Then he took up a glass and drank, and discovered too late that in the excitement of the moment he had made free with the speaker's whisky.

"Don't apologize," interrupted the captain; "it's soon remedied."

He took the glass up gingerly and flung it with a crash into the fireplace. Then he rang the bell.

"I've smashed a dirty glass," he said, as the barman entered. "How much?"

The man told him, and the captain, after a few stern remarks about privacy and harpies, left the room with his friends, leaving the speechless Mr. Kybird gazing at the broken glass and returning evasive replies to the inquiries of the curious Charles.

He finished his gin and water slowly. For months he had been screwing up his courage to carry that room by assault, and this was

the result. He had been insulted almost in the very face of Charles, a youth whose reputation as a gossip was second to none in Sunwich.

"Do you know what I should do if I was you?" said that worthy, as he entered the room again and swept up the broken glass.

"I do not," said Mr. Kybird, with lofty indifference.

"I shouldn't come 'ere again, that's what I should do," said Charles, frankly. "Next time he'll throw you in the fire-place."

"Ho," said the heated Mr. Kybird. "Ho, will he? I'd like to see 'im. I'll make 'im sorry for this afore I've done with 'im. I'll learn 'im to insult a respectable British tradesman. I'll show him who's who."

"What'll you do?" inquired the other.

"Never you mind," said Mr. Kybird, who was not in a position to satisfy his curiosity—"never you mind. You go and get on with your work, Charles, and

p'raps by the time your moustache 'as grown big enough to be seen, you'll 'ear something."

"I 'eard something the other day," said the barman, musingly; "about you it was, but I wouldn't believe it."

"Wot was it?" demanded the other.

"Nothing much," replied Charles, standing with his hand on the door-knob, "but I wouldn't believe it of you; I said I couldn't."

"Wot—was—it?" insisted Mr. Kybird.

"Why, they said you once gave a man a fair price for a pair of trousers," said the barman, indignantly.

He closed the door behind him softly, and Mr. Kybird, after a brief pause, opened it



"HE STEPPED ACROSS THE ROAD TO HIS EMPORIUM."

again and, more softly still, quitted the precincts of the Goblets, and stepped across the road to his emporium.

Captain Nugent, in happy ignorance of the dark designs of the wardrobe dealer, had also gone home. He was only just beginning to realize the comparative unimportance of a retired shipmaster, and the knowledge was a source of considerable annoyance to him. No deferential mates listened respectfully to his instructions, no sturdy seamen ran to execute his commands or trembled mutinously at his wrath. The only person in the wide world who stood in awe of him was the general servant Bella, and she made no attempt to conceal her satisfaction at the attention excited by her shortcomings.

He paused a moment at the gate and then, walking slowly up to the door, gave it the knock of a master. A full minute passing, he knocked again, remembering with some misgivings his stern instructions of the day before that the door was to be attended by the servant and by nobody else. He had seen Miss Nugent sitting at the window as he passed it, but in the circumstances the fact gave him no comfort. A third knock was followed by a fourth, and then a distressed voice upstairs was heard calling wildly upon the name of Bella.

At the fifth knock the house shook, and a red-faced maid with her shoulders veiled in a large damp towel passed hastily down the staircase and, slipping the catch, passed more hastily still upstairs again, affording the indignant captain a glimpse of a short striped skirt as it turned the landing.

"Is there any management at all in this house?" he inquired, as he entered the room.

"Bella was dressing," said Miss Nugent, calmly, "and you gave orders yesterday that nobody else was to open the door."

"Nobody else when she's available," qualified her father, eyeing her sharply. "When I give orders I expect people to use their common sense. Why isn't my tea ready? It's five o'clock."

"The clock's twenty minutes fast," said Kate.

"Who's been meddling with it?" demanded her father, verifying the fact by his watch.

Miss Nugent shook her head. "It's gained that since you regulated it last night," she said, with a smile.

The captain threw himself into an easy-chair, and with one eye on the clock waited until, at five minutes to the hour by the right time, a clatter of crockery sounded from the

kitchen, and Bella, still damp, came in with the tray. Her eye was also on the clock, and she smirked weakly in the captain's direction as she saw that she was at least two minutes ahead of time. At a minute to the hour the teapot itself was on the tray, and the heavy breathing of the handmaiden in the kitchen was audible to all.

"Punctual to the minute, John," said Mrs. Kingdom, as she took her seat at the tray. "It's wonderful how that girl has improved since you've been at home. She isn't like the same girl."

She raised the teapot and, after pouring out a little of the contents, put it down again and gave it another two minutes. At the end of that time, the colour being of the same unsatisfactory paleness, she set the pot down and was about to raise the lid when an avalanche burst into the room and, emptying some tea into the pot from a canister-lid, beat a hasty retreat.

"Good tea and well-trained servants," muttered the captain to his plate. "What more can a man want?"

Mrs. Kingdom coughed and passed his cup; Miss Nugent, who possessed a healthy appetite, serenely attacked her bread and butter; conversation languished.

"I suppose you've heard the news, John?" said his sister.

"I daresay I have," was the reply.

"Strange he should come back after all these years," said Mrs. Kingdom; "though, to be sure, I don't know why he shouldn't. It's his native place, and his father lives here."

"Who are you talking about?" inquired the captain.

"Why, James Hardy," replied his sister. "I thought you said you had heard. He's coming back to Sunwich and going into partnership with old Swann, the shipbroker. A very good thing for him, I should think."

"I'm not interested in the doings of the Hardys," said the captain, gruffly.

"I'm sure I'm not," said his sister, defensively.

Captain Nugent proceeded with his meal in silence. His hatred of Hardy had not been lessened by the success which had attended that gentleman's career, and was not likely to be improved by the well-being of Hardy junior. He passed his cup up for some more tea, and, with a furtive glance at the photograph on the mantelpiece, wondered what had happened to his own son.

"I don't suppose I should know him if I saw him," continued Mrs. Kingdom, address-

ing a respectable old arm-chair ; " London is sure to have changed him."

" Is this water-cress ?" inquired the captain, looking up from his plate.

" Yes. Why ?" said Mrs. Kingdom.

" I only wanted information," said her brother, as he deposited the salad in question in the slop-basin.

Mrs. Kingdom, with a resigned expression, tried to catch her niece's eye and caught the captain's instead. Miss Nugent happening to glance up saw her fascinated by the basilisk glare of the master of the house.

" Some more tea, please," she said.

Her aunt took her cup, and in gratitude for the diversion picked out the largest lumps of sugar in the basin.

" London changes so many people," mused the persevering lady, stirring her tea. " I've noticed it before. Why it is I can't say, but the fact remains. It seems to improve them altogether. I daresay that young Hardy——"

" Will you understand that I won't have the Hardys mentioned in my house?" said the captain, looking up. " I'm not interested in their business, and I will not have it discussed here."

" As you please, John," said his sister, drawing herself up ; " it's your house and you are master here. I'm sure I don't want to discuss them. Nothing was farther from my thoughts. You understand what your father says, Kate ?"

" Perfectly," said Miss Nugent. " When the desire to talk about the Hardys becomes irresistible we must go for a walk."

The captain turned in his chair and regarded his daughter steadily. She met his gaze with calm affection.

" I wish you were a boy," he growled.

" You're the only man in Sunwich who

wishes that," said Miss Nugent, complacently, " and I don't believe you mean it. If you'll come a little closer I'll put my head on your shoulder and convert you."

" Kate !" said Mrs. Kingdom, reprovingly.

" And, talking about heads," said Miss Nugent, briskly, " reminds me that I want a new hat. You needn't look like that ; good-looking daughters always come expensive."

She moved her chair a couple of inches in his direction and smiled alluringly. The captain shifted uneasily ; prudence counselled flight, but dignity forbade it. He stared hard at Mrs. Kingdom, and a smile of rare appreciation on that lady's face endeavoured

to fade slowly and naturally into another expression. The chair came nearer.

" Don't be foolish," said the captain, gruffly.

The chair came still nearer until at last it touched his, and then Miss Nugent, with a sigh of exaggerated content, allowed her head to sink gracefully on his shoulder.

" Most comfortable shoulder in Sunwich," she murmured ; " come and try the other, aunt, and perhaps you'll get a new bonnet."

Mrs. Kingdom hastened to reassure her brother. She would almost as soon have thought of putting her head on the block.

At the same time it was quite evident that she was taking a mild joy in his discomfiture and eagerly awaiting further developments.

" When you are tired of this childish behaviour, miss," said the captain, stiffly——

There was a pause. " Kate !" said Mrs. Kingdom, in tones of mild reproof, " how can you ?"

" Very good," said the captain, " we'll see who gets tired of it first. I'm in no hurry."

A delicate but unmistakable snore rose from his shoulder in reply.



" ' MOST COMFORTABLE SHOULDER IN SUNWICH,' SHE MURMURED."

(To be continued.)

Some Old Riddle-Books.

“HEN is a jar not a door?
When it's partly open.” We
forget who it was, bored
with the repetition of the
venerable conundrum, who
took refuge in this perversion;

and we never knew who invented the original. But this latter malefactor is dead now, and no earthly punishment is possible beyond the perversion perpetrated by the less dangerous criminal. It is sad to realize that once on a time that pitiful, doleful thing, the average conundrum, was regarded as the true essence of wit, and was handed down through generations who were always ready for it with a fresh grin. And our great-grandfathers were not fools; on the contrary, some of them might have taught a trifle or two of wisdom to some of us—even the youngest of us—had circumstances permitted of a personal meeting. But their conundrums and their riddles! But, there, let us not crow too loudly. For some of those same saddening questions have come down to us, and it has even been said (though we refuse to believe it) that books of conundrums have been bought quite recently.

To attempt to trace riddles to an origin would be an impossible task, and no part of our present intention. Riddles have been ever since man has been. But the farther back we go, the duller the riddles seem—by the dimness of distance, probably. And, indeed, if we go but to the beginning of the last century they seem dull enough. About that time was published: “The Puzzle;

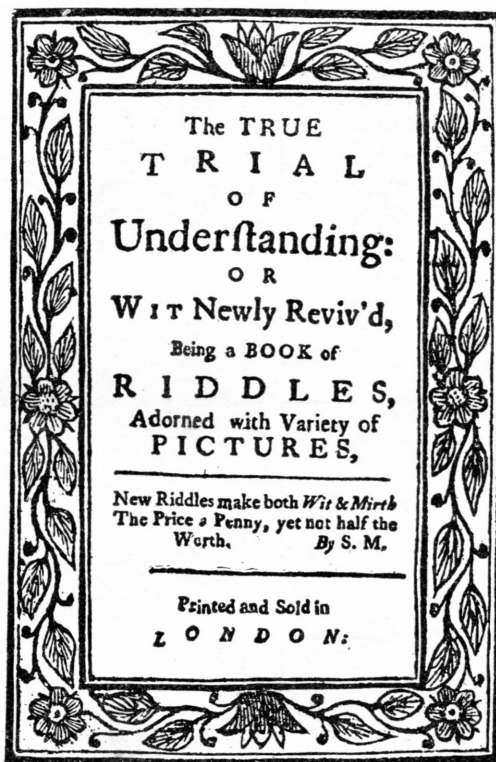
Vol. xxii.—9.

being a choice collection of conundrums.” There were 500 conundrums in this book—but *no answers*. The publisher was a smart man. To get the answer it was necessary to buy another book: “The Nuts Cracked,” which was made up of answers and nothing else. But really, if one but dipped into the pages, there was little temptation to buy either. “Why is a picture like a member of Parliament? Because it is a representative”; and, “Why is a well like a lock? Because it has a spring.” These are specimens of the conundrums, and neither is particularly inspiring.

We give the title-page of a book of illustrated riddles published about this time: “The True Trial of Understanding.” You may observe a couplet by way of motto, to which the author with natural pride has placed his initials, whereby we learn that the lines are “By S. M.” When you have read the couplet you will wonder that the poet did not give his whole name, and, perhaps, for the sake of literature, you will be sorry.

We proceed to extract a few of the riddles from this book, in facsimile. Here you have answer and all, with an illustration thrown in for each riddle—a beautiful illustration, as anybody may see. The question is

always in verse, but the answer is plain prose. The first we give is from page 4. The verse is a bit out of repair, and the feet seem to have got out of some lines and squeezed into others, where the poetry very naturally tumbles over them, and falls rather flat. But



(4)

Q. The greatest travellers that'er were known
By sea and land were mighty archers twain ;
No armor proof, or fenced walls of stone,
Could turn their arrows, bulwarks were in vain
Thro' princes courts, and kingdoms far and
near,

As well in foreign parts as Christendom,
These travellers their weary steps then steer,
But to the deserts seldom come.



A. 'Tis Death and Cupid, whose Arrows
pierce thro' the walls of Brass, or strong Armour
in all Courts and Kingdoms in the habitable
world

it is capital poetry for the price (the book cost at first a few pence only, though it is worth more now), and it is easier to understand than many more expensive qualities. But the picture is the interesting thing. It represents Death and Cupid and an Isosceles Triangle. The Isosceles Triangle isn't in the conundrum—it is given away as a supplement. At that time, it will be observed, Death not only struck people down with his arrows (that thing is an arrow, not an anchor), but he also dug their graves. (The other

Q. Two Calves and an Ape
They made their escape
From one that was worse than a spright ;
They travell'd together
In all sorts of weather,
But often were put in a fright.



A. 'Tis a Man flying from his scolding wife ;
the two calves and an Ape signify the calves
of the Legs and the Nape of his Neck, which
by travelling was expos'd to the Weather.

thing is a spade.) This was only fair. Nowadays we have to pay regular gravediggers. As for Cupid—but, there, look at him.

The "Two Calves and an Ape" riddle was a favourite one, and it reappears in various forms in many old riddle-books. The legend can be read in our facsimile, and again the picture is a handsome one. Nobody could blame the unfortunate husband for flying from a wife with such a pair of hands as those ; nor could wonder at his dropping his hat and wig as he went. It is a noble wig, of majestic proportions—unless it is a nubbly boulder hurled after the fugitive by the fair pursuer.

Next we have a riddle expressed in four lines, in the second of which a touch of Kailyard dialect saves the whole thing from falling ruinously out of rhyme. It is a thin and weakly puzzle on the whole, but the hog is all right in the picture, and anything but

Q. To the green wood
Full oft it hath gang'd,
Yet yields us no good,
'Till decently hang'd.



A. It is a Hog fattened with Acorns, which
makes good Bacon when hanged a drying.

thin. His tail curls elegantly, and with his opposite extremity he sniffs at a lusty oak tree, nearly 3ft. high, bearing three acorns about the size of turnips, as well as several distinct leaves. The sagacious animal is cautiously judging the strength of the trunk before climbing its giddy height in search of those acorns.

Now we have the whole of page 12, with two riddles and their sumptuous engravings complete. It is intended as no disrespect to the author of the verses when we say that the main interest of this page lies in the pictures. In the top one the sun, disguised as a sweep's broom, frowns discontentedly on the agricultural proceedings below. An undertaker's horse, of undue corpulence, peeps slyly over its shoulder and winks at a dilapidated lump of garden fence. A

hatless rustic (or a piece of one) stands at the rear of this piece of fence, and from the answer to the riddle you gather that he intends using it as a plough. But the obese steed in front is wiser, and he winks again—with the other eye. Then below we have Samson slaying a thousand men with the ass's jawbone. Samson has forgotten his hat—it seems a pretty general fashion in this book—but his wig is all right, and though he is a bit knock-kneed, his broad-skirted,

(12)

Q. To ease men of their care,
I do both rend and tear
Their mother's bowels still :
Yet tho' I do,
There are but few
That seem to take it ill.



A. 'Tis a Plough, which breaks up the bowels
of the Earth for the sowing of Corn.

Q. I liv'd and dy'd : then after death,
Bereav'd some hundreds of their breath,
Afflicted by a man of grief,
To whom it yielded some relief.



A. 'Tis Sampson's Jawbone of an Ass, with
which he slew a thousand Men, and was relieved
himself by water springing from the same, when
he was thirsty.

eighteenth-century coat is well supplied with buttons, as, indeed, is that of the Philistine at present being operated on. Samson whangs this person merrily over the head with his weapon (which certainly looks rather like a fox's tail), cordially shaking hands with him the while. This seems a little inconsistent, but the Philistine doesn't seem to mind, and looks casually out of the picture as though he found the performance rather dull. A second Philistine is waiting his turn just behind, reclining comfortably so as not to disturb his full-bottomed wig. The other

By sparks of lawn fine
I am lustily drawn,
But not in a chariot or coach :
I fly in a word
More swift than a bird,
That does the green forest approach.



A. An Arrow drawn in a Bow by a Gentleman Archer.

998 Philistines are not visible ; probably they have been finished off and buried out of hand. But from the two remaining we may learn many interesting lessons as to the costume and habits and wigs of the early Philistines, to say nothing of Samson himself.

There is a picture in this book of a "gentleman archer." Probably by way of symbolizing his social distinction he is accorded the honour of a hat—an honour almost unique in the volume. He plants his legs very deep in the ground—half-way to the knee almost—and shoots valiantly at five rush-leaves—shoots standing full a yard and a half away, to give the rush-leaves a fair chance. His bow is of the Cupid pattern, and his arrow of the death design, as already exhibited in the "greatest travellers" riddle on page 4. A view of the Needles rocks is to be perceived in the background, though you may consider them trees without extra charge.

In the "Mermaid" riddle we have another

Q. A visage fair,
And voice is rare,
Affording pleasant charms ;
Which is with us
Most ominous,
Presaging future harms.



A. A Mermaid, which betokens destruction
to Mariners.

aspect of the Needles rocks, attractively embellished with drooping snowdrops (or perhaps the vegetables are wild oats) and surrounded by a pleasingly regular wavy sea, nicely crimped. Balanced dexterously on the top of the sea is the mermaid, doing something to her hair, but with poor success. The sea is much more neatly combed. Still, the mermaid curls her tail elegantly, and lets the floral ornament at the end droop gracefully downward. The "voice is rare" we are unable to judge of, but we cheerfully hope that it is an improvement on the "visage fair" and the "pleasant charms." Still, nobody can point the finger of scorn at the looking-glass, or the fan, or the frying-pan, or whatever it is.

Now let us consider another riddle-book, of about the same period—"A Whetstone for

A
W H E T S T O N E
F O R
Dull WITS;
O R A
P O E S Y
Of New and Ingenious
R I D D L E S.

Of Merry Books this is the Chief,
'Tis as a purging PILL;
To carry off all heavy Grief,
And make you laugh your Fill.

Printed and Sold in London.

Nobody ever saw such a gooseberry-bush before. Some even now may be disposed to call it a head of clover, or a chrysanthemum blossom, or a carnation, or a thistle-head, or a feather duster, or something of that sort; but that is mere prejudice. It may have been a carnation or a mop originally, but when the woodcut had served its turn, and the printer needed an illustration of a gooseberry-bush and couldn't find it, the thistle-head or cauliflower immediately became a gooseberry-bush, and has remained so to this day; a notable example of vegetable evolution.

Next there is the "Herring" riddle. The supplementary puzzle here is to find where some of the rhymes have got to. "Beer" and "lack" do *not* rhyme, according to the arbitrary rules usually observed. Was it a

some of the rhymes have got to. "Beer" and "lack" do *not* rhyme, according to the arbitrary rules usually observed. Was it a

(3)

Q While I do flourish here on earth,
By me my young ones nourished are;
I have a thousand at a birth,
And yet I take no thought nor care

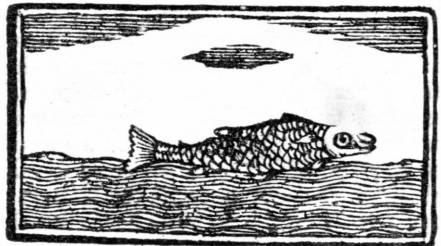


A. A Gooseberry Bush.

Dull Wits; or, a Poesy of New and Ingenious Riddles." There is a verse on the title-page of this book too, but the poet has not signed it this time. Here again most of the merriment is thrown in as an extra, and belongs to the pictures. On page 3, for instance, the riddle about the gooseberry-bush is scarcely brilliant, and the rhymes are in a ruinous state. But the picture redeems all.

Q Tho' it be cold I wear no cloaths,
The frost and snow I never fear,
I value neither shoes nor hose,
And yet I wander far and near:
Both meat and drink are always free,
I drink no cyder, mum, nor beer,

What Providence doth send to me,
I neither buy, nor sell, nor lack.



A. A Herring swimming in the Sea.

subtle dodge of the poet's to catch the publisher's eye, and hint to him his lamentable lack of beer, and of the wherewithal to buy it? At any rate, the herring is plain enough, though the hypercritical might object that it

Q. I have a head, but ne'er an eye,
I have no legs, but wings to fly;
When on an errand I am sent,
I cleave the very element.



A. A Sculler's Boat, the water's the Element, the Scullers are the wings.

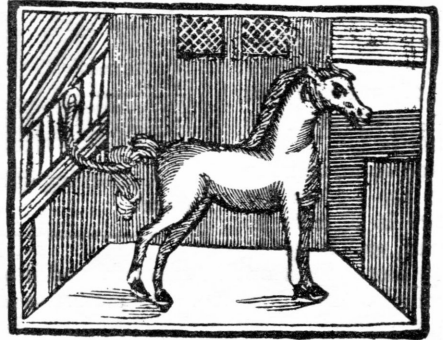
is swimming *on* the sea rather than in it. But the sea is very nicely combed out, like the mermaid's sea in the other book, and after looking at the picture nobody will need to be told the reason of the slang expression that dubs a bloater a "crocodile."

A page or two farther in the book we find the "Boat" riddle. Here we observe that the sea is coarser, and not nearly so well combed. Perhaps that is why it is referred to in the verse as the "very element." If it had only been the "rather" element it might have been more regular in its habits. For "scullers" in the second line of the answer, one should read "sculls"; though in the picture the weapon of propulsion seems rather to be one of the flexible laths used by harlequins. But there is merit in the representation of the jolly young waterman, and nobody can fail to recognise the boat as what is technically known as a "trim-built wherry."

Later we arrive at the "Pillory" riddle.

Here the poetry is of superior workmanship. The rhymes nobody can impugn, and the lines are almost free from lameness—just a trifle stiff in the joints, perhaps, but no more. Observe the fine imagery of the third line. "Many persons to him flow'd." "Flow'd" is admirable. In the picture three gentlemen are about to fling things at the victim, but they all obligingly stop and pose in

Q. There was a sight near Charing Cross,
A creature almost like a horse;
But when I came the beast to see,
The head was where the Tail should be.



A. A Mare tied with her tail to the Manger.

position for the artist to draw the picture. The victim himself also composes his features, and looks as pleasant as possible while his portrait is being taken. A gentleman with no arms finds it difficult to fling anything on his own account, so leans against the side of the picture for safety (having only one leg).

We have rather a famous puzzle in the next we reproduce. A well-known "sell" show at fairs, down to quite recent times, was the "wonderful horse, with his head where his tail ought to be." The innocent who parted with their pennies were presented to a very

Q. Promotion lately was bestow'd
Upon a person mean and small;
Then many persons to him flow'd,
Yet he return'd no thanks at all;
But yet their hands were ready still,
To help him with their kind good-will.



A. It is a Man pelted in the Pillory.

ordinary sort of quadruped, with its tail turned to a corn-bin. Being thus made wise, they said nothing to their friends outside, except to persuade them also to pay their pennies and be sold, which was very grateful of them, and good business for the showman. The mare in the present example is with difficulty repressing a very excusable smile. She stands nobly to attention, and only lacks a pair of rockers to put her completely in character.

And so we come to page 12. Here the poetry is a trifle irregular, and is apt to cause hiccoughs if one attempts to read it off trippingly. But once more the picture saves the situation. Observe the cheerful whiteness of the gloomy night, and the easy non-

chalance wherewith the two linkmen brandish their flaming torches. Neither of them is swinging a leg of mutton round on a string, as inconsiderate persons have supposed; nor are they about to batter each other with knobby clubs, as other superficial students are apt to imagine. They are simply lighting up that black night with flaming links, and with so much success as to whiten the sky as though it had been lime-washed.

The next riddle gives us a bright and airy view of Thames Street, on an early

morning, when three misguided fiddlers spoiled their own rest and that of a bridegroom by fiddling in a vague hope of eleemosynary drinks. Every right-minded person will be delighted to know that they did not get those drinks, though regretful to find no mention of a brick or a boot-jack; either of which articles might with propriety have been contributed by the

Q. Three men near the flowing Thames,
Much pains and labour they did take;
They did both scratch and claw their wems
Until their very hearts did ache.

It is as true as e'er was told,
Therefore this Riddle now unfold.



A. Three Fiddlers in Thames-Street, who played up a bridegroom in the Morning, who gave them nothing to drink.

(12)

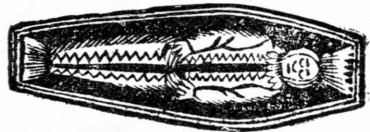
Q. As I walked thro' the streets,
It was near twelve o'clock at night;
Two all in black I chanc'd to meet,
Their eyes like flaming fire bright
They passed by, nothing said,
Therefore I was not much afraid.



A. Two long lighted Links carried along the Street.

Q. Full forty years I once did live,
And oftentimes I food did give;
Yet all that time I did not roam
So much as half a mile from home;
But I liv'd free from care and strife,
'Till at last I lost my life.

Expound this Riddle out of hand,
The owner hath no house nor land.



A. The suits of Crape bestowed upon a deceased Body; the House is the Coffin, the Land is the Grave and he knoweth not that he possesseth either.

neighbours. It will be observed that all three fiddlers are left-handed. This may account for a certain perversity of habit, and some unreasonableness of expectation; but it does not excuse the supine endurance of the bridegroom, nor the disgracefully mountainous state of the public street wherein the fiddlers stand.

The lugubrious merriment of this "Merry Book" (*vide* title-page) is carried on fittingly in the next riddle we print, cheerfully illustrated with a picture of a discontented-looking corpse in a coffin. One can sympathize even with a corpse unwillingly associated with such a dull and clumsy riddle, and truly, to be shoved into the middle of such a doleful performance on a page of public print might bring a discontented scowl to the brow of the most naturally genial corpse; to say nothing of the unnecessarily aggravating flower-pot hat. The first four lines of the verse seem to be an extremely obscure, muddled, and misinformed allusion to the silkworm.

Perhaps the next riddle is the best of the lot in conception.

**Q. I saw five birds all in a cage,
Each bird had but one single wing,
They were an hundred years of age:
And yet fly and sweetly sing,
The wonder did my mind possess,
When I beheld her age and strength:
Besides, as near as I can guess,
Their tails were thirty feet in length.**



A. A Peel of Bells in a Steeple.

worthy, respectable row of men, these ringers, though not strikingly handsome, and one trusts that when the bells *do* swing right side up they will miss their heads by a little, hopeless as the chance seems.

After the bells we have the sun, as it appears on the fire-office plates. It is a healthy-looking, well-fed sun, with a nose like the ace of clubs, a dimpled chin, a pious smile, and a rebellious head of hair. But the riddle is uncommonly poor and flat, even among the other poor and flat riddles.

(23)

**Q. At once I am in France and Spain,
And likewise many nations more,
While I am in my gloomy reign,
I give the world a mighty store.**



A. The S U N.

IN HONOUR BOUND



BY MRS. NEWMAN.

Author of "Too Late," "The Last of the Haddons," etc., etc.

LT seems the only thing left me to do, unless—No, that would be a way of slipping out of it at her expense not open to my father's son. I might as well tell her at once that she has been too ready to take my words seriously. There is but one course for me to take now—the only course any honourable man in such a position could take—and this must be sent," Roland Grafton was telling himself. He put the letter, as to the sending of which he had been debating with himself, with two or three others he had written into envelopes, addressed them, and left them on the table ready for the post-bag.

He sat gazing straight before him in a grave, spiritless way, different enough from what might be looked for in a man who had just written a love-letter offering himself and all he possessed to a young and beautiful girl. No mean possessions, and no mean personality. A young man of about eight-and-twenty, fine-looking, healthy in mind and body; the only son of his house, and endowed with an old family name and large property, which had been carefully nursed for him during a long minority after his father's death.

"Well, I'm not the first man who has drifted into matrimony in this easy, irresponsible fashion, I suppose. Sitting out in a

conservatory after supper, the perfume of flowers and the melody of one's favourite Strauss in the air; real admiration for a beautiful face, a few soft nothings, and there you are! Not precisely one's ideal to be making love to a pair of blue eyes, a well-shaped mouth, and the rest of it, instead of the woman; but ideals are out of date, and how little I know of her, after all! She may possess every virtue under the sun for aught I know. She is certainly beautiful, and I think—yes, amiable. Beautiful *and* amiable! What on earth more would you have, Roland Grafton?" a little uncomfortably conscious the while that there was, in fact, something else—an indefinable something that he had hoped for, or at any rate dreamed of, which seemed lacking.

Pushing his chair back from the library table, he rose and went towards the great oriel window having an outlook upon grass terraces, well-kept gardens and park beyond, with old trees massed about it here and there, stretching in wide sweeps and undulations down to where a church spire indicated the position of a town in the distance.

His hands thrust deep into his pockets, he stood gazing at the scene so familiar, yet ever varying with the season's changes, and always equally attractive in his eyes. It was steeped just now in July sunshine.

"Will she come to feel as I do about all

this ; or will it have to be a house in town, and the best part of the year spent away from here ? Will she allow the mother to go to the jointure house, or — ? ”

He turned, went quickly towards the table, caught up the letter, and was about to tear it across, and consign it to the waste-paper basket, but once more hesitated, and after another moment threw it on to the table again.

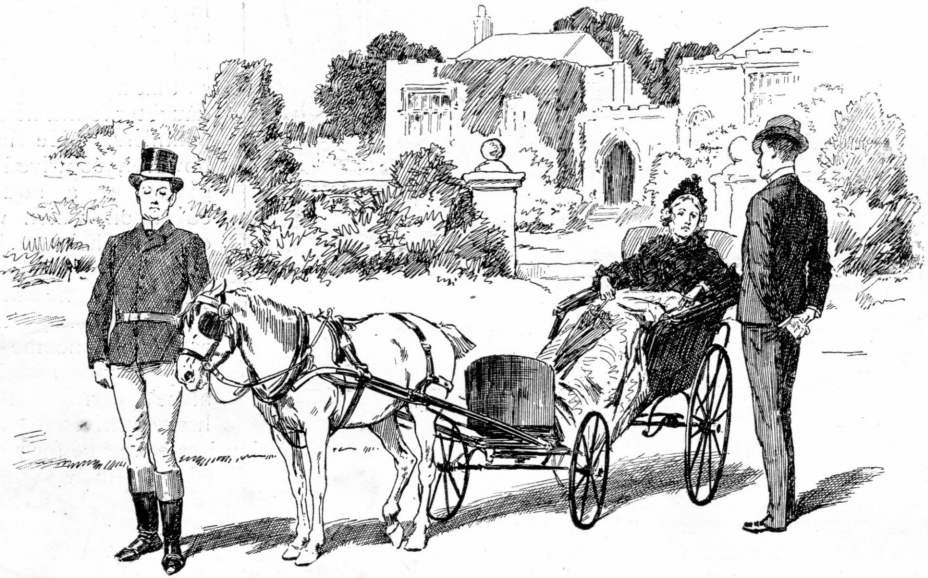
“ No ; it has gone too far ! At any rate, she must have thought it had when she used my Christian name and asked me to call her Margaret, whispering those parting words : ‘ You will write ; I shall hear from you to-morrow ! ’ No girl would speak in that way if she did not think matters had gone pretty far. There must have seemed more in my tone and manner than I thought there was. Yes ; she has a right to expect that

The letter sent beyond recall, he strove to get used to the thought of what might be expected to follow.

“ Shall I tell the mother ? Not yet, I think—not until I get the reply. I have half a mind to go over to lunch with the Hargraves, and get through the time that way. She would hardly come before four o’clock,” conscious that the restlessness he felt arose chiefly from the desire to have the matter settled one way or the other. His impatience was certainly not that of an ardent lover.

As he walked down the drive he came upon his mother, who had been some time an invalid, taking her morning airing in a pony-chaise.

“ I am going to walk over to the Hargraves, mother, and shall probably lunch there. Don’t wait for me.”



“ I AM GOING TO WALK OVER TO THE HARGRAVES, MOTHER.”

letter, and it must go, come what may. I’ll send it by a groom. He can easily go there and back in a couple of hours or so, and I shall know all the sooner whether it is to be ‘ Yes ’ or ‘ No.’ ”

He rang the bell, and bade the man who obeyed the summons “ Tell James to saddle the mare, ride over to Wellends with this letter, and wait for an answer.” After a moment’s thought he added, to avoid making the errand too much like a special one : “ These two others can be left in the town as he goes through.”

Vol. xxii.—10.

“ Very well. My kind regards, and say I am hoping to see some of them here soon.” With a smiling, half-questioning look up into his face she added, “ Effie was to return yesterday, was she not ? ”

He saw that the hint he had given his mother that morning at the breakfast-table had had its effect in the way of setting her mind at work as to who the *fiancée* was to be, and that his going over to the Hargraves just after the return of the daughter had seemed to point to the conclusion that she was the favoured one.

"Oh, to-day, was it? I had forgotten," he replied in a tone that showed his mother he was heart-whole so far as Effie Hargraves was concerned.

"Be sure to ask Mrs. Hargraves to drive over soon, Roland."

"All right, mother."

He walked on a few steps, then halted, and, after a few moments' hesitation, went back to where his mother sat watching him with tender pride.

Quite aware that there would be no going on until the young master was out of sight

"The mother will be in some degree prepared now, and I shall not have to explain further until the matter is settled."

About half a mile from the park-gate, in the high road near the entrance to the town, there was a row of small cottages. In the little parlour of one of these, to which not all the dainty care bestowed upon it could give the appearance of more than decent poverty, sat Miss Bourne, a spinster of middle age, and her niece, a girl of about eighteen. The elder woman was engaged in darning a much-worn tablecloth, sighing now and again over some newly discovered weak place, and the niece in copying a piece of music.

The sister and daughter of a solicitor who had lived in the town, and had been so long an invalid that all his little property had dwindled away, so that at his death his daughter found herself penniless. He had, however, contrived to give her a sound education, which was of good help to her now.

Miss Bourne owned the small cottage, and with her income of forty pounds and her niece's earnings they had contrived to live

so far. It was a colourless existence for a girl of eighteen, with refined, artistic tastes and keen, intellectual appreciation. She felt the dreary monotony of her life all the more from the fact that her aunt was no companion in the way of sharing her tastes. It told much in the young girl's favour that her aunt was quite unaware anything was lacking. Miss Bourne was under the impression that they were admirably suited to each other, her niece finding her as companionable as she believed herself to be.

"We really must contrive to get a couple of new tablecloths soon, Margaret," said her aunt, with a little sigh.

"And I have set my heart on a frock for Molly. We can manage both out of the quarter's money due from the Watsons, auntie."

"But I wanted you to have a new hat for the summer, Margaret, and it is July already.



"MISS BOURNE AND HER NIECE."

the groom stood motionless by the pony's head.

"Mother," began Roland, bending down and speaking only for her ears, "I think you will probably have some visitors this afternoon, and, if you are a little surprised at what comes of it, you will not, I hope, disapprove, since it is for my—happiness."

Quick to note his momentary hesitation before the last word, she looked up with tender anxiety into his face as she replied:—

"You may be sure I am more desirous of that than of anything in the world besides, Roland. But am I not to hear any more?"

"Later on, mother. It would take too long to go into explanations now." He gave her a reassuring smile and went on again.

"Well got over, so far," he was thinking, as he turned from the drive and struck across the park towards the east lodge, in the opposite direction to that leading to the town.

It behoves us to make as good an appearance as we can. You must not forget your grandfather was a Mordaunt, you know."

There was a half-smile upon the young girl's lips. She was in no danger of forgetting what she was so frequently reminded of.

At that moment the small servant, who came in to help clean at the cottage two or three times a week, entered the room, carrying a letter between a not very clean finger and thumb.

"This is for you, miss. A groom brought it, and said it was from the Hall."

"From the Hall?" said Miss Bourne, looking up from her work, almost as much surprised as Molly herself; repeating, as the maid went out of the room, "A note from the Hall, Margaret?"

"Yes; from Sir Roland, Aunt Mary. He promised to give one of the gardeners directions to bring some palms and flowers for the platform of the schoolroom to-morrow night. I told him they would help to brighten the room, and he has written about that, I suppose"; the colour rushing to her cheeks, and her fingers closing tightly over the letter, as she rose and went towards the window.

"Very kind of him, I am sure, dear," said Miss Bourne, bending over her work again. "Does he know you are going to sing?"

No reply. Margaret was gazing down at the address with guilty consciousness of the deep interest which any word from Roland Grafton had for her. As she stood with the morning light streaming in upon her, tall, slight, with reflective grey eyes, and the hint of well-controlled power in her delicately-curved mouth and chin, she looked capable of arousing, as well as feeling, interest in others.

She glanced round at her aunt and, a little relieved to see that her attention was fixed upon the darning again, opened the envelope. It was courteous to write to her, but it would, of course, be only the few words which might be expected from one such as Sir Roland to tell her he had given the promised directions for the plants to be sent to the schoolroom.

As she unfolded the letter she saw that it contained much more than the two or three lines she had expected to find—a letter carried on to the third page.

At sight of the first words the colour died out of her cheeks, then flamed hotly into them again. There was an expression of bewildered surprise in her eyes, and her breath came in short, hurried gasps as she read:—

"DEAR MARGARET,—After our conversation the other night you will be expecting this, and you will, I trust, pardon any shortcomings in the manner of it when I tell you it is the first letter of the kind I have written. Will you be my wife, Margaret? I do not find it easy to write about myself, but this much I can say in all sincerity: if you will accept me, I will do my utmost to make your life a happy one. Myself, and all I possess, will be devoted to your service. If you can regard this favourably will you, remembering that my mother is an invalid, waive the conventionalities and come over to see her this afternoon—you and your shadow, as we call her? My mother will be expecting you, and you will be welcomed as my future wife should be.—Yours, ROLAND GRAFTON."

Margaret stood gazing down at the words in dumb amazement for a few moments, hardly able to realize this great happiness had come to her. She caught up the envelope that had fallen to her feet. Yes, it was addressed to her. It was evidently intended for her.

"What does he say, Margaret? Is he going to send the plants?" asked Miss Bourne, beginning to wonder at her niece's continued silence. Then, looking towards her and noticing the change of expression in her face, she added: "Can he not send the flowers? Those gardeners are so unwilling. Nothing unpleasant, I hope?" rising as she spoke and going towards her niece.

Unpleasant! Margaret turned her eyes towards her aunt's anxious face and gave a little laugh, which ended in a sob.

"I thought you said it was from Sir Roland," went on Miss Bourne, wondering what he could have written to affect her niece in that extraordinary way. Never before had she seen such an expression as that in the young girl's face. Tears, smiles, blushes—what did it mean?

"Yes, it is from him; but, it is so different from anything I could have imagined it would be, Aunt Mary."

"Let me read it, Margaret?" curiously.

The young girl's hand tightened over the letter. Other eyes rest upon it, her first love-letter, and from Roland Grafton! But she presently had herself under control and, remembering what was due to her aunt, quietly replied: "Sir Roland has asked me to be his wife, Aunt Mary."

It was Miss Bourne's turn to be amazed. "His wife!" she ejaculated. "Made you an offer, do you mean—are you sure? Sir Roland Grafton!"



"WHAT DOES HE SAY, MARGARET?"

"Yes."

"My dear Margaret, what wonderful good fortune! You are, of course, worthy of the best and greatest in the land—but, really, you know——!"

"It does seem wonderful he should choose me," gently put in the young girl.

"To think of your being in the best society in the county—mistress at the Hall—after the difficulty we have had to get on from day to day without being in debt."

"To think of his choosing *me*, Aunt Mary," a little shrinking from the tone of her aunt's congratulations.

"And, good gracious me, Margaret; you will be Lady Grafton," said the elder lady, far from seeing what was in the girl's mind.

"Don't, Aunt Mary."

Miss Bourne looked a little puzzled. "Are you to write or is he coming here, my dear?"

"He asks me to go with you to see his mother. She naturally wishes to see me; but she is an invalid and never goes anywhere, you know. Fortunately for me she is a good woman—everyone says she is; and since her son has chosen me she may not be inclined to make objections on the score of my lack of fortune or position"; adding with

a half-smile, as she saw the words forming upon her aunt's lips, "She may not even have heard of the great Mordaunt, much less of our being descended from him."

Miss Bourne looked a little grave. She had always felt that her niece was not sufficiently appreciative of her descent on her mother's side, and the tone of her allusion to her grandfather now was not in the best taste, to say the least. It was not, however, the time to point this out.

"You will go, of course, Margaret?"

"I think—yes—if we were inclined to stand upon our dignity, we could not do so with an invalid—and under the circum-

stances. It is better we should go, if you don't mind, Aunt Mary?"

"Oh, not at all," replied Miss Bourne, striving to speak in a matter-of-course tone, as though a visit to the Hall were an ordinary occurrence. "Since Sir Roland wishes it, we certainly ought to go, but—if we had only a little more time to prepare! We might do up your hat, Margaret"; hastily folding up her work, as she added: "That little white feather, and a velvet bow, and——"

"No. No, thank you, I would rather not. You see, it matters so little, aunty. Since he has chosen me, it must be for myself, I suppose"; turning aside to lift the letter to her lips. "His mother knows what my position is, and she will not expect to see me attired in the latest fashion."

"He must have been a great deal impressed by what he saw of you, my dear. He has often seen you about the town, I daresay; and he was talking to you for some time at the schools the other day, was he not?"

"Not for very long. He happened to come in while I was trying over the song I am to sing to-morrow, and we said a few words about the bareness of the room and the difficulty of being entertaining with such depressing surroundings. I told him he

might—I think I said he ought to—help us more than he has done. If he could get up a good hearty laugh for us he would be invaluable, or he might at least send us flowers. Talking of flowers led to quoting the old poets and challenging each other's memories about—"There was a soft smile in her eyes as she dwelt for a few moments upon the remembrance; then she presently went on: "It was only an exchange of ideas, but some people seem to have the power to bring out the best in one, do they not?"

"He must at any rate have thought a great deal of what you said," replied the elder woman, still more than a little surprised at the young girl's quiet reception of the wonderful good fortune that had come to her. But she was presently seized with a sudden fear lest her niece might have some foolish scruples about not caring for him sufficiently, or something of that kind, which might cause her to refuse him. Margaret had always been a little different from other girls in her way of looking at things.

Rather anxiously she went on; "Most girls would think themselves highly honoured by such an offer. Dear Margaret, do you think you can come to care for him?"

Come to care for him! The young girl turned her eyes upon her aunt's kindly, anxious face, and once more broke into a little laugh. Come to care for him—Roland Grafton! Was there another man in all the world to be compared with him? Ah, well; her aunt did not, of course, know how it was with her. She had kept her secret so far, and now perhaps the time was coming when there would be no necessity for further concealment.

Roland Grafton had tried to persuade himself that should Margaret Chetwynd accept him, their married life would be, if not the best that could be conceived of, at any rate of the average kind. No sooner had that letter been sent off than he began to have grave doubts as to whether marriage with her would be even of the average kind for him, attached as he was to the old home, and unaccustomed to find attractions elsewhere; while she was constantly in society, and would perhaps take it as a matter of course that when they were not in town the house would be full of people with whom he would have little in common.

He had made but a short stay at the Hargraves. Feeling, in his present state of mind, quite incapable of keeping up the ordinary topics of conversation, he had merely given his mother's message and left before luncheon.

Captain Hargrave, with whom he was on intimate terms, the two having been together at Eton and Oxford, walked with him as far as the park-gates. A few jesting words from him, which Grafton afterwards believed had been spoken with intention, not only confirmed his fears that he had too hastily committed himself, but had opened his eyes to something he had not before suspected.

"They say you were sitting out in the conservatory with the all too charming Miss Chetwynd, at the Lawrences' ball the other night, old man. I know you can take care of yourself, but it seems to have got about that, failing the bigger title the old woman and she have been trying so hard to net, it is going to be you."

"Who says it?" curtly replied Grafton, reddening.

"Oh, don't take it that way. Of course, I know you have your wits about you, and are not to be so easily caught. As to who set the ball rolling, I think it was the too lovely one herself. With the best intentions that way, she had not the old woman's skill in diplomacy, and told her dearest friend, who told our dearest friend, who naturally told us, all in the strictest confidence, that you stood next to Lord Saletoun on the list."

Grafton had himself better in hand now, and made some indefinite reply, which the other took to be a parting jest, as the two shook hands at the gate.

He turned into the wood at the lower end of the park and roamed restlessly about in troubled thought. Hargrave's words had struck home. "I must take the consequences of that half-hour's fooling, I suppose. There will be no escape for me now," he was moodily telling himself.

Worse than all this, by one of those strange contrarieties of mind not to be easily explained, he was beginning to see something else—something to which it would have been better for his peace to remain blind. The difference between Margaret Chetwynd and the girl who had the courage to remind him of his responsibilities and to take him to task for not having sufficiently considered them! How vivid now was his remembrance of the expression of those grey eyes as they bravely met his when she told him that he ought not to need such a reminder.

Yes; he recognised too late that he loved another woman as he could never have loved the one to whom he was pledged, and for whom his present feeling was becoming little short of aversion.

"But if it is too late, why should I torment



"THEY SAY YOU WERE SITTING OUT IN THE CONSERVATORY WITH THE ALL TOO CHARMING MISS CHETWYND."

myself by bemoaning the inevitable?" he was presently telling himself, turning away from the haunting memory. "I have asked Margaret Chetwynd to be my wife; and if she chooses to accept me I am in honour bound to act so that she misses nothing. Fortunately," he added, a little grimly, "she does not seem to be exacting in the matter of love-making—a very little of that goes a long way."

He bared his head with a farewell benediction to the woman he had lost; then, turning into the open, walked across the park towards the house with firm steps and set lips. If she were coming—and he dared not now hope that she was not—she would have arrived by this time.

"Any visitors, Grant?" he inquired, hoping for a negative reply, of a servant, as he opened the inner door and entered the hall.

"Two ladies, sir."

Grafton drew a deep breath. "In the drawing-room?"

"In the morning-room, sir."

Not to give himself another moment for hesitation, Grafton hurriedly crossed the hall and entered the morning-room. He had taken but two steps into the room when he suddenly stopped, his eyes dilating with astonishment. Was it a trick of the senses?

No. The face that had so persistently presented itself to his mental vision during the last two hours: the girl he loved—he

knew now that it was love—sitting there with his mother and her aunt! The three turned smiling faces towards him as he entered.

How had it happened—what had brought it about?

With a tremulous smile upon her lips Margaret Bourne half rose and extended her hand, then it fell to her side, and she sat down again, the soft colour that had suffused her cheeks fading out of them. Why was he looking at her in that way? she was asking herself. It seemed almost as though he had not expected to see her there! What did it mean?

Still in a whirl of astonishment, he advanced and shook hands with the aunt and niece, contriving to say a few conventional words.

"You told me I might expect visitors, Roland," smilingly said his mother. "It was very kind of Miss Bourne to come to see an invalid; and I have already discovered that Miss Margaret and I have some tastes in common," laying her hand gently upon that of the young girl seated by her side, and looking up meaningly into her son's face.

Lady Grafton had at first been not a little surprised when the aunt and niece had been ushered into the room, but she had very quickly arrived at the conclusion that these were the visitors her son had told her to expect. Why had he not been more explicit with her? True, he had said she would be

surprised, and had appealed to her good feeling; but it would have made things so much easier for her, and indeed for them all, had she been better prepared.

There was, however, but one course open to her, as a woman of gentle breeding and mistress of the house. The visitors were received with kindly courtesy, and, as they pleasantly exchanged the first few words, she was quick to recognise that if the aunt was somewhat nervous and ill at ease, the niece, who was in a much more trying position, bore herself with the quiet self-possession of a lady. And how earnest and true she seemed—how intelligent, and simple, and strong—in comparison with the assertive type of girl with no reverence for anything, or the foolish one with nothing but her pretty face to depend upon.

Nor was Margaret Bourne entirely unknown to her so far as report went. She had heard of the young girl's devotion to her father during his long illness, and of the brave, cheerful way in which she had set to work to earn her daily bread after his death.

Suddenly she had thought she understood her son's motive in asking them to go there in that way. Ah, yes; that of course was what Roland had meant. He had chosen this young girl for his wife, and had wished his mother to see her in order to come to an unprejudiced judgment about her. He had trusted that she would win her way to his mother's heart, and she already more than half satisfied Lady Grafton's somewhat exigent taste.

He might have done better, perhaps, judging from the conventional point of view, but that was not hers. She was no slave to mere conventionality. It would not be Helen Grafton who would put obstacles in the way. Rather was she conscious of a feeling of relief after dreading a revelation so different. What would it have been if Roland's choice had fallen upon Miss Chetwynd?—who, she was obliged to acknowledge to herself, possessed almost everything that could be desired, with the exception of a heart.

But how was it that Roland had not seen what her opinion was, as she meant him to do by the tone and manner with which she greeted him? He was generally so quick to read her thoughts, but now he seemed confused and unlike himself.

She turned to the visitors, talking pleasantly on with them, and presently gave her son another opportunity for joining in.

"Miss Bourne says she sketches some-

times, Roland, and I have just been telling her she must take the view from the west terrace that people think so much of."

"It makes a pretty picture."

Pretty! She looked at him in some surprise. It was unlike him to jerk out a sentence in that way, and have no more to say. There was, too, she noticed, a difference in Margaret Bourne since his entrance. "What does it mean?" she asked herself, beginning to feel that there was something in the situation which she did not quite comprehend. To say something—the silence was becoming somewhat awkward and oppressive, each regarding the others with what seemed to be anxious expectation—she recommenced.

"I received a note from Miss Chetwynd just after luncheon, inclosing one for you, Roland. She says you must have put a note, which you sent her this morning, into the wrong envelope. It could not have been meant for her. Here it is," offering it to him.

He hurriedly took it and crushed it up in his hand, reddening to the temples. No need to take it from the envelope which had been carefully closed. He saw at once what had happened.

Another saw!

Margaret Bourne's eyes were downcast, and she sat white and still and crushed by the blow which had fallen upon her. She had received the offer intended for another, and had accepted it all too readily by going there! However long she might live, no trouble could come to her bringing with it such humiliation as this.

How to get away? How to say the few words that had to be said in the right way? Not for a moment did it occur to her to attempt to shield herself by making things appear what they were not. Rising to take leave, she said, in a voice that sounded strange to her own ears:—

"Yes, there has been a mistake. I got the wrong letter and—I ought not to be here. Allow me to apologize, Lady Grafton, for the intrusion. I am more than sorry that——"

"You got the letter you ought to have," hurriedly put in Roland, "and you are in your right place here, if you will honour us."

He meant that he would sacrifice himself for her. Allow him to do that? Ah, no! It was for her to act, and so to act that there could be no misunderstanding her.

"You are generous, Sir Roland. But I cannot take advantage of such generosity—I



"YES, THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE."

will not! I too have made a mistake, and I prefer to take the consequences."

Her aunt had also risen, and was looking anxiously from one to the other. Although not so quick as her niece to recognise exactly what had occurred, she saw that it would involve a return to their old life of poverty and drudgery again. Her efforts to accept the situation with the dignity proper to a Mordaunt, notwithstanding, she had some difficulty in keeping back her tears. But in her loyalty to her niece she said: "Oh, yes; we prefer to take the consequences."

"You must not go!" ejaculated Roland. Turning anxiously towards his mother, he added: "Say a word for me, mother! You know me, and you will believe me when I say that my future happiness depends on my winning Miss Bourne for my wife."

Lady Grafton laid her hand upon the young girl's arm and was about to speak, when Margaret quietly repeated:—

"It cannot be. There must not be another mistake—in justice to Miss Chetwynd, there must not."

Miss Chetwynd! Lady Grafton understood it all now. She glanced again at the note that had been written to her and

inclosed with that to her son, and her face brightened with a smile. Yes; that young woman had herself cut the knot for them.

"Miss Chetwynd gave me some good news, Roland. She says she has promised to be the wife of Lord Saletown."

A wonderful change came into his face, and his bearing became that of one who had been suddenly relieved of a great burden.

"That is grand news, indeed, mother!" Turning towards Margaret, he went on with almost

boyish eagerness, for the first time addressing her by her Christian name: "You are not going, Margaret; do you think we will let you go—now? There is much to say—to be explained. And—yes, I want to show you the view and—the flowers. It is of the *greatest* importance that you should yourself choose the plants and flowers for the school concert to-morrow night, you know," endeavouring to look into her eyes, downcast but not in humiliation now.

"Oh, yes, pray give us the pleasure," as earnestly put in Lady Grafton. "I, too, have something to say, Margaret. I must try to prove to you that my son's happiness will be mine." To the aunt she added, "Pray sit down, Miss Bourne; they will be bringing in tea, and you really must stay."

They could no longer demur; and when, later on, Roland induced Margaret to accompany him to the conservatories to "look at the flowers," he made his confession.

She could not be, and did not affect to be, blind to the fact that his offer to the other Margaret had been made solely because he felt in honour bound to make it. For the rest, she was the happiest girl in the three kingdoms.

The Flow of Rocks.

AN IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC THEORY PROVED TRUE.

BY FREDERICK T. C. LANGDON.



It is a well-known scientific theory, and one of great and far-reaching importance, that the solid rocks of which the earth consists become, under the enormous heat and pressure of the interior, semi-liquid and mobile, so that they may be said to flow like treacle. This astounding fact, long suspected, but never before demonstrated, has been proved at last by Professor Frank Dawson Adams, M.Sc.Ph.D., F.G.S., Logan Professor in Geology at McGill University, Montreal. With machinery especially constructed for applying tremendous pressures, even up to ninety tons per square inch, during periods varying from fifteen minutes to 128 days, Professor Adams has squeezed columns of marble until the molecules have slipped and twisted, separated and reunited, changing entirely the granular appearance of the structure, while weakening it but comparatively little.

These experiments have clearly shown why the rocky strata of the earth are so irregular, why they are rent asunder by earthquakes, why mountains have taken shape, why some of the greatest of geographical changes have occurred. It is a far cry from the flow of liquids to the flow of rocks, but Professor Adams's experiments have demonstrated that the one resembles the other; that rock-structure under extreme pressure seeks relief along the lines of least resistance and flows in those lines, just as it is known that liquids flow.

A drop of rain-water on a window-pane moves downward through a zig-zag course, the deviations being due to tiny causes in the shape of bits of dust, imperfections in the glass, etc. That drop of water follows the line of least resistance. A mass of rock deep in the world-crust, pressed down upon by countless tons of like material, seeks to get away from the overpowering force and moves—infinately slow though the motion be

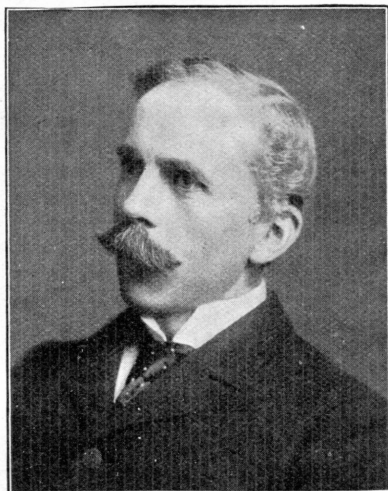
—along paths of the smallest opposition. The cases are parallel. Immense masses of rock strata are thus moved during inconceivable periods of time, being slowly forced along beneath the surface of the globe, or projected outside in the form of mountains or hills. When the "overhang" weight of the hard-pressed strata becomes too great for the cohesive force of the molecular structure there is a toppling, a settling towards the centre of gravity, a rupture at the "fulcrum," and then an earthquake.

Although these complicated bendings and twistings have long been recognised by geologists, there has been much discussion as to the way in which this "flow" has taken place and a wide divergence of opinion. In some quarters the process has been considered as purely mechanical; in others the possibilities of solution and redeposition of material were taken into the equation. With so much opportunity for doubt the problem was one which might be elucidated by experiments upon rock movements—if movements could be induced in rocks under known conditions. And

if the results thus artificially obtained corresponded with the structures of deformed rocks found in Nature, a great deal might be learned not only about the character of the movements, but also about the conditions necessary to produce those movements.

It is almost universally agreed among geologists that there are three principal factors needful to bring about those conditions to which, in the deep parts of the earth, rock structure is subjected, and that these conditions are: First, tremendous pressure; second, high temperature; third, percolating waters.

As regards the question of pressure, let it be said that mere cubic compression does not result in a flowing motion, although it may effect a change in the molecular structure of the rock. That the mass may have movement, a differential pressure is necessary; and



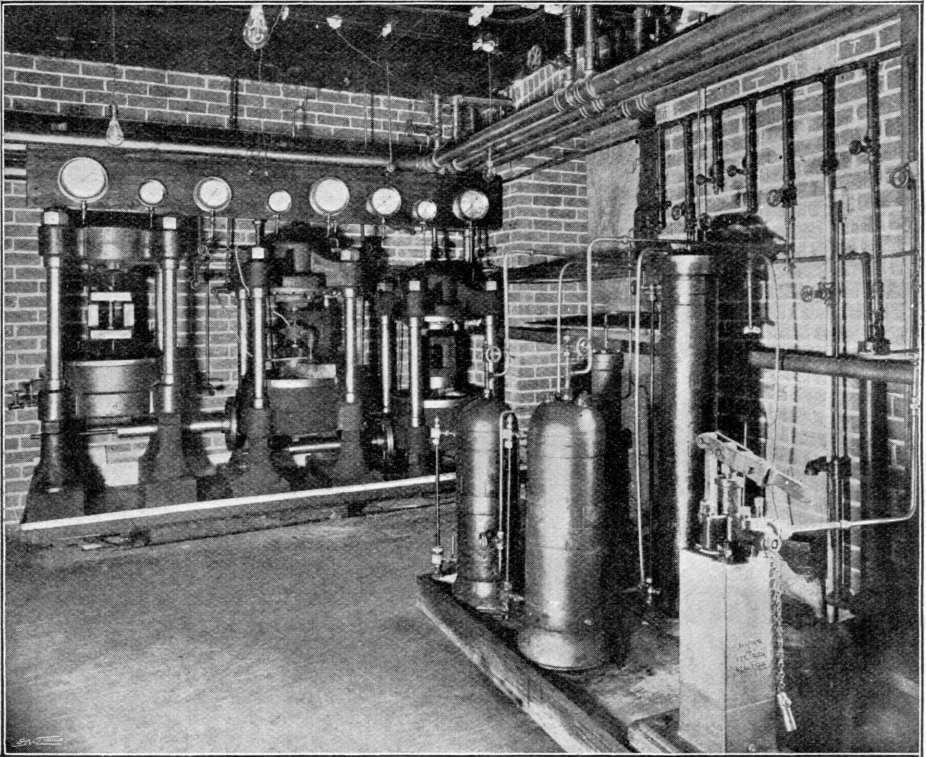
PROFESSOR FRANK DAWSON ADAMS.
From a Photograph.

to obtain this differential pressure under the conditions prescribed, inventive genius must needs get to work. In the evolution of a proper machine for his experiments Professor Adams was aided by Professor John T. Nicholson, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E. The studies were conducted in the Mining Building at McGill University.

That the interesting way in which the

out the core. The consequent tube of Low Moor iron was one-fourth of an inch thick, with the fibres of the metal running around the tube instead of parallel to its long axis.

Small columns of marble, varying in diameter from eight-hundredths of an inch to one inch, and about one and five-hundredths of an inch long, were accurately fashioned and polished on a lathe. Then the Low



PLANT AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY, WHERE THE FLOW OF ROCK WAS DEMONSTRATED.

The machine on the extreme left of the photograph is ready to make a "cold dry crush"; the machine in the middle is ready to make a "hot dry crush" (the asbestos packing which would be wrapped about it to keep in the heat being removed); and the machine on the right is prepared for a "hot wet crush."

experiments were carried on may be clearly explained for readers of *THE STRAND* it will be advisable to begin with a description of the preparation of the blocks of pure Carrara marble used in the tests, and gradually to lead up to the machinery with which the squeezing is accomplished. To subject the marble to a differential pressure it was sought to inclose it in some metal with a greater elasticity than the marble, but at the same time ductile to a considerable degree. Heavy tubes of wrought-iron were adopted. These were formed after the plan used in making big guns, by wrapping thin strips of Low Moor iron about a soft iron bar, welding each strip in succession, and finally boring

Moor tube was fitted about the marble, both the column itself and the interior of the tube being tapered very slightly, and so contrived that the marble would pass only half-way into the tube when cool. The tube, being subjected to expansion through the agency of heat, increased in diameter enough to allow the marble to pass completely into it, leaving at either end about an inch and a quarter of the tube free. When the tube cooled a uniform contact between the metal and the rock was obtained.

The subject was then in readiness for the next step. Into either end of the tube containing the marble column was inserted an accurately fitting plug or piston of steel, and

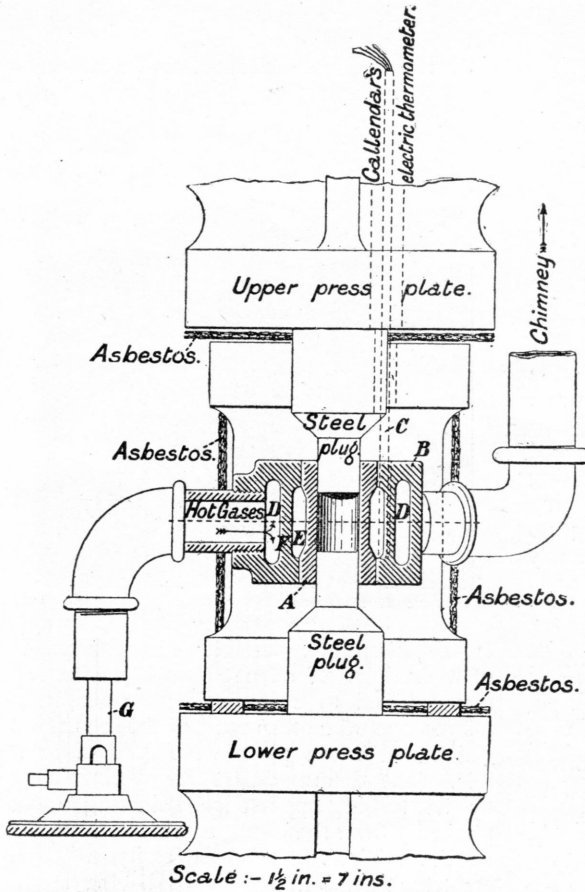


DIAGRAM OF THE "HOT DRY" CRUSHING PRESS.

A. Tube inclosing column of Carrara marble. B. Cast-iron jacket bored to receive tube. C. Place for insertion of a Callendar's platinum resistance thermometer. D. Channel for circulation of hot gases. E. Air space, into which thermometer bulb projects. F. Wall separating gas space from air space. G. Gas pipe.

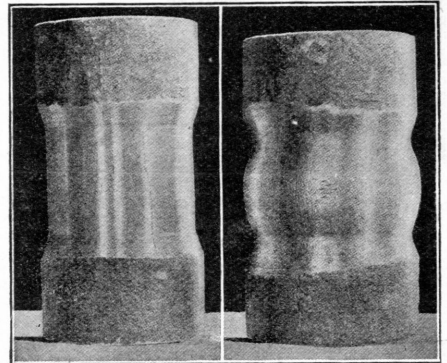
pressure was applied by means of these. This pressure—and a most extraordinary pressure, too—was brought about by a powerful double hydraulic "intensifier" press, by means of which (in earlier experiments when water from the city mains was used) forces as high as 13,000 atmospheres were exerted on the marble, which forces were easily regulated and maintained at a constant value for months at a time, if needed.

Having learned that columns of marble, 1 in. in diameter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, were crushed at from 11,430 lb. to 12,026 lb. to the square inch, the column in its wrought-iron casing was placed in the squeezing machine and pressure applied gradually, the extreme diameter of the tube being accurately measured at frequent intervals. Until a pressure of 18,000 lb. to the square inch was reached (varying slightly with the thickness

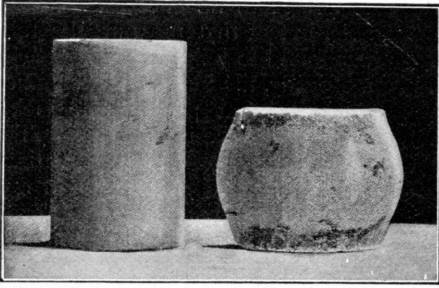
of the tube) no effect was noticeable, but at that pressure the tube was found to bulge slowly and symmetrically, the bulge being confined solely to that part of the jacket surrounding the marble plug. The distension was permitted to continue until the tube showed signs of rupture, when the pressure was removed. The marble was submitted to pressure under the following four conditions: (a) At the ordinary temperature in the absence of moisture (cold dry crush). (b) At 300 deg. Centigrade in the absence of moisture (hot dry crush). (c) At 400 deg. Centigrade in the absence of moisture (hot dry crush). (d) At 300 deg. Centigrade in the presence of moisture (hot wet crush).

On columns of marble at the ordinary temperature eight experiments were made in the absence of moisture, the rate at which pressure was applied varying in different cases, and the consequent malformation being in some cases extremely slow and in others more rapid, the extremes being ten minutes and sixty-four days in those particular cases. On the completion of the experiments a narrow cutter in a milling machine was used to slit the tube longitudinally along two opposite lines. The marble was found to be still firm and compact, and so to cling to the two now distinct sides of the jacket that mechanical aid in the shape of wedges was

necessary to tear them asunder, and even then the marble was split through the vertical axis. So firmly did the deformed half-



At the left is shown the Low Moor iron tube inclosing a column of Carrara marble ready to be placed in the machine. On the right is the same tube after having been slowly deformed during a period of sixty-four days.

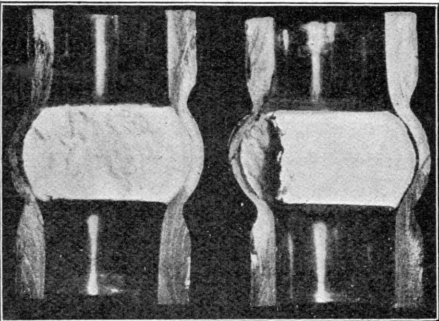


On the right is the piece of deformed marble after removal from its jacket. On the left is a column of marble of the dimensions its partner originally possessed.

columns then cling to the halves of the jacket that a vice had to be used to set them free.

While compact and firm, the squeezed marble differs from the original in possessing a dead-white, chalky hue, the glistening cleavage surfaces of the calcite being no longer visible. This difference is extremely well shown in certain cases where some parts of the original marble remain unaltered by the pressure.

That the strength of the rock might be tested, three of the half-columns obtained in different experiments after the manner described above were selected. The first of these, which had undergone a slow deformation extending through a period of sixty-four days, gave way under a load of 5,350lb. per square inch; the second, compressed for one and a half hours, broke down under a pressure of two tons per square inch; and the third, which had been squeezed but fifteen

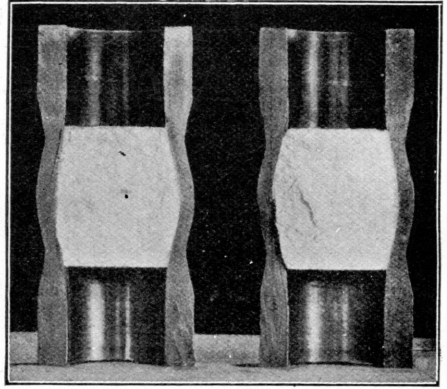


Tube containing the deformed marble, milled open, and the marble split in two as described. In this particular case the marble column was reduced one-half its original height in four hours.

minutes, crushed under 2,776lb. So that, in spite of allowances made for variance in shape of specimens tested, the marble after deformation is weaker than the original rock, for it has been previously mentioned that columns of marble such as were tested in the way described above exhibited originally a

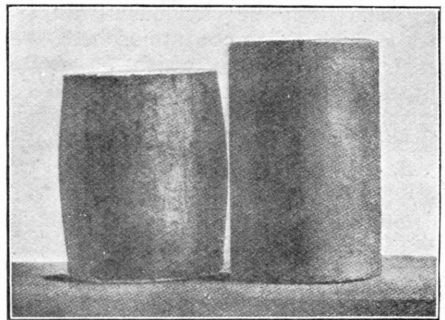
crushing weight of between 11,430lb. and 12,026lb. to the square inch. Hence when deformation is conducted slowly the resultant rock is stronger than when deformation is rapid.

As has been said, some portions of the tested marble columns were found unaltered.



The result of seventeen days' pressure; deformation only slightly marked.

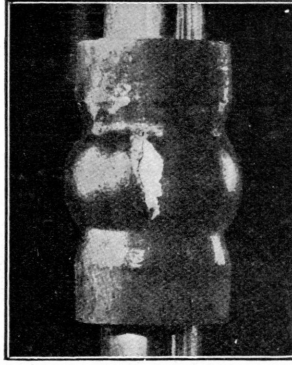
It was, therefore, possible to get thin proximal sections of changed and unchanged material and to examine them beneath the microscope, when the nature of the movement which had taken place was clearly discernible. The deformed part was distinguished by its turbid appearance, differing most markedly from the clear, transparent mosaic of the original. This turbidity was of greatest strength along a series of reticulating lines running through the sections, which lines, when highly magnified, are seen to consist of bands of tiny calcite granules. The calcite individuals along these lines—the "lines of shearing"—have broken down, moved past one another, and come to be compactly massed after the movement ceased. The resultant structure is identical with that seen in the felspar of many gneisses.



At the left is a column of marble whose deformation occupied 124 days, during which a temperature of 300deg. Centigrade was maintained. The column at the right represents the original size of the other.

Professor Adams next experimented with the effects of heat, and after putting the marble into the machine (supplied with suitable apparatus for the generation of heat) he learned that the crushing load of the column deformed under those conditions was equal to 10,652 lb. per square inch. So that, while marble deformed under the influence of great heat is not quite as strong as the original rock, it is, to say the least, very strong.

The third factor which it was believed might have an influence on rock formation—moisture—was next considered, and yet another modification of the machine was needful. For sixty-four days water was forced through the marble column at a pressure of 460 lb. to the square inch. The column was heated to 300 deg. Centigrade. Under these conditions the marble yielded by molecular slipping, but the deformed column was found actually to be slightly stronger than an unchanged bit of the original rock. The structure was identical with that developed at 300 deg. Centigrade without the presence of moisture. Water therefore did

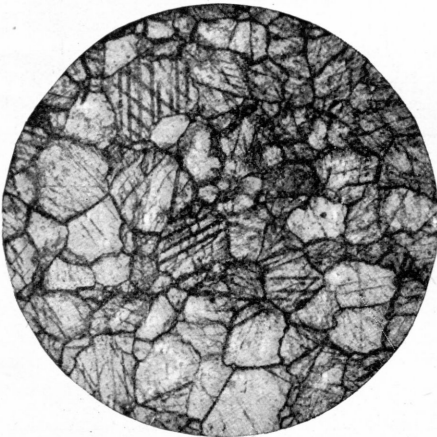


In this case the pressure on the marble was continued so long and the deformation carried so far that the moving marble within rent asunder the metal jacket inclosing it.

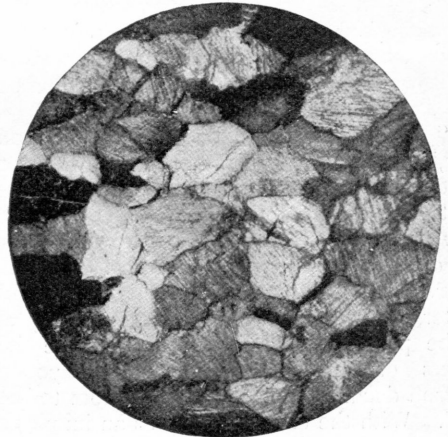
fact; namely, that an examination of marble deformed at a temperature of 300 deg. Centigrade, or better at 460 deg., indicated an internal molecular motion precisely identical with that observed in metals changed by impact or compression. The agreement between the two is so close that the term "flow" is as correctly applied to the movements of marble under the conditions of pressure, previously described, as it is to the movement which takes place in a button of gold, for example, when squeezed in a vice, or in

a rod of iron when jammed between rollers.

That it might be known definitely whether the structures shown by artificially malformed marbles were to be found in Nature's contorted crust, a series of forty-two specimens of marbles and limestones from various portions of the globe were chosen and examined with the minutest care. Of these, sixteen showed structures like those in the artificially deformed rock, and the movements of the granules had been absolutely identical with those superinduced in the Carrara marble. In six other cases there was a greater or less



Microphotograph of the Carrara marble used in the experiments. The rock as found in Nature. The individual grains have very nearly the same diameter in every direction, although differing somewhat in size among themselves.



Microphotograph of the Carrara marble after having been slowly deformed during 124 days at a temperature of 300 deg. Centigrade. The individual grains can be seen to be flattened in a horizontal direction.

not affect the character of the deformation. The remarkable strength of the modified rock may have been due, however, to an infinitesimal deposition of calcium carbonate along very minute cracks or fissures.

All of which leads up to a most interesting and, at the same time, a most astonishing

resemblance, and in the remaining twenty specimens the structure was different.

It is believed from the results of other experiments now being carried out, but not yet completed, that similar movements can be induced in granite and other harder crystalline rocks.



BY WINIFRED
GRAHAM.

NOW, children, do be quiet!" said Mrs. Dighton, with a feeble effort at protest, as two small figures scrambled on the window-sill, framing their fair heads in a bower of blossoms.

Roses encircled every window in Hume Cottage—roses strong, healthy, sweet as the pink-cheeked twins, Jack and Millicent.

Jack looked round with beaming blue eyes, while anxious maternal fingers clutched his linen coat and Millicent's white frock.

"We can't very well be quiet to-day, you see," he said, half penitently, yet with no intention of reforming, "because Aunt Lettice is coming to stay."

A visit from Aunt Lettice proved always an event in the lives of the twins. Lettice, Mrs. Dighton's youngest and only unmarried sister, was well known in London society as "the pretty Miss Leith." Many were the offers of marriage this fastidious young person declined, enjoying her freedom to the full. With the children she was an immense favourite, owing to an indomitable spirit of fun which ruled her happy young life.

"I see the carriage coming," cried Millicent, tossing herself forward. "Look, it's turned the corner, and Aunt Lettice is driving the ponies."

The twins sprang down from their perilous perch, racing each other to the flower-laden entrance, in which warm greetings became the order of the day, much kissing and hug-

ging, to the disadvantage of Lettice's white muslin gown and delicate lace fichu.

"How well you look!" gasped Mrs. Dighton, with a sudden thrill of admiration. She had always considered her sister pretty, but somehow Lettice seemed changed. The former prettiness had developed into beauty; her eyes possessed a new sparkle, her face an enchanting blush; her whole manner spoke mysteriously of inward happiness and contentment. On the other hand, Mrs. Dighton bore signs of worry and depression. Directly they were alone Lettice asked if anything were the matter.

"We had such a shock about this house," said Mrs. Dighton. "You know how dearly I love the little place; the children were born here, and it is associated with the happiest years of my married life. Well, we grew to look upon it as our own, never dreaming that the lease would not be renewed. But, alas! we built our hopes on sand! The landlord, Sir Charles Carrick, has suddenly taken it into his head to make a private steeplechase course on this very ground. The fields all round us are admirably adapted for his purpose. So poor little Hume Cottage, with its lovely flower garden and exquisite views, is to be laid low—destroyed—for a whim. Sir Charles cares nothing about this neighbourhood. Colbrand Castle lies empty from year to year; if he spares a week of his valuable time to the old place he considers his duties fully completed. The steeple-

chase course will be of little use to him. Hume Cottage means a great deal to us."

"What sort of a man is Sir Charles?" asked Lettice.

"My dear, I have never met him, but I think he must be a horrible creature. It is a standing disgrace the way he neglects his property. His tenants are in the direst poverty; it would be far better if he let Colbrand Castle than allowed the estate to run to rack and ruin."

"Perhaps he is thoughtless; perhaps it has never struck him that his duty lies here," said Lettice. "After all, you know, it would be lonely for an unmarried man to live by himself in that gloomy old giant's house."

Lettice glanced towards the grey castle—just visible through the trees. In olden times a most powerful race of giants were supposed to have inhabited the great Colbrand mansion. The doors were built tremendously high for the convenience of the gigantic owners, while horrible tales of cannibalism and crime still clung to the place. Children's bones had been found beneath the cellars, and fierce spikes remained on the walls as evidences of past torture. It seemed fitting that the present owner should be a phenomenally tall man. The children crept up and caught Lettice's words.

"She is talking about the giant," whispered Jack, putting his finger to his lip to silence Millicent.

"I can find no excuse for Sir Charles's neglect," declared Mrs. Dighton, emphatically. "If only his younger brother were in his shoes things would be very different. The brother is a steady married man, most charitable, and ambitious for the country's good. I can only hope rumour may prove right, and that he will soon take the place of Sir Charles, who, I hear, is drinking himself to death as fast as he can. All the poor people would welcome the change."

Lettice had grown suddenly pale; her calm eyes flashed and darkened, like a black squall passing over the blue of the summer sea.

"How unfair to say such things without knowing!" she exclaimed, hotly. "Rumour always jumps at unkind conclusions, and is generally wrong. I am sure Sir Charles cannot be a drunkard. I—I have met friends of his. As to his never coming down here, he is expected at the castle this very day. Your coachman told me on my way from the station."

"Probably he is coming for one night just to look at a horse. His visit won't do anybody any good, except, perhaps, the man from whom he buys the horse."

Mrs. Dighton barely remarked the resentful glitter in her sister's eyes. She was thinking of her own grievance, of Hume Cottage lying in ruins, with all its sweet associations

for ever dead. She mournfully contemplated the destruction of the honeysuckle porch, the wooden steps with their banisters of clematis, the roof tiled with Virginia creeper and purple wistaria, round which the bees loved to gather. All the sweetness laid low, converted into a burial ground of bricks and mortar, crushing the stately Madonna lilies,



"I CAN FIND NO EXCUSE FOR SIR CHARLES'S NEGLECT."

the bold hollyhocks, and beaming sunflowers. To Mrs. Dighton the mere idea of such a massacre seemed little less than a crime.

The children, overhearing the conversation, wandered away dolefully hand in hand, even their light young hearts saddened at the thought of losing their summer home.

"You heard what mother said?" whispered Millicent, resting her chin against the surface of a venerable sundial.

"Yes; if the giant died what a good thing it would be! But I don't believe giants ever die; they have to be killed."

"I wonder what he is like!" sighed Millicent, kicking the moss off the base of the sundial with her small, square-toed shoes.

"Oh! I know all about him," replied Jack, with pride. "He grows nine inches every month, and is stronger than forty men all put together. He has only one eye, right in the middle of his forehead. He has set that eye upon our house, Millicent, and some day soon he is coming to tear it all down. Mother is very unhappy; I wish I could make it all right for her. I asked father to go and kill the giant, but he only laughed. I think it was just a little unkind of him to laugh, when mother minded so much."

Millicent shook her yellow curls in nodding approval.

"Your name is Jack," she murmured, enigmatically.

"Well, I know that!" replied the boy.

"Jack dug a deep pit, and put grass and gravel over it—the giant fell into the pit! That was Jack the Giant-Killer." Her voice sank. She fancied the giant poppies were listening, and that they might be mysteriously in communication with the wicked owner of Colbrand Castle.

A strange light came over the boy's face, yet the sun had hidden itself behind a tall copper beech. He took his little sister by the hand and made her sit down amongst the daisies.

Side by side under the sundial the two small figures remained in long and earnest conversation; Millicent with her bare legs crossed, her socks sunk to her ankles.

The boy's cheeks were red as the crimson ramblers which showered their brilliance over a dead tree-stump. Every now and again the children would pause, a reign of short, breathless silence taking up the thread of eager, anxious talk.

As the sun sank they rose, looking towards the red sky.

"I think we might go now," said Jack.

Millicent placed her tiny fingers on his arm.

"We sha'n't be seen in the twilight," she



"THE TWO SMALL FIGURES REMAINED IN LONG AND EARNEST CONVERSATION."

whispered, confidently, as they crept under the shadow of the box-hedge to the little garden-gate leading to the fields.

The twins spoke little as they marched steadily in the direction of Colbrand Castle; they felt it was not an occasion for speech.

Jack's face wore a very determined expression, and he hustled Millicent along ruthlessly whenever her short strides showed signs of lagging.

As they neared the giant's domain their hearts beat fiercely; the picturesque surroundings became part of a weird dream, a fairy land invented by imaginative minds, wherein lurked spirits and hideous monsters.

A gasp of long-drawn tension escaped

them as, turning into the castle grounds, the handsome stone mansion broke upon their view, silhouetted against the sky-line in a summer sunset.

A noble castle this, built of cut stone, with colonnaded wings on either side, the parapets formed of open stonework, and the colonnades furnished with rustic seats. The wide doorway stood open, looking to the children like the entrance to a tomb—a cave of dead men's bones and terrors innumerable.

Millicent shivered slightly. She clutched Jack's arm.

"You are not frightened!" he said. It was more an assurance than a question.

"Oh, no; not at all, thank you," replied Millicent, with chattering teeth.

"I hope you understand," continued Jack, "that I am only doing this for mother's sake, and all the poor people who are oppressed by the giant. I don't want to kill him at all myself; in fact, it is rather unpleasant. You won't forget that, Millicent?"

"No," she whispered, "I won't forget. It has got to be done."

"I think we had better walk straight into the castle; it would be no good trying to storm it from outside—we haven't enough hands."

Millicent agreed as she looked down at her minute fingers, very grubby from their wanderings through the moss of the sundial.

Side by side the juvenile warriors passed between two cannons, relics of the Crimea, through the great doorway to a lofty square hall.

How dead and desolate the place looked with the evening shadows creeping through a stained-glass window, making patterns on the walls covered with a bewildering collection of weapons, from a blunderbuss to an assegai. Above the high door in big bold letters an inscription was carved:—

"There were giants on the earth in those days."

Jack read the intelligence, but made no allusion to it; he fancied Millicent seemed somewhat nervous.

"I don't think the giant will be very big," he told her, cheerfully, glancing up at the ceiling, which looked a long way off to Millicent.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Oh! because he could not live in this house if he were like the giant who put his feet on two mountains and then stooped to drink from a stream in the valley between."

"No," said Millicent, and the thought brought comfort to her soul.

Vol. xxii.—12.

"Come along, we had better look for him; it's no good wasting our time," declared Jack.

Now that they were actually within the walls of this "Castle Perilous" the would-be giant-killer recollected he was not very clear about his plans.

It had sounded easy enough as they wove wild schemes of conquest under the sundial in the peaceful garden. A thousand splendid ideas and brilliant suggestions made this pilgrimage to the giant's domain a delightfully thrilling and noble undertaking. The elements of romance, founded upon childish folk-lore and nursery tales, inflamed their hearts, set pulses beating, quickened zeal. Now the cold mists of reality crept over Jack's ambitious dream and made Millicent remember she had foregone her tea.

Slowly the little besieging party advanced, walking with noiseless tread across the thick carpet, Jack leading the way to another high door on the opposite side of the inner hall. The door stood ajar—very softly Jack pushed it open, and two pairs of curious blue eyes peered cautiously into the room. A long, low apartment, lighted by three windows with a western aspect, through which could be seen the crimson sky, radiant with the glories of an exquisite sunset, a sea of flaming carmine, streaked by lines of darkest velvet, piercing grey, plume-like masses of cloud.

In the big bow window, lying back between the arms of a great chair, with eyes closed and feet propped up on a handsome buhl table, lay the giant himself! At his side a pile of newspapers indicated that he had been reading. A silver cigar-box stood open; evidently the giant was not above a human weakness for the Goddess Nicotina.

Jack grasped Millicent's shoulder convulsively; his heart beat like a steam-engine, but his courage ran high. "See," he whispered, "the giant is asleep; what luck! That's always the time to kill a giant, you know."

Millicent steadied herself against an old Musherbyah screen which once ornamented a Cairo harem, her bare knees shaking and her anxious gaze cast in the direction of the sleeping monster.

She had expected a hideous apparition, and lo! the creature's hair was curly—auburn; his profile showed classically chiselled features. Millicent saw something attractive in his very pose—the abandonment of a tall, loose-limbed figure under the refining influence of sleep.

As she looked the woman's heart in that

baby frame softened and quailed. She forgot the ennobling instincts which had driven Jack to the castle on his murderous errand; forgot that Hume Cottage, her mother's happiness, and the well-being of the poor hung in the balance. The giant must be saved from destruction—the giant with the fair moustache and curly head.

"I know what we will do," said Jack. "Give me your sash, and I'll creep up and tie it round his neck. Then we will each take one end, and pull just as hard as ever we can till his head falls off!"

The mere idea filled Millicent with unspeakable horror. Pushing Jack aside, she rushed frantically across the room, flinging herself with a cry of warning upon the man's powerful chest.

"Wake up!—wake up!—wake up!" she cried three times in her shrill, small voice, shaking the lapel of his coat vigorously. Sir Charles Carrick started so violently that he sent her tumbling on the floor; then he rubbed his eyes, uncertain if he were still dreaming, and stared round.

What he saw certainly perplexed him.

A tiny white figure with a frightened face, in a crumpled heap on the rug; a crestfallen boy, helping the thing in socks to rise, and muttering reproachfully:—

"Oh! Millicent, you have spoilt everything!"

At last, fully convinced he was awake, the Lord of the Manor stopped blinking his eyes and addressed the intruders.

"How do you do?" he said, simply, holding out a big hand to these strange guests. "What on earth are you playing at?"

His calm tone reassured Millicent, who had been dangerously near tears. She advanced timidly, offering her chubby fingers in return for the giant's proffered palm. By way of introduction she whispered in a grave undertone, nodding towards her brother:—

"That's Jack the Giant-Killer!"

Sir Charles controlled a smile.

"Oh! I see; you've come to explore the giant's house?"

"No," she explained, "we didn't care one bit about the house, but we thought you were much, much bigger, and only wore one eye in the middle of your forehead, so Jack decided to kill you."

"Really! Now, that's very interesting," replied the giant, good-humouredly, as he lifted Millicent on his knee; "very interesting indeed! But why a poor beggar should be killed because he has only one eye, I can't imagine. Of course, I know I am very ignorant, and I should be much obliged if you would tell me——"

Jack came forward with words of wisdom to save the situation.

"Millicent has muddled it all

up," he said. "The eye did not matter, but if I had killed the giant everybody would have been so pleased, especially mother."

"Mother must be a charming person!" said Sir Charles.

"Yes, she's just a dear!" murmured Jack, enthusiastically. "Millicent and I would do anything for her—wouldn't we, Millicent?"

Millicent signified approval by emphatically nodding.



"OH! MILLICENT, YOU HAVE SPOILT EVERYTHING!"

"But why should your mother desire my destruction?"

The giant put the question kindly, a puzzled expression on his brow.

With the sincerity of childhood, Jack hastened to explain.

"You see, it was this way," he said. "Mother was telling my aunt that if you died your brother would come to the castle, which would be so much better for everybody, because he's good and thinks about the poor people. Your tenants are not a bit happy; their houses are tumbling down, 'pigsties' father calls them—the houses, I mean. Of course a giant can't understand what it's like to live in a pig-sty."

Jack spoke innocently, his searching gaze riveted upon Sir Charles, his little hands thrust in the pockets of his linen coat.

The giant fidgeted uneasily and pulled at his big moustache, then he turned his eyes away, staring through the open window.

The wonders of an after-glow painted the sky innumerable colours. Sheaths of rays shot up from the vanished sun, but Sir Charles was not looking at the glory.

For the moment his mind travelled back to the old school-days, when he was always in disgrace while his brother Maurice carried off the good-conduct prizes. Maurice, the

poseur, the would-be saint, had made for himself the motto: "Thou shalt not be found out," and kept to it with the utmost rigour.

Millicent, adopting the enemy's knee for an arm-chair, leant comfortably against Sir Charles's broad chest.

"It is a pity you are going to take our house away," she said. "You don't know what lovely mud-puddings we make where the tadpoles live! It is right at the end of the garden; the rushes grow all round the pond. We found Moses there. Somebody had thrown him in the water, and he mewed dreadfully. We named him 'Moses' because of the rushes, and it was Sunday, too. Are you friendly with cats? We love them very much. I can't think what Moses will do, because he is very fond of the house, and cats simply can't bear new places. I was wondering if you could leave just a little bit of the yard, enough for a few kittens to live in. Oh, and I do hope you won't come before my birthday; you see, we couldn't have a party if we were moving—could we, Jack?"

"No," replied the boy.

"It is a pity,"



"IT WAS REALLY RATHER CRUEL OF YOU TO WANT TO KILL ME!"

continued Millicent, dangling her sunburnt legs and heaving a deep sigh. "Jack and I won't ever love another garden quite so much. We heard you had decided to tear everything down, and that is why we expected you to be bigger. You'll have to get some other giants to help you—the trees are very tall."

"Why do you think I want to tear down your home?" he asked, gently.

"Oh! because you are going to ride races," put in Jack. "Mother called it 'a whim,' but father said it was a steeplechase course, and I am sure he knew."

Light broke over the giant's groping senses.

"I see, I see; you live at Hume Cottage, and they have a pretty bad opinion of me there, eh? But it was really rather cruel of you to want to kill me!"

"I did not want to, really, a bit," Jack confessed, half-ashamed of the admission. "I told Millicent I was only doing it for mother's sake; you see, mother cried when she heard you were going to destroy our house. She thinks you will die, because you drink such a lot; she doesn't understand that giants can drink whole rivers!"

Sir Charles for the first time broke into a hearty peal of laughter. The disastrous revelation as to his moral character flowing thus glibly from the tongue of a child amused him by its very falsity.

"It is funny, isn't it?" said Jack, joining in the laugh, and mistaking its real significance.

"Aunt Lettice said people were very unkind to jump at—at——what did she call it, Jack?" asked Millicent.

"Conclusions."

"Yes, conclusions," echoed the small voice, and looks of pride were exchanged at mastering the long word.

"Aunt Lettice, did you say?" The giant spoke excitedly, sitting bolt upright in his chair, a strange expression lighting his eyes. A moment ago he had been lazily enjoying the slaughter of his own reputation; now he looked both eager and anxious. The children were not slow to notice the change.

"Yes, dear Aunt Lettice, she's so beautiful! We like her best when her hair hangs down at night, then we call her 'Golden Hair,' and Millicent thinks the plaits are fairy ladders. Aunt Lettice came to-day; we were awfully glad!"

"Is her name Lettice Leith?" asked Sir Charles, and his voice trembled. Jack nodded.

There was a pause. The twins stared at him curiously. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten their presence, as he drew a letter from his pocket and re-read its contents.

"I am so sorry at your having to go into the country on business," the letter ran. "It will indeed be dull and boring all alone in that great castle; no wonder the place depresses you. As you have to be away for two or three days I think it would be better to carefully guard our secret till your return. Then you must come to dinner, and have a long talk with my 'stern parent'—I am sure you will like him, and I have not the faintest doubt that he will like you! Your wail at being

called to Warwickshire would have made me quite sad, but I've thought of a surprise for you (rather a nice surprise, I am conceited enough to tell myself). Prepare for the unexpected, but don't expect too much!"

So Lettice's presence at Hume Cottage must be the surprise! He, then, was her sister's landlord, about to lay low her sister's home, while evil rumour sported with his name.

Sir Charles looked down at his future nephew and niece with a new interest, involuntarily bending to kiss Millicent's hair. In colour and texture it was like Lettice's.

"Come," he said, "I will take you home. Let us go to Aunt Lettice."

"Do you know her?" asked Jack.

The giant smiled. He gave each of the children a hand, and, trotting beside him, they passed out to the dusky garden. The faint rays of glory above were just fading in mist, while the thinnest crescent moon floated between two crimson clouds, like a disembodied spirit.

As they walked towards Hume Cottage he drew them on to talk of Lettice.

"She spoke up for you," said the boy. "I heard her, but I don't think she told mother you were her friend. Of course a person would have to be nice about a friend, whatever he did, even if he destroyed ever so many houses."

"What did Aunt Lettice say?" asked Sir Charles. Jack thought a moment.

"She called it 'unfair'; she supposed people talked without knowing, and that perhaps you were only thoughtless. Mother mentioned the word 'duty' more than once, but I can't remember all; you see, I was planning to go to the castle myself."

"Yet, after you had found the giant, you let him live! But never mind, old boy, I won't lay a finger on Hume Cottage, in gratitude to you for sparing my life."

"Oh! that *is* good news!" said his young assassin; "only it was really Millicent's doing, because she woke you up."

"Then how am I to repay Millicent?"

The little girl looked up at him with wide, trustful eyes.

"Make the pigsties a little less piggy," she said.

The unselfish request touched him. He patted her on the head.

"All right," he murmured, gazing fondly at the tiny philanthropist; "I daresay Aunt Lettice will help me. I am going to ask her to stay at the Castle. Perhaps she may like it so much she will want to live there altogether."

This seemed a very strange remark, but the children did not like to disbelieve, for the giant had won their respect; they were even getting a little fond of him.

As they neared Hume Cottage, with its rosebuds closing for the night and languid evening primroses expanding beneath the moon, their companion became strangely silent, hastening his steps till the twins found themselves running to keep pace with him.

great friends. If she likes the castle she is to live in it always."

The twins spoke rapidly—both together, till the stream of words became incoherent, and were only stayed by the welcome sight of nursery tea awaiting the truants' return.

Meanwhile the giant laughed to think he ever called the country "depressing"—as he and Lettice discussed their future in the sweetly-scented garden.

"You told me not to expect too much. I could hardly have expected this," he whispered, drawing her to his arms. "Those children burst upon me in a fairy-tale spirit, and I can still fancy myself treading enchanted ground! Perhaps they were purposely sent to teach me my duty; they certainly fulfilled their mission. We will build up the old place together, darling. If I had known you sooner I should have been a better man."

But Lettice did not believe this. In the eyes of love there can exist no "better" for the ideal already enthroned upon a pinnacle of perfection. So the idle moments drifted and became precious.

Jack, peeping out at the starlit garden, whispered as he caught the glimmer of a white dress under the beech tree:—

"Doesn't she look like a fairy princess, Millicent? I believe they are going to 'live happy ever after!'"

"It's very queer, isn't it?" answered Millicent. "I think I should like to marry a giant!"

With this startling assertion she toddled off to bed.



"SOMEBODY OPENED THE GARDEN-GATE."

Somebody opened the garden-gate and came towards them with a bright smile—a girlish figure clad in white.

The children's hands were suddenly released, and the giant bade them run indoors in a voice they dared not disregard.

With swift steps they bounded up the clematis staircase, seeking their mother breathlessly.

"We've been to the castle," they cried, "but we didn't kill the giant, and he's going to let us stay here, and Aunt Lettice is to see to the poor people's pigsties. Won't that be lovely? And—and—he is outside in the garden with her, because they are

Natural Optical Illusions.



IN our issue for October, 1897, appeared an article on Optical Illusions, which consisted chiefly of those of a scientific nature, in which diagrams of different kinds formed figures

which deceived the eye. The examples treated in the following article, however, are of quite a different kind, as they consist of what may be called natural optical illusions, in which photographs of the actual subjects present appearances which the eye finds it difficult to explain. Such examples are quite as interesting as those of the scientific kind and, so far as we are aware, have never before been treated of in any magazine. It is possible that many more examples exist as interesting as those which we are here able to present, and we shall be glad if the possessors of any such will forward them to us for inspection, so that if sufficient come to hand we can follow up this article with another possibly even more striking.

The first example, which was sent to us by the Rev. J. Marshall, LL.D., Royal High School, Edinburgh, shows what is apparently a sheet of water in the foreground. We do not think that any of our readers would in fifty guesses arrive at the correct solution of what this seeming sheet of water

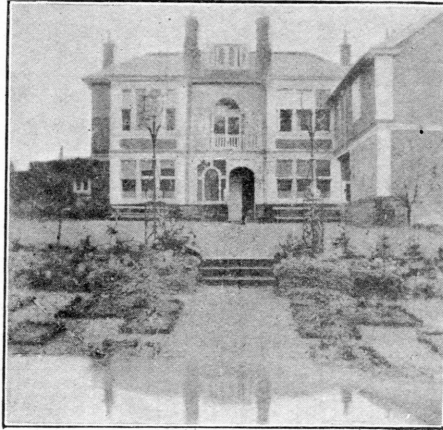
really is before reading the following explanation, which Dr. Marshall sent us with the photograph: "It is an ordinary snap-shot by one of my boys of my house at North Queensferry, close to the sea. Everyone

imagines the water in the foreground is the sea. The difficulty is that this is the side of the house away from the sea, and in this formal garden there is no pond of water at all. The photograph was taken by resting the camera on a large sun-dial with a brass plate on the top. The plate was wet with rain, and the apparent pool is simply the reflection of the house in the brass plate."

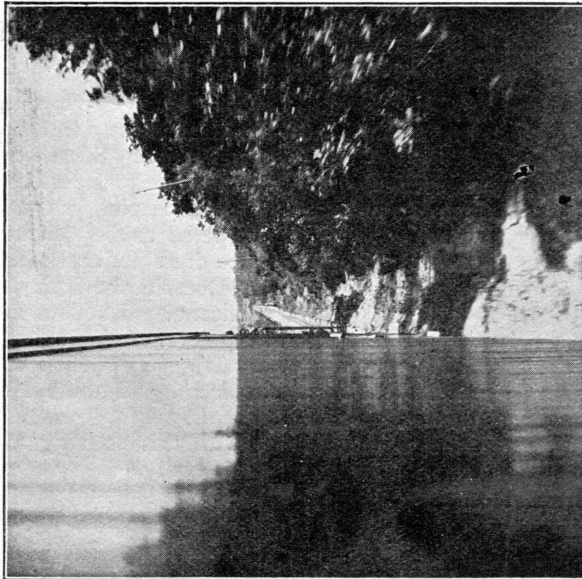
Our next example is one of very much the same kind, and it will, we think, be found at least as hard to make a correct guess at its true character. To all appearance it is a level piece of water forming a kind of weir, overflowing a bar at the left-hand side of the picture, while in the background rises a bank with rocks and trees.

To arrive at the solution the picture must be turned round so that the right-hand side becomes the bottom, when it will be seen that what seems a sheet of water is in reality the polished side of a railway carriage, in which the wooded landscape is reflected. This curious photograph was sent us by Mr. A. E. Rex, of Des Moines, Iowa.

In the illustration at the top of the next page



WHAT IS THIS WHICH SEEMS A LAKE?



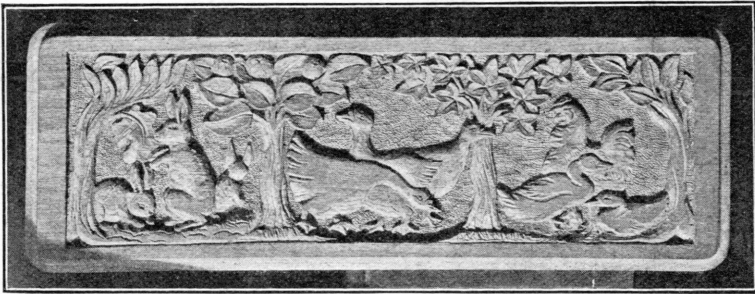
AND WHAT IS THIS WHICH SEEMS A WEIR?



THE GIRL APPEARS TO HAVE TWO RIGHT HANDS AND THE BOY TWO LEFT HANDS.

nothing curious, at first sight, is visible. The point which renders it so remarkable will, however, become apparent on reading

ties, but never, we think, one quite so striking or so absolutely deceiving to the eye as the photograph of the piece of wood-carving which we reproduce. This was executed by Mr. James Hakes, of Aigburth Road, Liverpool, who, being also a photographer, was much struck, on looking at the print which he had taken of the carving, by the extraordinary way in which it appeared to be cut into the wood, instead of standing out in relief. The reader will observe that the figures of the poultry and rabbits and the other details of the carving appear, when the picture is turned upside down, to stand out strongly, which is the way they are actually carved, while if looked at the right way up, as here printed, it is impossible to



DO THESE FIGURES STAND OUT OF THE WOOD OR ARE THEY CUT INTO IT?

the following explanation, sent by the gentleman who took the photograph, Mr. Alfred Priest, of 379, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham: "The two children depicted here I discovered reading in the garden like this, and it struck me as looking very droll to see the one with apparently two right hands and the other with two left hands. So I got my brother to photograph them, while posing for the purpose. Of course one can easily see that the girl's left hand is supporting the boy's head, while the boy's right hand supports the girl's head."

The class of optical illusion to which our next example belongs is one of which we have given specimens from time to time in our section of Curiosi-

avoid the impression that the figures are sunk below the level of the wood.

An unintended effect of light and shade is also the cause of the deceptive appearance of a dog's head in the indentation of a felt hat which is reproduced in our next illustration. "I think," says the sender, Mr. J. C. Trickett, Trewyn College Road, Dulwich, "the effect produced by the hat very remarkable, the more so as at the time I simply intended taking a photograph of the dog." It is certainly a remarkable coincidence under the circumstances that the hat should have happened to have taken the appearance of a dog rather than that of any other creature.



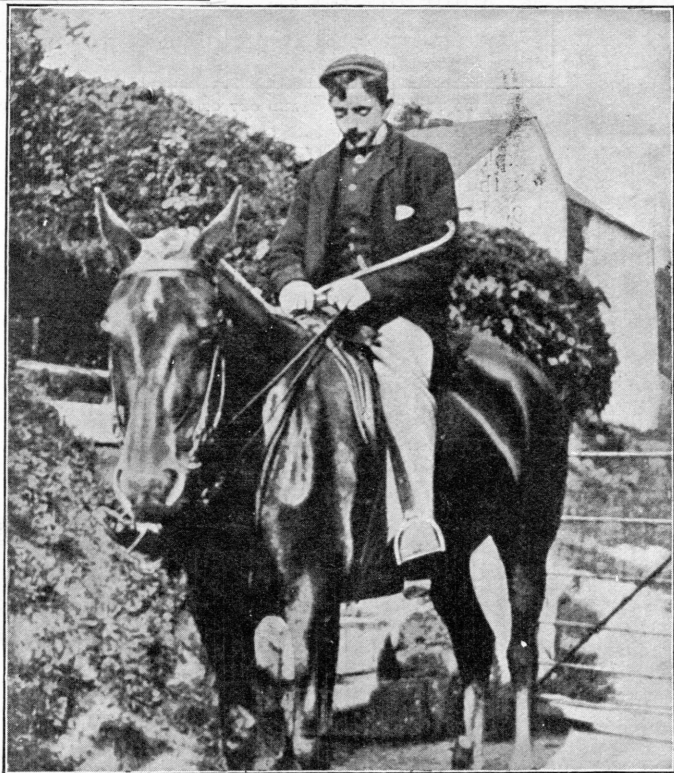
TWO DOGS.



THIS LADY'S PARASOL SEEMS INSIDE OUT.

Our last example is sent us by Mr. R. F. Prideaux, of 4, Elm Grove, Salisbury, and it is, we think, in some respects the most extraordinary of our present series. "It forms," says Mr. Prideaux, "an interesting photographic optical illusion. On looking at the face of the man on horseback the eyes will be seen either to be open and cast upwards (as I think they must have been) or to be closed with the eyelids down as if the man were asleep. In whichever way they first present themselves, *e.g.*, as open, they will, by steadily looking at the face for a few moments, dissolve and become the opposite, *i.e.*, closed; and *vice versa*. This optical illusion appears to be very similar to that published by Messrs. Pears and Co. some time ago of two cubes upon one cube." For our own part we have not been able to make up our minds with any certainty as to whether the horseman is looking straight forward and a little upwards, as Mr. Prideaux thinks, or whether his gaze is directed towards the horse's neck.

Our next illusion is one which, so far as we know, is quite unlike any other which has ever appeared. It will be observed that in the photograph of the lady carrying a parasol the parasol appears to be inside out. Mr. J. C. R. Watson, of the National Bank House, Burntisland, Fife, who took the photograph, believes that this singular illusion is caused by the parasol being striped. We think, however, it is more probably due to the fact that the material of the parasol being transparent, and allowing the light to penetrate it, the upper side of the parasol appears to be light and the lower side in shadow, when the eye expects the reverse, which would be the case if the material were opaque.



IS THIS HORSEMAN LOOKING UP OR DOWN?

UNCLE JAMES AND AUNT EVE

BY
Mrs Fred
Maturin



ORTY years ago my Uncle James and Aunt Eve were travelling by the good old dāk-gharree fashion through Northern India. It was no uncommon thing, then, to travel thus for weeks together, resting by day, if hot, in dāk-bungalows, and moving along at night, packed side by side in a rattle-trap vehicle resembling a large, square box on wheels. The inside of this was fitted with boards, so that you could lie and sleep. Behold Colonel Ward and my Aunt Eve, his bride (for this is a true story), being jigged along thus, one exquisite moonlight night, Uncle James snoring loudly; or so says Aunt Eve, who was therefore unable to get to sleep.

They stopped about one a.m. at a native village to change ponies, and Aunt Eve, without disturbing her spouse, got out of the gharree to request a drink of milk from a native woman standing sleepily at the door of her mud hut.

If you know dāk-gharree ponies you won't be surprised to hear that first (although dead tired) the old ponies refused to be moved out of their shafts, and then the new ones refused to be put in.

The whole village awoke and turned out. Yells, hoots, and much jabbering were expended upon the ponies, who always take it quite quietly and refuse to budge, but just shut their eyes and sleep until the fancy seizes them, when, whether you're back in the gharree or not, they start off without a moment's warning and you are left in the road, and no power will stop them.

Aunt Eve got so tired of watching operations (and so far the old ponies had refused to leave the shafts) that, finding a comfortable spot under a banana-tree, and the night being hot, she sat down, leant her head back, and must have fallen asleep.

She woke with a jump, fearing the dāk-

gharree might have departed. But, no, there it was, and the same noise going on; and when the new ponies finally consented to enter the shafts she, knowing their ways, jumped quickly in, found her husband still slumbering fast, dropped a light kiss upon him in the dark to make sure he was there, and then she laid her head back, and was soon in the land of dreams herself, and the ponies galloped them along and along, through mile upon mile of silent jungle, fields of maize, and wastes of feathery white pampas grass.

Uncle James had ceased snoring, but after some hours he began again, but in a way he *had never* snored before. Uncle James, it appears (according to this chronicle), always snored in jerks. But now he kept up a loud, deep, regular refrain, more like a pig grunting, and so unlike himself that Aunt Eve began to think he might be in for some kind of apopleptic fit.

He next breathed the name "Julia"—several times.

Aunt Eve knew that none of Uncle James's sisters, cousins, or aunts were called Julia.

"Kiss me, Julia," whispered Uncle James, "and let bygones be bygones."

Aunt Eve sat up.

The moon had gone behind the jungles, and it was pitch dark. She drew a box of matches from her pocket, lit one, and examined Uncle James. Aunt Eve says it is no exaggeration to state that her hair (which fell to her knees) stood upright on her head. I always doubt this, for it would have knocked the gharree roof off.

However, I've no doubt it *wanted* to stand up, for instead of Aunt Eve's husband in the gharree, with whom she thought she had been travelling all night, there was someone else's husband, or, at any rate, a strange, fat Englishman she had never set eyes on before.

Trembling with horror and bewilderment,

Aunt Eve lit so many matches, the better to examine her companion, that the scraping and fizzing woke him; he opened his eyes, and then *he* sat up with a bound. Here the last match went out. They sat in the dark facing each other. The ponies were going as they had not gone all night.

It was plain, relates Aunt Eve, that the stranger seized the opportunity to make a few rapid alterations in his toilet, which had been meagre. She did the same, thrusting her curl-papers under a rug, and feeling glad that a certain complexion-improver, consisting of a thick layer of phosphorescent blue grease, had not been applied to her countenance overnight as usual, although it certainly possessed the advantage of shedding a kind of corpse-light upon surrounding objects.

"I cannot——" said Aunt Eve, and then paused.

"Neither can I," said he.

"Imagine," said Aunt Eve.

"How this happened," said he.

"I don't know India well," said Aunt Eve, as if to imply that this kind of thing might be a national custom.

"Nor I, and don't want to," said the man, breathing hard, for it was evident he was trying to get himself into some garment more imposing than a dressing-gown; "but don't excite yourself."

"But I must," said Aunt Eve; "I must excite myself. My husband will be furious, and he has a terrific temper."

This startled the stranger to such a degree that, regardless of not having yet removed his nightcap, he hastily sought some matches, and lit up a whole bunch of them, the better to look at Aunt Eve's face.

Seeing a very pretty woman, of whom a husband was likely to be unreasonably jealous, he gave a groan and out went the light.

"I know not how it occurred," said Aunt Eve, adopting the tone of the heroine in melodrama, "but we must stop the gharree; my life's happiness may be wrecked."

"And mine!" said the hero; "Julia would never let *this* be a bygone."

"Did I get into *your* gharree," sobbed Aunt Eve, "believing it to be mine?"

"Or did I get into yours, believing it was mine?"

"And if so, where is *my* gharree, and my innocent, unconscious husband?"

"It has for certain gone on with my trusting wife in it."

"What!" cried Aunt Eve, "your wife?"

"My Julia," said the man; "her terror at finding herself alone will be pitiable."

"She *won't* be alone," said Aunt Eve; "my husband is in our gharree—I told you so."

"Here! hi!" cried the gentleman. "Stop the gharree! stop!"

"It's all very fine to cry stop," said Aunt Eve. "But the driver is asleep, of course, and we are going at a terrific pace."

"But how can he sleep and drive? Oh, this horrible country!"

"They *always* sleep. The ponies drive themselves. I wonder whether we are in the mountains yet, on the edge of some precipice?"

"Precipice? This comes of choosing India for one's wedding tour. . . . Where was your dāk-gharree bound for?" said the man, tearing the nightcap off his head, and sending it flying through the open door as if to intimate that until he found his Julia he forthwith renounced every comfort connected with this mortal life.

"Ralka," replied Aunt Eve, wiping away a tear.

"My Julia is many miles from me, then, for this one is bound for Sikkooree, and we must have parted ways hours ago."

Aunt Eve at this news burst out crying loudly, and felt in such a fury with her companion and his idiotic Julia that she could have scratched his face.

"Stop!" bawled the stranger to the driver outside.

"Beito!" cried Aunt Eve; and at last the driver woke and beitoed, and appeared rather scandalized at the change of partners that had taken place while he slept.

The dawn was breaking. They were out on an open plain extending as far as eye could reach. No other dāk-gharree was in sight. A few mud villages were waking, a string of goats being driven along by a small black urchin, and it was going to be a roasting hot day.

"Oh, oh," cried Aunt Eve, surveying all this through the open gharree door, "I expected to wake and find myself in the cool, blue hills."

"Well, my wife's in the cool, blue hills instead of you," said the stranger, ill-temperedly, standing in the dusty road and scratching his bald head; "and all I can say is, I'd have given a hundred pounds for this not to have happened."

"You need not talk in that tone," said my aunt, "for it's quite certain it was *your* wife's fault."



"WELL, MY WIFE'S IN THE COOL, BLUE HILLS."

I've never heard of a beautiful Miss Mac-Anything—and" (aside) "don't want to."

"Her father, *The MacDowd*, is a Scotch laird."

"I do know him," said Aunt Eve. "He wears a kilt and a tam-o'-shanter; says 'varra weel' and 'dinna forget'; and is generally depicted in the comic papers sitting sliding down a Scotch precipice or drinking Scotch whisky with Weary Willie and Tired Tim."

"That'll do," said the MacDowd's son-in-law, "I'm in no humour for jokes. I'm worrying frightfully about my wife. Your husband, by-the-bye—what sort of chap did you say he was to look at?"

"Where can you have lived," said Aunt Eve, "not to have heard of the handsome and fascinating *roué*, Colonel Jimmy Ward, of the 80th Royal Blood-suckers?"

"You're joking, for certain?" said the stranger.

"I'm *not*," said Aunt Eve; "his father's an Irishman——"

"I know him," said the man, looking through a field-glass at the horizon.

"He comes on to the stage with a shillelagh, says 'Begorra' and 'Be aisy,' and sings 'Killaloo.'"

"All quite true," said Aunt Eve, "and his son would think nothing of running off with your wife, and potting at you from behind a hedge for carrying away his."

"And it is in the company of this moon-lighting ruffian my sweet, unsophisticated Julia now finds herself!" murmured the man, relapsing into his usual cross tone.

"My husband, I'm certain, is saying just the same of you. And now, what nationality are you? Will you tell me your name, as I've told you ours?"

"I'm a pure-bred Norman. My name's De Wynne," said he. "We came over with the Edict of Nantes."

"With the idiot of Nantes?" said Aunt Eve; "was he really an ancestor of yours?"

"Never having heard of him, I can't inform you," said Mr. De Wynne, shortly; "and now to return to business, and as we can't stand talking in this road all day, *what are we going to do?*"

All this while Aunt Eve had sat on the gharree step, and Mr. De Wynne had stood in front of her, in the white dusty road, in a

"Don't let's waste time in bickering," said the stranger, fretfully, "but decide what's to be done." He was a short, stout, and very ugly individual by daylight.

"I cannot collect my ideas," said Aunt Eve, who had now got out into the road, and looked limp, and felt almost improper without her crinoline. Remember, it was forty years ago. You can't lie down in a dāk-gharree in a crinoline, so she had removed it on starting the journey the previous evening. She had on a brown holland dress out of which the starch had departed.

"I keep trying to picture my husband's face when he wakes up and finds your wife there," said she.

"It'll closely resemble mine, I should think, when I woke up and found you."

"Is your wife—er—at all pretty?" inquired my aunt at this juncture, with a rather natural thrill of jealousy.

"Pretty!" said the man. "Where have you lived not to have heard of the beautiful Miss MacDowd of MacDool?"

"It isn't stuck on your back who you married," said Aunt Eve; "and if it were,

mixed garb, consisting of pyjama trousers, a tennis shirt, a long white waterproof coat reaching to his knees, and a solar topee crammed upon a very red and cross-looking face.

After long discussion with the gharree-wallah, who, having made up his mind to an elopement, could not at first understand why the parties had so soon repented of their bargain, it was decided that the most sensible thing to do would be to return to Shirreedar, where the ponies and wives had been changed, and there await developments. Aunt Eve was sure Uncle James would at once do the same.

Neither my aunt nor Mr. De Wynne had been long enough in the country to have mastered any Hindustani save the most quietly-domestic sentences such as "Bring me water," "Take off my boots," "Son of an owl, is breakfast ready?" etc. Nothing meeting the present emergency exists in the "Higher Standard." It was next door to impossible to make the gharree-wallah, who seems to have been a deeply moral and sympathetic person, understand what was required of him.

The sahib and the mem-sahib had stood and quarrelled in the sun for half an hour, and seemed determined to part. The sahib said a lot about "another mem-sahib" and pointed frantically to the horizon, but whether he meant that his own mem-sahib was after him, or whether in that direction he expected to find a third lady, the poor gharree-wallah could not make out.

The sahib's temporary mem-sahib looked very sad, and the gharree-wallah (melted at her youth and beauty) clasped his hands and salaamed, and prayed earnestly of the fat sahib to forgive her her shortcomings and allow her another trial.

On being bellowed at to "start for Shirreedar and 'chuperau' his fat tongue" Ismail Khan spread out his hands and hunched his lean shoulders, and gave up this ferocious Henry the Eighth as a bad job.

But the Shirreedar ponies were tired—tired—tired! New ones must be fetched from the village three miles off, and the gharree-wallah departed, leading the drooping, thirsty

steeds, and leaving the gharree and its occupants in the middle of the road.

By the time that Aunt Eve was in hysterics and Mr. De Wynne almost bursting out of his clothes; by the time the distant village had been searched and Ismail Khan discovered intoxicated in a hovel; and by the time fresh ponies and a fresh driver had been procured, the sun was dropping like a ball of fire on the edge of the plain, and the gharree once more started back along the road they had come, with another Indian night fast falling around them.

Aunt Eve sat with her feet hanging out at



"ISMAIL KHAN WAS DISCOVERED INTOXICATED IN A HOVEL."

one door, and Mr. De Wynne with his back turned to her at the other.

Dāk-gharree doors *slide* back, so that you can do this, and it relieved the awkwardness of the situation.

The evening wore slowly away, and having both decided that they hated each other, very little conversation was indulged in. Soon the sky became heavily overcast, blotting out the brilliant Indian stars.

"I know what's going to happen now," said Aunt Eve; "the monsoon is on us. It ought to have burst ten days ago."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. De Wynne, in a most snappish tone; "in this beastly land there's no moderation. The monsoon, I suppose, is the rains. Doesn't your rain come down in an ordinary quiet way like ours? *What* bursts? The sky?"

"*Everything* bursts," replied Aunt Eve, crossly; "the sky, the rain, the ground, the rivers, everything!"

It got more and more dark, and the wind shrieked, and the ponies could hardly go.

All of a sudden the new gharree-wallah drew up.

They had arrived at a tributary of the Ganges, which they must have crossed in the night over a bridge, and here, in the tempest and gloom, an excited crowd of natives was collected, and Aunt Eve, looking out, gave one scream.

The bridge had given way !

It had been giving way, said the natives, for days ("And we came over it a few hours ago," whined Mr. De Wynne).

A bullock-hackaree, too heavily laden, had passed over it this evening, and with that, and the wind, the whole structure had collapsed, as Indian bridges are apt to do.

Two half-drowned bullocks could be seen, by torches, lying on the bank, having swum to shore ; and the hackaree-wallah stood and wept, and recounted the tale, and how he had cut the bullocks free from the sinking hackaree.

"Which is the nearest other bridge?" loudly demanded Mr. De Wynne of nobody in particular.

A native policeman, pigeon-English-speaking and intelligent-looking, came up.

"Can I assist the sahib?"

"Yes, you can. Which is the nearest other bridge to this infernal spot?"

"Infernal spot? No such place near here."

"You pretend you know English, fool?"

"Sometime, little, sahib," said the Intelligent Policeman.

"Try then to understand, you blockhead. Which is the nearest bridge to this?"

"Oh, *bridge!* Oh, yes ; twenty mile away ; but no pukka road."

"This is nice. What are you doing, you idiot?"

"Sahib make statement—writing ; I report complaint Commissioner."

"Ah, yes—I *will* report it—and get *someone* into trouble!" assented Mr. De Wynne, furiously ; "first I wish to report our gharree-wallah, who bolted and left us in the road."

"Bolted?" inquired the guardian of the law.

"Scooted, then."

"Scooted?"

"Oh, lor—he left us—he deserted us—sumja? Deserted me and the mem-sahib" (waving towards Aunt Eve).

"Oh!—Ah! I comprehend. He ran away from you and your wife? Just so," entering this into his little book.

"That lady is *not* my wife," said Mr. De Wynne ; "she's—she's——"

"That not necessary to explain, sahib," said the Intelligent One.

"But, I tell you, it is necessary. It's the pith of the whole story. If you write anything you shall write all. *My* wife has gone away with another gentleman."

"Yes, sahib? That often happen. That not our department."

"He totally misunderstands you," cried Aunt Eve ; "this is too dreadful."

"The *other* gentleman — *do you understand?*" bellowed Mr. De Wynne, pausing.

"Certainly, sahib. Yes? *The other gentleman*——"

"Is *this* lady's husband?"

"Tut—tut—tut," ejaculated the official, writing it down ; "that very bad."

"And *my* wife got into his dāk-gharree in the night and drove away with him, and this lady got into mine."



"SON OF AN OWL, HOW AM I TO EXPLAIN MYSELF?"

"And why wishing to cross river again and make fresh unpleasantness?" inquired the policeman. "You each got lady you like,"

"But that's *just it*. We *haven't!* Son of an owl, how am I to explain myself?"

"You *not* like this lady?"

"No, I do not. *Now!*"

"That very quick tiring. What she done?"

"She has done nothing. I never did like her. She wants to return to her husband, and I want to return to my wife. It's all a beastly mistake."

"Yes. These mistakes very much nasty, sahib, but no patch up so easy."

"Take that," remarked Mr. De Wynne, fairly losing his temper at the policeman's intelligence and kicking him down the river-bank.

"Here comes the rain," said Aunt Eve.

Down it came. The thunder clapped overhead, vivid flashes of forked lightning rapidly dispersed the knot of natives, policeman and all, and the rain was as if the heavens had opened. The gharree-wallah got under the gharree, and Mr. De Wynne and Aunt Eve got inside it, and had to shut the doors, and there they sat all night, for the storm never once abated.

When morning came the outlook was still more hopeless.

The river, frightfully swollen and quite impassable, raced along, dirty, yellow, and turbulent; not a native would venture on it, and as the daylight grew there was revealed upon the opposite bank another dāk-gharree, with Uncle James and the MacDowd's daughter inside!

"My James!" cried Aunt Eve, looking out, much as Noah must have done during the flood.

"My Julia!" said Mr. De Wynne, scrambling down with a field-glass; "let me behold her sweet features."

"Tell me what my James looks like, for pity's sake!"

"He talks to my Julia. He smiles. She laughs. I am glad they are happy," said Mr. De Wynne, in a tone that would certainly not have reassured Uncle James.

All that day the four severed lovers gazed at each other across the angry waters, which widened and widened, so that the gharrees had to be dragged farther and farther back, until, by nightfall, quite half a mile of Ganges water separated them. The ponies had long ago been led away to a neighbouring village consisting of a handful of mud huts.

No one who knows the Indian monsoon

season will be surprised to hear that this state of affairs continued for four days and four nights.

The ladies spent the nights in the gharrees. The gentlemen retired underneath the gharrees, sheltering themselves from the weather by blankets and besatees hung around, though these were occasionally blown away by morning.

"Oh, Mr. De Wynne," cried Aunt Eve, the second morning. "Oh, come here quick. What has happened to my husband? He has been bitten by a cobra, and is walking along the bank swollen to a frightful size."

"A cobra!" shouted Julia's spouse, struggling from under the gharree; "how, when, where? Alas, Julia, that I should ever have brought you to this forsaken country!"

"Is it my James?" cried Aunt Eve, "or has he disappeared? And if so, *what* is that huge, walking monster like an animated balloon, with a human head at the top and human legs underneath, at this moment looking into the gharree for your wife?"

"Merciful Providence!" cried the distracted husband, rushing for a field-glass, "what new misfortune is this? What jungle monster has perhaps devoured your James (hence the swelling) and will next start on Julia?"

A few agitated moments passed, during which Aunt Eve declares it is no exaggeration to say that her blood congealed in her veins, her heart leaped into her mouth, and her eyes sprang from their sockets.

These miracles in her anatomy having taken place, leaving Aunt Eve apparently just the same to look at, it transpired that the balloon was Uncle James, who, to keep himself dry when walking about, had hit upon the notion of getting bodily into Aunt Eve's crinoline, which she had left in their gharree; tied the string round his neck, and with a waterproof sheet pinned round, defied the weather and promenaded their bank all day.

"What an excellent idea," said Mr. De Wynne, hunting for *his* wife's crinoline, which she had also shed, and, having found it, he got into it, and the two husbands, thus attired, took their constitutionals on opposite banks, glared at each other, and occasionally visited the nearest villages for food, where their appearance caused great consternation, the natives fleeing at their approach.

Aunt Eve and the MacDowd's daughter sat at their open gharree-doors and constantly wept at the general state of depression all round.

But all things end. A break came in the

monsoon. The rain ceased, the sky cleared, the sun shone. The two wives came forth, and the two husbands, and blew each other kisses across the waters.

Mr. De Wynne departed in his crinoline (for fear of more rain), and interviewed the Intelligent Policeman in the mud village.

MacDool. The MacDowd will be pleased to entertain you."

"Thanks," said Aunt Eve, "thank you very much; we will. And should a stray wind ever waft you over to Ireland, my husband and I hope you will pay 'Acushla Colleen' a visit. That's the name of *our* place. It's situated



"GREAT CONSTERNATION."

A raft was rapidly built, and on the fourth morning the river was quiet enough to launch it, with Aunt Eve and Mr. De Wynne on board.

"The crossing and the meeting," Aunt Eve relates, "were more like the final rescue scene at the Adelphi."

I can well believe it.

The MacDowd's daughter knelt and prayed, and finally fainted. Aunt Eve stood on the raft, her long hair (which she had not been able to turn up, having no hairpins) blowing in the breeze; and I've no doubt Aunt Eve looked very pretty thus, and prettier still when, on touching land, she fell sobbing and laughing into Uncle James's arms.

Colonel Ward then shook hands with Mr. De Wynne and thanked him for the care of his wife, and Mr. De Wynne shook hands with Colonel Ward and did the same.

The brides then bowed to each other, somewhat stiffly—but that was excusable.

"I've done with this country," said Mr. De Wynne, when they finally parted. "I intend sailing for England at once. I hope, Colonel, if you and Mrs. Ward are ever up our way North, you'll call and look us up at

on the edge of a bog; but, begorra, if you don't mind that, it's welcome you'll both be."

"What did it all mean?" asked Uncle James of Aunt Eve afterwards; "and what in Heaven's name is 'Acushla Colleen'?"

"The same thing *probably*," replied my aunt, "as his MacDowds and MacDools. We amused ourselves talking like that, during those long days in the gharree, Jimmy, darling. And now let me go and get into my crinoline."

"We'll keep that crinoline," said Uncle James, "and hand it down as a relic in the family."

Which has been done.

Uncle James and Aunt Eve still live, and are getting old, but they still tell this story with much gusto.

The two other actors in it they have never seen or heard of again, for as no such person as the MacDowd of MacDool could be found in any book of Scotch landed gentry or peerage, they have concluded that he existed chiefly in Mr. De Wynne's imagination, too vast an area in which to seek him.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXVIII.

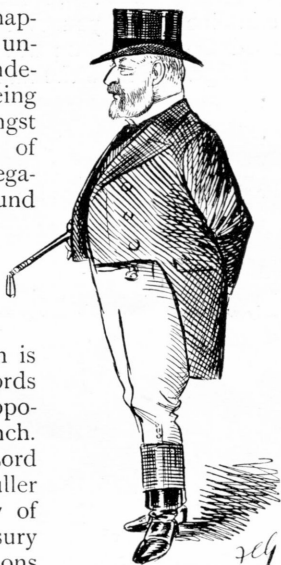
(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE KING. EDWARD VII. happily possesses the unmistakable, but indefinable, gift of being personally interesting. Amongst living monarchs examples of possession of this quality or negation of it are severally found in the German Emperor and the King of the Belgians. Among English statesmen, living and of recent times, it will appear upon examination that the attraction is very rare. In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury monopolizes it on the Ministerial Bench. On the Opposition side Lord Rosebery, in perhaps even fuller degree, is the sole depository of the secret. On the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain exclusively weave the magic spell; whilst on the Front Opposition Bench Sir William Harcourt in this respect sits alone. Of past Ministers Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone possessed the mysterious quality in superlative degree.

Since his memorable illness the Prince of Wales has always been popular. He was, of course, in all respects, the same man when, after unusually long chrysalis state, he bloomed into Sovereignty. Nevertheless, the public expected something different, and were not disappointed. The earliest public utterances and actions of the King struck the right note. The homely English mind was pleased by reiteration of affectionate reference to the "beloved mother." It recognised a fine heart and mind in the modest sheltering of the King behind the revered figure of his predecessor on the throne, and in the solemn pledge closely to follow in her footsteps. This satisfaction was confirmed by promulgation of the addresses to "my people" at home and beyond the seas, which in simple, manly language acknowledged the sympathy evoked by the death of the Queen and renewed promise to walk in her ways.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

The Prince of Wales, in varied circumstances, showed himself a born and trained man of business.



A POPULAR FIGURE—
HIS MAJESTY JOHN BULL.

One of his latest undertakings was the presidency of the Committee of the English Section of the Paris Exhibition. A member of it, himself the head of a great business enterprise, told me he had learnt something from the manner in which the affairs of the committee were organized and directed from Marlborough House. This quality had full field for its display on the accession of the King. From the very first morning of his reign all the arteries of life in connection with the Crown felt the wholesome impulse of a fresh current. Under the mild domestic dominion of the Queen the order of things about the Court had fallen into sluggish condition. They were stirred up on the morrow of the Queen's death, and are not likely to relapse.

The King shares with his Imperial nephew a natural leaning towards the regulation of Court ceremonial. Within due bounds he loves pageants, and insists upon having them ordered and carried out with strictest attention to precedent. Within the first fortnight of his reign London, not overstrained with such excitement, beheld two spectacles worthy its position among the capitals of the world. One was the stately procession that escorted the dead Queen to her last home.

The other was the opening of Parliament by the King in person. There is well-founded expectation that, when the time of mourning shall be accomplished, the promise here given, of varying dull business life with historic pageantry, will be fully redeemed. Edward VII., as has been said, is essentially a business



THE IMPERIAL NEPHEW.

man. He thoroughly understands the business of a King, and may be counted upon to conduct it on the highest plane.

Those who come most closely in KINDLY contact with the King speak TACT. with fullest admiration of his never-failing tact, a priceless gift which has its foundation in kindness of heart. I have personal recollection of an example forthcoming on an occasion when I had the honour of meeting the Prince of Wales at dinner. It was a little festival given at the Junior Carlton Club by Lord Randolph Churchill. The guests were severally presented to His Royal Highness, who, in his pleasant, unaffected manner, conversed with each for a few moments. In fulfilment of this matter-of-course duty he might have talked to me about the weather, or if he had desired to choose a more special and equally familiar topic might have referred to proceedings in Parliament the night before. What he did talk about, with beaming face and hearty laughter, was an article written "From the Cross Benches," published in the London *Observer* as far back as six years, describing Mr. Christopher Sykes's adventures when bringing in a "Bill to Amend the Fisheries (Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters) Act, 1877."

Newspaper articles of the day before yesterday are like the snow on the river, gone and for ever. It is true that Christopher Sykes was an old friend and companion of His Royal Highness, a fact that would dispose him to read the article if it came in his way. But in the careful choice of this far-reaching reminiscence—Lord Randolph's dinner was given early in the Session of 1890; the Christopher Sykes article appeared in May, 1884—was testified painstaking effort to give pleasure in a very small matter. It was the same spirit that prompted His Royal Highness to say that, finding the *Observer* on his table on Sunday morning, he always turned first to the "Cross Bench" article.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE CIVIL LIST.

It is generally assumed that the Sovereign contributes nothing to direct taxation during life, and that at death Royal property passes without the tribute of Death Duties. The latter is, I believe, the fact. But on a portion of her income Queen Victoria certainly paid Income-tax. In

Vol. xxii.—14.

each of the last four years of her reign the sum of £2,867 was debited to this account in the department of the Lord Steward. Through the same period the Lord Chamberlain paid £1,460 a year, the Master of the Horse £1,377, and the Mistress of the Robes £167.

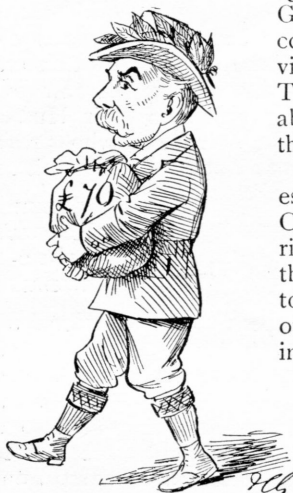
Her late Majesty's annual visits to the Continent ran to a considerable sum. In 1899 it was £4,383, exclusive of nearly £1,300 expenses incurred on the same account by the Master of the Horse. In the same year Her Majesty's autumn visit to Balmoral cost £10,590, her stay at Osborne considerably exceeding £1,200. Another charge that fell heavy on the Royal purse was occasioned by the visits of foreign Sovereigns. The King of Siam's call in 1897 cost the Queen £944. The visit of the German Emperor in 1891 accounted for £1,766, his later visit in 1899 costing only £465. This is in addition to considerable incidental expenses borne by the State.

A large sum appeared in the estimates voted by the House of Commons on account of the marriages of the Princess Louise and the Duke of York. Queen Victoria incurred additional charges out of her privy purse, amounting to £575 in one case and £1,889 in the other. The late Queen generously bore the costs of the funeral of the Duke of Clarence (£514) and of the Duchess of Teck, which ran up to £680.

There are some increases and some deductions in the King's Household as compared with his Royal mother's. Our Poet Laureate is still left to draw his £70 a year. But the snug place of the Reader of Windsor Castle, with a salary of £200, has not been filled up under the new reign.

THE QUEEN'S SAVINGS.

When moving for the appointment of the Civil List Committee the Chancellor of the Exchequer surprised the House of Commons by the statement that for some years past the sum provided for the expenses of the Sovereign fell short of the demand, Queen Victoria making up the balance out of her privy purse. This ran directly counter to the popular idea that, owing to the modest way in which the Court was kept, there were considerable savings on the Civil



THE POET LAUREATE'S FEE.

List expenditure. The Ministerial statement and the popular rumour were alike true. For the last eleven years of her reign Queen Victoria found it necessary to draw upon her privy purse to balance expenditure. The sums so appropriated varied from a payment of £4,480 in 1892 to a maximum of £17,000 in 1894.

There was in 1887 a special disbursement of £42,602 on account of the Jubilee. Prior to that date, running back to the first year of her reign, there were regular savings of sums so considerable as to amount to £824,025. *Per contra*, the Queen contributed out of these savings to current expenses £170,256, leaving a balance to the good of the privy purse of £653,769. With compound interest accruing over more than threescore years this handsome sum would assume really magnificent proportions.

It would be difficult to find more striking evidence of the growth of national prosperity during Queen Victoria's long reign than is presented in the accounts of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster and the Duchy of Cornwall. The first was the pocket-money of the Queen; the second the perquisite of the Prince of Wales. In 1838, the first complete year of her reign, Queen Victoria drew from the Duchy of Lancaster the sum of £5,000. In 1899, the penultimate year of her life, the Queen received, as she had done during the three previous years, the round sum of £60,000.

The first complete year's payment out of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall paid to the account of the Prince of Wales was £18,579. This was in the year 1843, when His Royal Highness, just past his second year, regarded a thousand pounds here or there with sublime indifference. During his minority the revenue accumulated with steady growth, till in 1860 it exceeded £45,000. In 1899, the last year to which accounts were made up, it fell a few pounds short of £67,000.

This princely sum will henceforth be paid to the Duke of Cornwall in addition to the £30,000 a year allotted to himself and the Duchess in the settlement of the Civil List. The revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster

go to His Majesty, in supplement of the £470,000 a year voted to the Civil List.

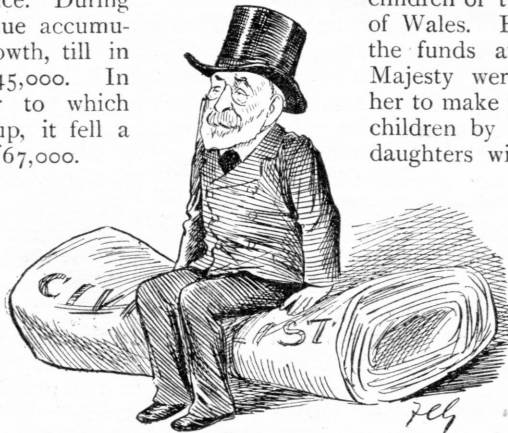
THE
CIVIL LIST
COMMITTEE
OF 1889.

Of the Committee appointed in 1889 to inquire into the former practice of the House of Commons with respect to provision for members of the Royal Family only three sat on the Civil List Committee of the present year. They were Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Wharton, and Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Hoare. Of members of the former Committee who still have seats in the House of Commons are Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burt, Sir John Gorst, and Mr. John Morley. Two, Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington, have gone to the House of Lords. Three have retired from Parliamentary life: Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Whitbread. Death has been busy with the group. Passed away from consideration of Civil Lists and other mundane matters are Mr. Gladstone, Sir Walter Barttelot, Sir James Corry, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Hussey Vivian, and Mr. W. H. Smith, who presided. He is represented on the Committee of the present year by his son.

QUEEN
VICTORIA'S
GRAND-
CHILDREN.

The result of this inquiry was a compromise largely due to the wisdom and tact of Queen Victoria. The point of inquiry was as to the limit, if any, of the national obligation to provide for the grandchildren of the Sovereign. Mr. Labouchere had a short way of settling the business. Then, as now, he moved a report in opposition to that submitted by the Chairman. He desired the Committee to declare that, apart from the Civil List, in the growing revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster and the Duchy of Cornwall there were ample funds from which provision might be made for the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. He further asserted that the funds at the disposal of Her Majesty were sufficient to enable her to make provision for her grandchildren by her younger sons and daughters without trenching on the annual expenditure deemed necessary for the honour and dignity of the Crown.

In fine, Mr. Labouchere invited the Committee to record its emphatic opinion that "the cost of the maintenance of members of the



MR. LABOUCHERE SITTING ON THE CIVIL LIST.

Royal Family is already so great that under no circumstances should it be increased. In its opinion, a majority of Her Majesty's subjects regard the present cost of Royalty as excessive, and it deems it therefore most undesirable to prejudice any decisions that may be taken in regard to this cost by Parliament whenever the entire subject comes under its cognizance, by granting, either directly or indirectly, allowances or annuities to any of the grandchildren of the Sovereign." Only Mr. Burt joined Mr. Labouchere in signing this minority report. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and the rest of the Committee agreed in negating it.

The majority report admitted that the Queen would have a claim on the liberality of Parliament, should she think fit to apply for such grants as, according to precedent, might become requisite for the support of the Royal Family. But the Queen made it known that she did not propose to press this claim on behalf of the children of her daughters and her younger sons. With respect to the family of the Prince of Wales the Committee recommended the creation of a special fund by the quarterly payment of £9,000 out of the Consolidated Fund. An annual sum of £40,000 was proposed, but, on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, it was reduced to £36,000.

For the last eleven years the Prince of Wales, nominally with the assent of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, divided this sum amongst his children. Being authorized only during the reign of Queen Victoria and for a period of six months after her demise, the payment lapses in this month of July.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN. For some years before his death Sir Edward Watkin had withdrawn from the House of Commons. Failing health and advancing years began to tell upon an iron constitution. There came over him an unfamiliar longing for repose. He held a safe seat at Hythe, whether he marched under the Liberal flag or ranged himself in support of a Unionist Government. After experience, going back nearly forty years, he had grown weary of West-

minster. The one thing that kept him constant to the Parliamentary post was the hope of carrying a Bill authorizing his beloved Channel Tunnel. He found a powerful recruit in Mr. Gladstone, who not only time after time voted in favour of the second reading of the Bill but supported it in luminous speeches. At the same time he was careful to explain that in this matter he merely exercised the privilege of a private member.

In addition to an overwhelming majority in successive Parliaments, the Channel Tunnel had arrayed against it two such doughty opponents as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill. Early in the 80's Sir Edward, who was not accustomed to allow the grass to grow under his feet, commenced the works designed to connect the Continent and Great Britain beneath the silver streak. Mr. Chamberlain, at the time President of the Board of Trade, appointed a Departmental Committee to inquire into the project.

Meanwhile he issued an edict forbidding further progress with the works. Sir Edward was furious. He confided to me a project he was quite capable of carrying out.

"If," he said, "the Tunnel works are permanently stopped, I will

erect on the site at the British end a pillar of stone lofty enough to be seen by ships passing up and down the great water-way."

In fine weather, he mused with undisguised satisfaction, it might be seen from the coast of France. On its front he would have engraved an inscription recording how the works had been visited by the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, peers and commoners galore; how, when the great enterprise was fairly started, the works were stopped by "Joseph Chamberlain, of Birmingham."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. In the Session of 1888 Sir Edward, undaunted by previous repulses, again moved the second reading of the Bill. Mr. Gladstone came down on a Wednesday afternoon to support it. But the debate is memorable chiefly for a speech contributed by Lord Randolph Churchill.

Replying to the stock argument that in case of war with France the under-sea



BURROWING POWERS—THE LATE SIR EDWARD WATKIN.

approach to our island home would be a source of danger, Sir Edward showed how by an electric button pressed in a room in London the British end of the tunnel could be blown up and approach made impracticable. This greatly tickled Lord Randolph's fancy. With dramatic gestures of outstretched forefinger he pictured the members of the Cabinet presided over by Lord Salisbury deciding who was to press the fateful button. On a division a second reading was refused in a full House by nearly two to one. The figures were : for the second reading 165, against 307.

In business relations Sir Edward was an uncompromising friend, **OUT OF** was an implacable adversary. When he took a man up, being thoroughly convinced of his capacity, he



THE TUNNEL TERROR.

pushed him along to the highest places. When he fought a man he was as bitterly relentless as is indicated in the incident of his projected monument to Mr. Chamberlain. Through many years the relative position in the railway world of Mr. J. S. Forbes, of the Chatham and Dover line, were akin to those filled in the political field by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli.

Which railway magnate represented Mr. Gladstone, and which Mr. Disraeli, those familiar with the twain must settle for themselves.

In his private relations Sir Edward was kind-hearted in the extreme, always ready and anxious to serve someone, however humble his position. But he carried the peremptoriness of the Board-room into domestic

life. I remember staying with him at the little chalet he built for himself on Snowdon, having in his princely manner purchased one flank of the great Welsh mountain. It was a lovely autumn night, with the stars shining like moons. A large telescope stood on the lawn before the dining-room window. Sir Edward directed his butler to arrange the instrument for the edification of his guests. What he was chiefly anxious for was that we should see and recognise Jupiter.

"Now, Mullet," he would say, addressing the butler in sharp tones of command, standing by him as he manipulated the telescope, "where's Jupiter? Come, turn on Jupiter." As if the planet were a soda-water siphon or the plug in the bath-room.

Staying with him another time at Northenden, his old home near Manchester, where he spent many happy years of married life and where he died full of years and honours, he was much distressed at dinner because he could not think of any suitable and sufficient way of entertaining his guests. He came down to breakfast next morning radiant. Lying awake at night burdened with the trouble a happy thought flashed upon him. It was the time when the two great northern lines, competing for Scotch traffic, had each put on an express service covering the distance from London to Edinburgh in eight hours.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, rubbing his hands gleefully ; "we'll go up to town this afternoon, dine and sleep there ; get up in good time in the morning, go to Edinburgh with the fast train, sleep there ; come back next morning, catching a train that will bring us back here for a late dinner."

He was surprised that this alluring programme was not acclaimed. For himself he was as comfortable in a railway carriage as in an arm-chair in his dining-room. He used to say that the safest place in the world was a railway carriage travelling over a well-laid road at a speed of fifty miles an hour.

Sir Edward had his faults of temper, occasionally perhaps of taste. But he was of the class that have made England great. In public he said some harsh things ; in private he did many kind ones.



AN ORIENTAL FAIRY TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

“**A** MAN who will cross the path of your son will be the cause of great misfortunes to you.”

Such was the prediction of the oldest magician at the Court of the King of the Richanians, and it was in consequence of this prediction that the King issued a severe edict. Each time that his son and heir, Ali, left the palace it was the duty of a crier to inform the people. Then in an instant the streets became empty, the houses were closed, the doors of the town were carefully guarded. Deserted and silent, Richa was like a dead city.

Several years passed in this manner without any catastrophe taking place; and the King was rejoiced in his heart because the wise measures he had adopted had defeated the sinister prediction.

Now, one day the criers had announced that Prince Ali would proceed to the Baths at the eighth hour. Thus, the

streets through which the Prince passed, surrounded by his escort, were entirely deserted. As far as the eye could see no living thing appeared in the abandoned streets, and all the houses were closed as in a time of general mourning. Notwithstanding, at a spot near the baths, stretched on the ground behind one of the pillars of the arcades, a mendicant slept. At the sound of the approaching horses' hoofs he suddenly awoke and, leaning upon his elbow, half rose, the better to see the passing cavalcade. But in an instant the soldiers of the Prince's guard rushed upon him, beating him with the butt-end of their muskets, and drove him howling from the spot.

The next day a revolution took place. The King was assassinated by conspirators against his throne. Prince Ali escaped death by a miracle, and left his country to live in exile an existence full of sadness and wretchedness.

Ali, however, was a young man of more

than ordinary intelligence. He meditated profoundly over the misfortunes which had befallen him, and was not long in satisfying himself as to their cause.

"All our troubles," he reasoned, "commenced on the day after I met the mendicant, who was maltreated by my bodyguard. I am convinced that this mendicant was a magician in disguise, who is now avenging the outrage we inflicted upon him. I have no doubt this magician is the Lord Abd-el-Kader of Djilane—the most powerful of necromancers. I have often heard that he loves to mingle with the people, dressed in the poorest garb. Therefore I will go to seek the Lord Abd-el-Kader; I will kneel before him, and bow my head in the dust. Abd-el-Kader is generous as he is powerful, and I am sure he will forgive me."

On the same day Ali set out on his journey, walking the whole distance, as he was very poor; but he was obliged to walk a long and weary way. His only nourishment consisted of the dates he gathered on the road; to quench his thirst he drank at the nearest spring. Each day he sheltered himself for a little while beneath the shade of the palm trees. When refreshed by sleep he started again, plodding on thus almost without cessation, day and night. Exhausted with fatigue, his feet bruised, and his legs sinking under him, he was near the point of falling to the ground, when suddenly appeared before him the great magician of whom he was in search.

Ali prostrated himself, and his forehead touched the dust. Then with a supplicating voice he said:—

"Oh, mighty Abd-el-Kader, my father gravely offended you on my account. Your

vengeance was just. You have caused my father to perish, and you have sent me into exile to live a life of misery and wretchedness. No doubt the Fates ordained it should be thus. But see to what a state I am reduced. I am come to crave your clemency, because I can no longer live under the weight of your anger. I have journeyed many days and nights. I am footsore, and my strength is exhausted. Oh, master, your goodness is equal to your power. Will you not forgive the most unfortunate of princes?"

The good Abd-el-Kader was touched by his sincere repentance.

"I forgive you, my son," said he. "Rise, and remember the words I am about to speak. I will make your fortune, and will restore to you everything that you have lost by the fault of your father. Promise only always to obey me, to undertake nothing without consulting me, and to follow without question my orders. Now go to the neighbouring

forest and set your spring. A bird will come and be captured. Bring it to me."

Ali entered the forest, as he was told, set his spring, and concealed himself in the brushwood. Almost at the same instant he heard the whirring of wings, and a beautiful bird appeared. So dazzling was

his plumage that the shade of the forest was brilliantly illuminated by it. Ali put forth his hand and seized the beautiful bird. The captive struggled, and at last escaped and flew away, leaving in the hands of his would-be captor nothing but a bunch of his marvellous plumes.

And wonderful plumes they were! Soft to the touch, warm to the eye, coloured with exquisite and varied tints. On waving them



"ALI PUT FORTH HIS HAND AND SEIZED THE BEAUTIFUL BIRD."

the Prince saw that the light produced upon them a thousand kaleidoscopic effects; just as when the jewel-merchant plunges his hand into his treasure-box is to be seen the sparkle of diamonds or the milky beauty of pearls, the flame of rubies, the soft green of emeralds, and the changing blues of turquoises or sapphires. And all these tints of the wonderful feathers seemed to blend into a harmony caused by their diversity. Even the rainbow itself was rivalled by the delicate colours of these wonderful feathers.

Ali looked at them without appreciation of their beauty, for despair was in his heart. "Alas!" he sighed, "I have failed to fulfil the first command of my master."

"Do not grieve, my son," said a voice, which Ali recognised as that of Abd-el-Kader. "Take these plumes, return to your native country, and offer them to the present King of the Richanians."

Ali immediately set out upon his journey, greatly comforted by the kind tone of the magician. On his arrival at Richa he went to the palace and offered the plumes to the King, as he had been told. As soon as the King saw them he was thrown into ecstasy.

"How marvellous are these plumes!" he exclaimed. "To possess them I would have given all the treasures of my kingdom. He who brings them and offers them to me of his own free will is dearer to me than any of my subjects."

And from that day Ali was installed at the palace, and the King overwhelmed him with presents and dignities.

But all these favours naturally excited the jealousy of the courtiers. Courts are always full of plots and counterplots. Of this Ali soon had an experience. The King had a Grand Vizier whose name was Slimane, who up to that time had been all-powerful. Slimane, foreseeing in the new favourite his future rival, conceived an enmity towards him, but he was artful enough not to show this sentiment outwardly, and reflected long on the best means of quietly suppressing Ali. At last, after maturing his plans, Slimane went to the King and said:—

"O King, the plumes given to your Majesty by Ali are unquestionably beautiful in the extreme. But the bird to which they belong is far more beautiful. I am astonished that Ali has only brought you a few feathers, and has not esteemed you worthy to possess the bird itself. He knows where it is to be found. If he loves you truly, he will bring it to your Majesty."

The King, thus prompted by the crafty

Slimane, sent for Ali forthwith, and forbade him to appear again in his presence until he was ready to bring the marvellous bird.

Ali heard this edict with consternation. "What is the good," he sighed, "to have restored me to prosperity, since it was to be of such brief duration?"

"Do not afflict yourself, my son," replied a voice which Ali instantly recognised; "but return to the forest and again set your springe."

Ali obeyed, and arriving at the forest had no sooner made his preparations than the bird again came and was caught in the trap. This time the young Prince took good care not to allow it to escape, and, filled with joy, he brought it back to the King. As soon as the monarch saw the fairy bird Ali was restored to his favour. He embraced him, and said:—

"You are the most worthy of my subjects. I owe you more than life, and I will cherish you always."

Ali rejoiced at this promise of the King, and was simple enough to believe him sincere.

Meanwhile, Slimane was filled with rage at the turn of events, nor was it long before he had invented a new perfidious plot against the unfortunate Ali. He went to the King and said, "Sire, thanks to my wise counsels you possess a rare and beautiful bird. But how much more beautiful is the Princess Halyme, of whose solitude it was the only charm. The Princess Halyme is as lovely as the day, and I am surprised that your Majesty has not been thought worthy to contemplate her dazzling beauty. Ali knows where to find her. If he loves your Majesty, as he pretends, he will conduct this peerless Princess to the most powerful of Kings."

When the King informed Ali of what had taken place, and intimated his Royal pleasure that the Princess Halyme should be forthwith brought to his capital, Ali replied boldly, "Sire, it shall be done," for he had already consulted his patron, Abd-el-Kader.

"I can inform your Majesty," he added, "that the Princess Halyme is even more beautiful than Slimane has told your Majesty. In fact, her loveliness surpasses all that man can imagine. I will depart at once, Sire, and I promise to conduct her hither. But an enchanter holds her prisoner in an island far away in the great sea which surrounds the world. In order that I may approach it I must be provided with a ship made of gold and pure silver, constructed from the treasures in the vaults of your Grand Vizier."

And thus was the crafty Slimane adroitly caught in his own trap. The Grand Vizier knew too well the character of the King to doubt that he would be compelled to accede to Ali's demands. He therefore thought it wiser not to risk the loss of his head by a refusal. Thus, making a virtue of necessity, he gave to his successful rival the key of his treasury.

In a few weeks the ship of fine gold and silver was built. Her keel and sides were of solid gold, partly covered by a sheet of silver. The masts, oars, and rudder were of gold and the sails of the finest silver cloth.

To construct such a marvellous vessel, as may be imagined, made a considerable inroad upon the gold and silver of the Grand Vizier. In short, it was a terrible blow to the avaricious Slimane, who had been many years amassing these treasures, which he now saw disappear by the car-load, to be thrown into the crucible. He shed tears of rage over his loss, but only when no one could see him—above all, the King; for his first duty was to show always to his master a smiling visage.

The magnificent golden ship weighed anchor; upon the vast sea which surrounds the world she sailed away towards the enchanted island, where a powerful spell held prisoner the adorable Princess Halyme, weeping over the loss of her marvellous bird. At the wheel stood the magician Abd-el-Kader, whilst Ali, leaning over the taffrail, scanned the horizon. These two alone constituted the entire crew and passengers of the golden ship armoured with silver. During an entire moon they sailed upon the ocean, when at last they perceived from afar a rock rising from the sea. It was the mysterious prison where the Princess, beautiful as the dawn, was held in bondage. At the end of the bay rose the palace; upon the terrace

dreamed the Princess Halyme, robed in snowy veils of white.

As soon as she saw the ship of gold anchored in the bay she was seized with curiosity to examine closely this new wonder. She even desired to handle the oars, touch the sails, and contemplate her fair visage mirrored in the golden masts. Thus she accepted the hand which Ali held out to her, and sprang lightly upon the deck. Instantly



"SHE SPRANG LIGHTLY UPON THE DECK."

the ship was in motion, sprang like a living thing through the waves, and in less time than it takes to write it the shores of the island were already so far that the eye could scarcely distinguish the bare outlines.

But Halyme had not called for help, Halyme had not wept with fear. She contented herself with clasping more strongly the hand of Ali. And thus was the beautiful Princess rescued from her prison.

One may easily imagine the feelings of the King when this enchanted pearl was presented to him. A gem whose pure lustre, unseen by all, had only shone upon a desert island in the midst of the vast ocean which surrounds the world. Ali was magnificently rewarded. Amongst other splendid presents he received the gift of the ship with which he had carried off the Princess—the ship of gold covered with silver armour.

Few pitied the avaricious Slimane, who was deprived of all his wealth and found himself reduced to miserable penury, whilst his rival, enriched by the spoils bestowed upon him by the King, flourished in opulence.

Of course, the King immediately fell violently in love with the Princess Halyme. "The time is now come," said he, "when you must choose between Ali and me. If you will consent to be my wife I will give you half of all my wealth, and you shall be Queen of the Richanians."

"Sire," replied the Princess Halyme, "I give your Majesty thanks. But before I accept your offer you must cause a funeral pile to be erected, surrounded on all sides by a deep ditch. Then your Majesty and Ali must each mount his horse, and to him who succeeds in overcoming this obstacle my hand will be given."

The King accepted the test, so overwhelming was his love for the Princess. Still, he was by no means easy in his mind concerning the result.

"Fear nothing, Sire," whispered the crafty Slimane to the King. "It is Ali who must make the first attempt to ride across the ditch and the funeral pile. Leave it to me, your Majesty; I will cause to be built a pyre so enormous, and there shall be dug a ditch so wide, that Ali will certainly be killed in the attempt to ride over them."

This cunning idea of the artful Slimane pleased the King enormously.

It was a memorable day, and one which became a record in the history of the Richanians. The people, hastening to Richa from every part of the kingdom, were ranged in a circle in the vast plain. They gathered,

too, upon the mountains and the hills which surrounded the city. It was like a gigantic circus, into which thronged a bustling, noisy crowd, waiting with anxiety for a spectacle without parallel. In the centre was raised a colossal pyre, which certainly measured several hundred feet in every direction. Around this was a yawning ditch, 100 ft. wide and deep as an abyss. Already the fire which had been communicated to the base of the enormous funeral pile caused a column of flame and smoke to rise into the clouds. The fateful moment came when the signal was about to be given.

Slimane, in imagination, already tasted the sweets of vengeance.

The King laughed silently in his braided beard.

As for poor Ali, he was disconsolate. "This is the time," he sighed, "when I stand most in need of the help of Abd-el-Kader. But what could even he do against such an extreme danger as this? I fear, alas, it is the end of all my hopes! I must resign myself to perish—to die is nothing in itself; to me the most terrible trial is the loss of my beautiful Princess."

"Do not distress yourself," said a voice which Ali recognised with joy. "Turn your gaze towards the East, and profit by the assistance which your friend sends you."

Ali turned as directed by Abd-el-Kader, and saw a horse ready caparisoned; but what a horse! Could the name of that noble animal be given to the miserable-looking beast which met Ali's astonished eyes, and whose ribs seemed about to break through its transparent skin? And what trappings for such an occasion! Its bridle consisted of ropes of straw, the reins were pieces of string, and the saddle was roughly made of boards loosely tacked together and badly nailed, whilst from the pommel hung a pair of long spurs, also of wood. Notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of this singular steed Ali unhesitatingly mounted upon his back, seized the reins of string, put on the wooden spurs, and in this ridiculous guise rejoined the Royal retinue. As soon as he appeared thus mounted a roar of laughter burst from the crowd. This was followed by groans and hisses, a thousand times repeated by the surrounding echoes. The few who were disposed in his favour thought Ali had suddenly been bereft of his senses. If he intended, thought they, to face the danger nobly, why had he not selected a thoroughbred charger from the stables of the King, instead of straddling such a sorry steed as this?

Ali heard nothing of these murmurs. He rode boldly towards the funeral pile, which seemed like a mosque on fire. On his way he passed before the Princess Halyme, and as he saluted her he gave her a look full of love. Then, leaning forward upon his grotesque saddle of wood, he plunged his spurs into the side of his Rosinante, which instantly bounded into the air, disappeared for a second in the flames, and was seen to alight on the other side of the ditch, galloping forward with strength and grace.

ness and suppleness that it might be imagined they had wings. Let them be brought hither! I ordain that all the great lords of the Court and all the officers of the army shall mount and follow me!"



"HE GAVE HER A LOOK FULL OF LOVE."

Then on all sides was heard a shout of enthusiasm. Ali presently returned to the place where the Princess Halyme viewed this tournament of a new description, and the looks the lovers exchanged were significant of the sentiment which filled their hearts.

At sight of this the King was very much enraged, and he gave way to a fit of passion. "You fools!" he exclaimed; "you think that a great exploit, no doubt! Do you not suppose that your King is able to perform so trifling a feat? I will show you that it is merely child's play. I have in my stables horses of the purest blood; many of them can outstrip the wind in speed, and others in leaping over obstacles have so much light-

It was soon seen that the King was in a high state of exaltation, and, indeed, labouring under an attack of insanity, but none dared disobey him. A groom led forward the most high-spirited steed from the Royal stables, a Syrian horse, richly caparisoned as on days of great ceremony. The King leaped into the saddle. To be impartial, it must be admitted that he was a brilliant horseman. With great ease he restrained the noble animal trembling with ardour and pawing the ground with impatience. Then he clapped spurs to his sides and rode to the place where the Princess Halyme was seated, where he curbed with a hand of steel his impetuous steed. Then suddenly he again spurred his horse to the quick, who bounded forward like an arrow.

The throng of courtiers followed their King, the frightened horses rushed after their

leader in a fantastic gallop, and the entire cavalcade appeared seized with frenzy. At this terrible moment they presented a weird spectacle, when, still preceded by the maddened King, horses and men rushed into the fiery gulf. For an instant, a mere second of time, the rich embroideries of their costumes, the jewels which ornamented their turbans,

Minutes and hours passed which seemed to the beholders like centuries; the fire of the funeral pile slackened, then ceased altogether; but nothing was seen of the King and his brilliant Court—they had all perished in the flames.

When the crowd saw that all was over, from the surrounding hills arose a cry from thousands of throats:—

“Long live our King Ali!”



“KING, HORSES, AND MEN RUSHED INTO THE FIERY GULF.”

and the gems which decorated the trappings of their horses flashed in the light of the fire from the funeral pile, then all were engulfed in the gigantic brazier, millions of sparks flew into the air and were wafted away by the wind, then a cloud of ashes was raised above the pyre and fell in a rain of cinders, and once again the flames sprang up more vigorously than before.

Thus acclaimed, Ali advanced towards the Princess Halyme, and knelt upon one knee before her; with a radiant smile, Halyme raised her lover from the ground and embraced him in the presence of the multitude.

And thus it was that Prince Ali wedded the Princess Halyme, and became King of the Richanians.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

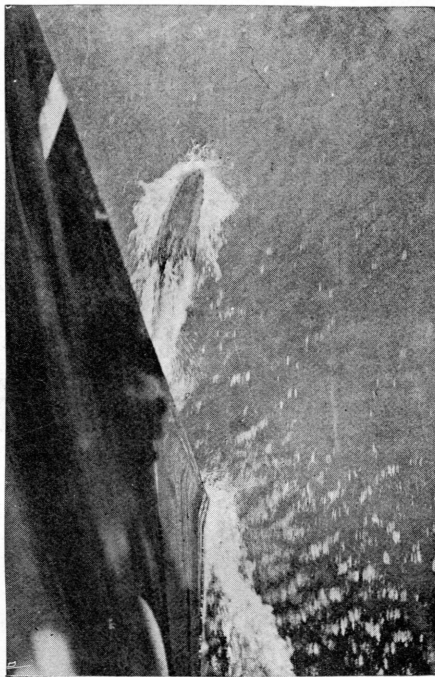


BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH.

"I hope inclosed may find a place amongst your interesting Curios. The dogs are represented hanging on to a piece of rope by their teeth, a feat which they seem to relish much, and which affords great amusement to spectators."—Mr. E. G. Wheat, 9, Torrington Square, W.C.

SNAPPING A DOLPHIN.

"Coming through the Suez Canal on the P. & O. R.M.S. *Victoria*, we had, as usual, several dolphins swimming along in front, close under the bows of the ship—with what 'porpoise' it is hard to say, unless the affrighted smaller fish are driven along in front of the big liner, and thus fall an easy prey. One big fellow piloted us for several miles, and leaning over the bows I snapped him as he came up to breathe.



You will notice the blow-hole in the back of his head."—Mr. John W. Glenny, The Far East Studio, 1, Crouch Hill Road, N.

A TRICK OF THE CAMERA.

"This picture of apparently seven charming young ladies is really made up of three persons. How this attractive result was arrived at is the secret of the photographer, who, with the assistance of his colleague the sun, has performed a bewildering trick."—Mr. M. P. Haskell, Box 38, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

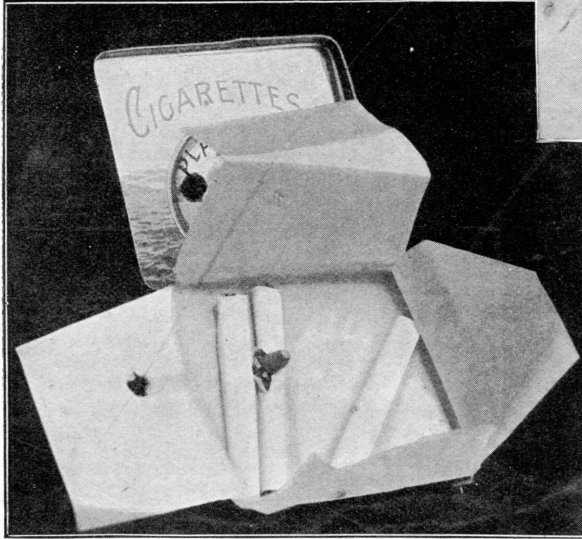


ONE PUPPY ONLY.

"The photo. I send you is that of a puppy taken twice on the same plate. The negative was exposed a second time by mistake, the puppy in the meantime having changed its position."—Mr. W. J. Underwood, Bellevue, Sevenoaks.

PLAYER'S BULLET-PROOF CIGARETTE BOXES.

We quote here a soldier's letter, written by one at the front to Mr. John Player. The letter will explain the photograph which we reproduce in connection with it: "Edenburg, February 8th, 1901.—To John Player, of Navy Cut fame.—Sirs,—I am forwarding you a box of your famous cigarettes, which undoubtedly saved me from a very serious wound, if not my life. No doubt you have read of our stand against the Boers (I belong to the C. in C. Bodyguard) when

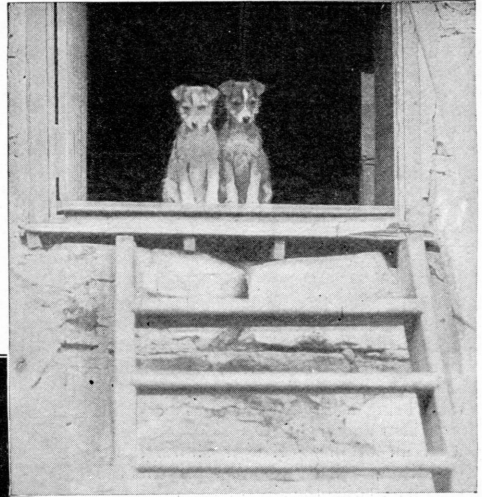


we went into action 150 strong and only fifteen came out without a wound, and where we refused to cease fire when told to. Well, your cigarettes were served out to us the day before, and I had smoked about six that day (and how acceptable they were; most of us had not had a smoke for some time), and I had put them in my serge pocket; that day I was hit in six places, but nothing serious till I got this one in my groin. It knocked me over, and I really thought I was done for, the pain was so severe; but on examination it proved to be only a severe bruise, and am now fit for duty again, although rather sore. The bullet, as you can see, penetrated the box, but did not cut the skin, and I think you will agree with me that it was a near thing."—Mr. P. F. Carroll, Bristol. Photo. by G. Pendry, Nottingham.



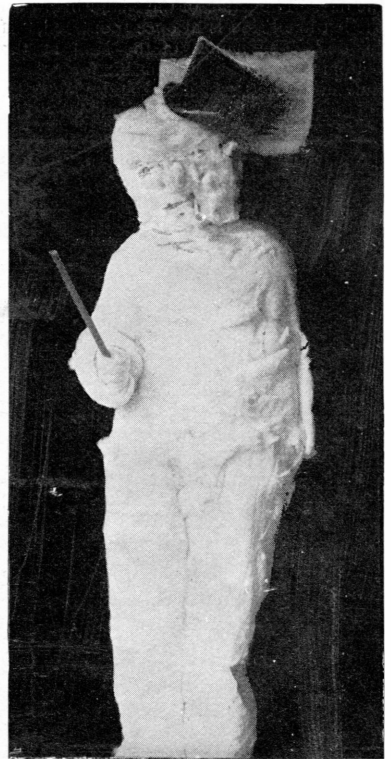
A MARMALADE TIN AS A TOM-TOM.

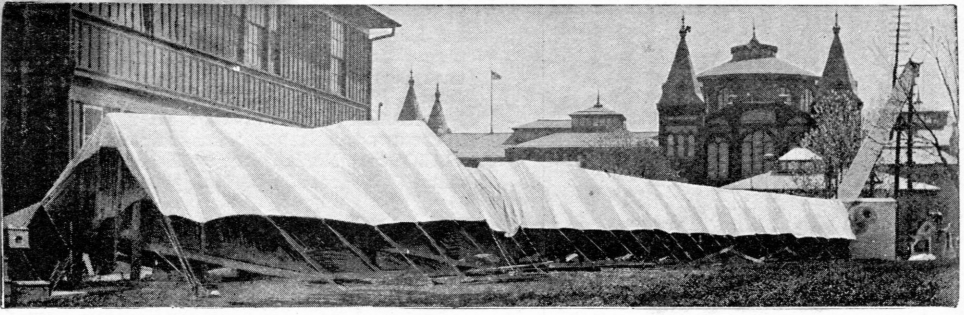
"I think the enclosed photo. may amuse some of your readers. It is an old marmalade tin of Crosse and Blackwell's, which my brother bought from a snake-charmer (in an out-of-the-way Indian village) who was using it as a tom-tom."—Mr. G. Parkin, Whyer-ton House, Blackheath, S.E.



A REAL SNOW MAN.

"It is difficult to imagine that this picture is that of a man, but such is the fact. He went to a masquerade ball to represent a snow man, and by wrapping himself in cotton produced the effect shown in the photograph. The costume was so warm that during the evening the wearer fainted in the hall, as it was almost impervious to the air. The idea was to represent a snow image crudely made, and Mr. Samuel Wohlgemuth, of Philadelphia, the wearer, secured first prize for his originality."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.



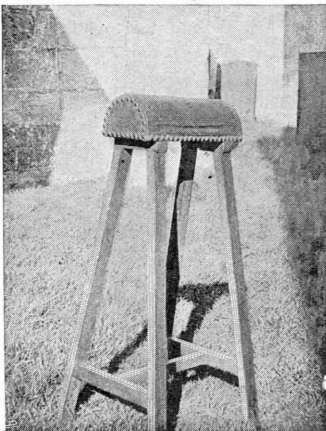


THE LONGEST CAMERA ON EARTH.

This huge camera was set up in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C., and from thence was transferred to Wadesboro, North Carolina, where it was utilized for taking pictures of the sun during the total eclipse of May 28th, 1900. This camera was 135ft. long, and provided with a telescopic lens 20in. in diameter, the enormously elongated bellows being made of black cloth. The dry plates used were 30in. square. The lens was placed at the near end of the tube, as shown in the picture, on the left-hand side. At the farther end, as also shown, was a little box-shaped house, made light-tight and lined with black paper, in which the photographer in charge stood while manipulating the plates. Because of its great length the camera could not be pointed upward toward the sun, the image of which, during the eclipse, was reflected by a mirror into the end of the black cloth tube. The photos. were made chiefly for the purpose of recording the aspect of the solar corona. In the picture the tube is seen covered with tents, the object of which is to prevent the overheating of the air inside of the tube, which might interfere with optical results.—Miss Violet Biddle, 1823, Q. Street, Washington, D.C.

THE PARSON'S "SADDLE-STOOL."

"This curious-looking object is the famous 'saddle-stool,' of Berkswell, Warwickshire, where it is kept in the village church as a memento of a fox-hunting parson of long ago, who was so much at home in the saddle—and who felt so awkward out of it—that he could not preach comfortably except astride the semblance of a horse, and who, therefore, had this stool made for his use in church. It will be seen that it is a very good imitation of a saddle. The photographer ventured to suggest that the seat might have been



used on account of some bodily infirmity on the part of the rev. gentleman who had it made; but the charitable supposition was met by the parish-clerk with a strenuous assertion that the popular view of the 'saddle-stool' is the correct one. The clerk's predecessor used to declare the same, and the story appears to be

authentic. If so, this was 'riding a hobby' with a vengeance. As it was too dark in the vestry the stool was carried out into the churchyard to be photographed.—Mr. C. S. Sargisson, Glenthorn, Shansham Hill, Moseley, Birmingham.

A POSTAGE-STAMP PORTRAIT.

"I send you a portrait of President McKinley made by Mr. T. W. Grain, exclusively from cancelled stamps of but two hues, red and green. There are 1,005 stamps in the picture, and of this number no fewer than 632 were employed to make the face and



hair. The hair lines are the marks commonly made to cancel the stamps on passing through the post. There are 352 stamps in the coat alone, which contain that number of heads of Washington, whilst the face is full of minute eyes. Twenty-one green stamps provide the President with a suitable scarf for the neck, and all are arranged with the most minute attention to the smallest details. Even the name 'William McKinley' beneath the portrait is composed of minute pieces of postage label. Mr. McKinley has expressed his entire approval of the portrait, which took eighteen days of very careful work to complete.—The Rector, Rand. S. Oswald, Wragby.

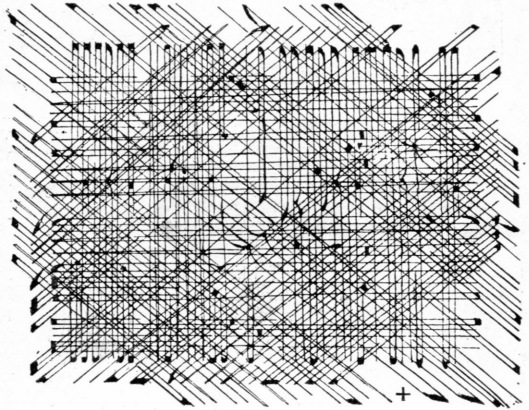


THE MADONNA'S HUMAN BROOCH.

"I send you a photo. of 'Notre Dame du Puy' (France). The statue, which is nearly 40ft. high, is wholly made of the cannons taken at Sebastopol. Its pedestal is 35ft. high, and the whole thing is so great in its proportions that it is said the smallest finger of the child Jesus could contain a child. When this photo. was taken by Mr. Gruas his wife was ascending the statue by an inner staircase, and just as the plate was about to be exposed Mrs. Gruas thrust her head out of the statue through a small window just below the Blessed Virgin's neck, with the result shown on this picture. Her head looks much more like a cameo-brooch than a human head, and shows well the proportions of the statue."—A contributor of 4, Place du Poids Public, Limogès, Haute Vienne, France.

A PUZZLE.

"I beg to inclose a puzzle address for your Curiosity page. Unlike the others which have appeared, this must be read from four different sides before you know all that is in it. Side No. 1 reads, 'George Newnes, Ltd., Proprietors of'; No. 2, 'THE STRAND MAGAZINE'; No. 3, 'Southampton St., Strand, W.C.'; and No. 4, 'Sent by Hugh G. Kerr, Newmilns.' To read side No. 3, read from corner



marked x to corner No. 4, and to read side No. 4 from corner No. 3 to opposite corner. The whole communication reads: 'George Newnes, Ltd., proprietors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, Southampton St., Strand, W.C. Sent by Hugh G. Kerr, Newmilns.' The page must be held on a level with the eyes, so as to foreshorten the letters."—Mr. Hugh G. Kerr, 46, Brown Street, Newmilns.

THE FATE OF DARWIN'S APPARATUS.

"When in England just two years ago I heard that the house inhabited by Charles Darwin during his latter years had been sold. I made a pilgrimage to the place, at Down, near Farnborough, Kent. The house was indeed upside-down, being in the hands of the British workman. I took photographs of the house, and the one I now inclose. It is a heap of Darwin's chemical apparatus, which had been removed from his laboratory and thrown to the ground before being carted away. This strange collection becomes something more than mere jars and lamps when we consider what was evolved from them at the great thinker's hands."—Mr. Norman Alliston, 43, East Twenty-First Street, New York.

